

MAN'S^K

M A G A Z I N E

LOST ON THE SAHARA

Norfolk Engineer Pierce Williams'
11 Days of Sun-Scorched Terror

NIGHTMARE WORLD of the GAY MEN

BOOK BONUS

"THE SURVIVOR"

Storm Trooper Who
Wouldn't Surrender

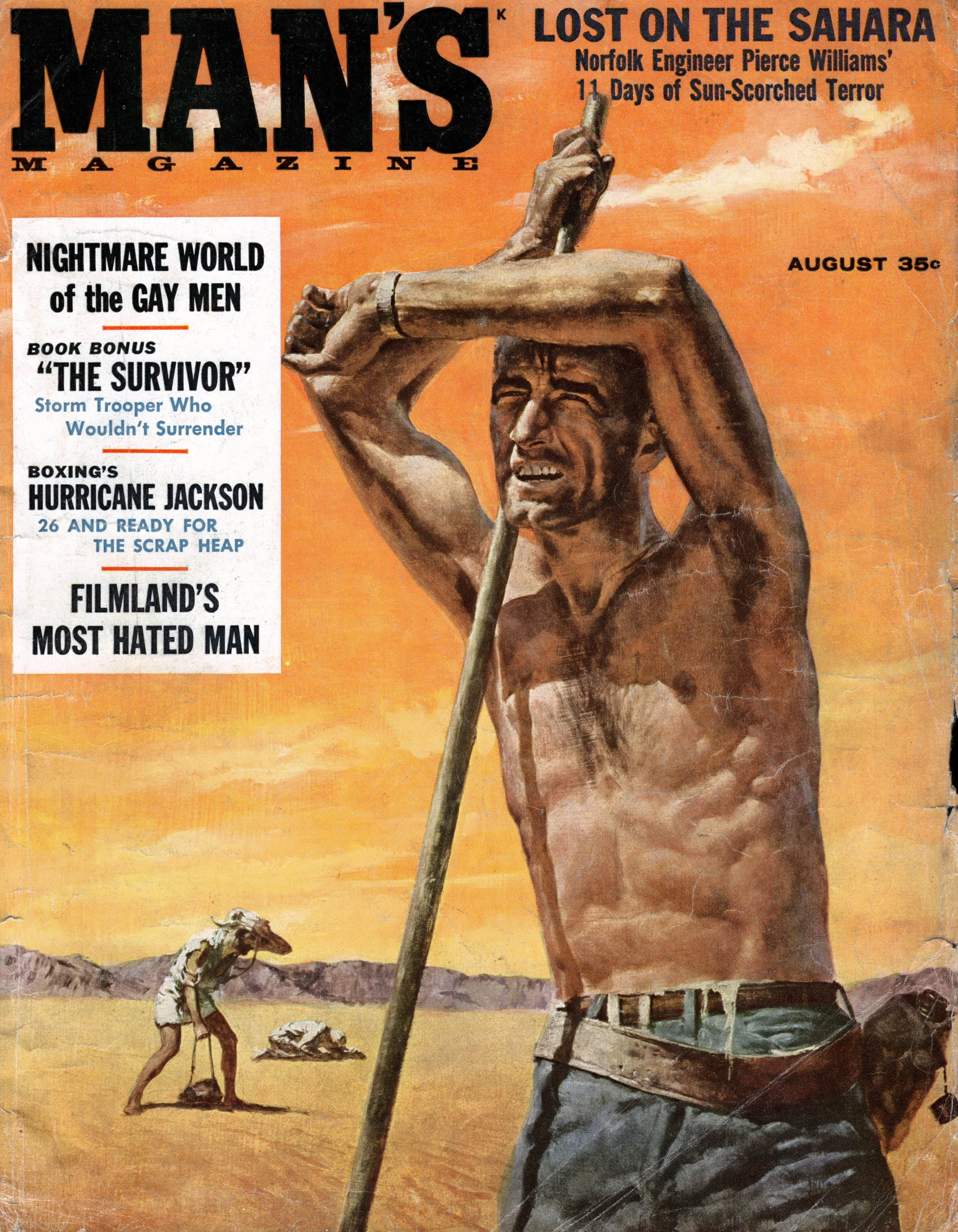
BOXING'S

HURRICANE JACKSON

26 AND READY FOR
THE SCRAP HEAP

FILMLAND'S MOST HATED MAN

AUGUST 35c



AFTER 20 HAPPY YEARS TOGETHER We Were Drifting Apart!

WHAT can you do when your husband acts like an old man . . . when he doesn't enjoy anything better than sleeping all day Sunday, and is always 'too tired' to have fun — go visiting, to a movie, dancing? What's the answer for a man who has lost his strength and vigor while still young?

Those questions used to worry me all the time. For some unknown reason, my husband had been robbed of his energy and vitality, and I just didn't know what to do. Then I saw a Vitasafe ad in the newspaper. It told how many men — and women — feel worn out, nervous and irritable due to a common, *but easily corrected*, deficiency of vitamins, minerals and lipotropic factors in their diets.

Thousands of people had regained their pep and vigor through the help of the Vitasafe Plan. I thought perhaps it could help my husband, too, so I sent for a trial supply. They made my husband a new man — as happy and energetic as when we were first married.

If you want to help your husband, send for a 30-day trial supply of Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules today!



25¢ just to help cover
shipping expenses of this

FREE 30 days supply of High-Potency Capsules

LIPOTROPIC FACTORS, MINERALS and VITAMINS

Safe, Nutritional Formula Containing 27 Proven Ingredients: Glutamic Acid, Choline, Inositol, Methionine, Citrus Bioflavonoid, 11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals

To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan . . . we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high potency VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much healthier, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over *twice* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamins A, C, and D — *five times* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1, and the *full* concentration recommended by the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12, a remarkably potent nutrient that helps nourish your body organs. Vitasafe Capsules also contain Glutamic Acid, a natural substance derived from wheat gluten and

thought by many doctors to help nourish the brain cells for more power of concentration and increased mental alertness. And now, to top off this exclusive formula each capsule also brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid — the anti-cold factor that has been so widely acclaimed. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else *at any price!*

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**WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY
A 30-DAY SUPPLY — FREE!**

So many persons have already tried VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES with such outstanding results . . . so many people have written in telling us how much better

they felt after only a short trial . . . that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of health and well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. *You don't spend a penny for the vitamins! All the cost and risk are ours.*

**AMAZING PLAN SLASHES VITAMIN
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SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN

Many women also suffer from lack of pep, energy and vitality due to nutritional deficiency. If there is such a lady in your house, you will do her a favor by bringing this announcement to her attention. Just have her check the "Woman's Formula" box in the coupon.

for three weeks you are not entirely satisfied, simply return the handy postcard that comes with your free supply and that will end the matter. Otherwise it's up to us — you don't have to do a thing — and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of capsules *on time* for as long as you wish, at the low money-saving price of only \$2.78 per month (a *saving of almost 50%*). Mail coupon now!

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VITASAFE CORP. 955
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.
Yes, I accept your generous no-risk offer under the Vitasafe Plan as advertised in *Man's Magazine*.

Send me my FREE 30-day supply of high-potency Vitasafe Capsules as checked below:

☐ Man's Formula ☐ Woman's Formula
I ENCLOSE 25¢ PER PACKAGE for packing and postage.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply per person.
IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.
(Canadian Formula adjusted to local conditions.)

VITASAFE CORPORATION, 43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.
IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ontario.



EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE CONTAINS

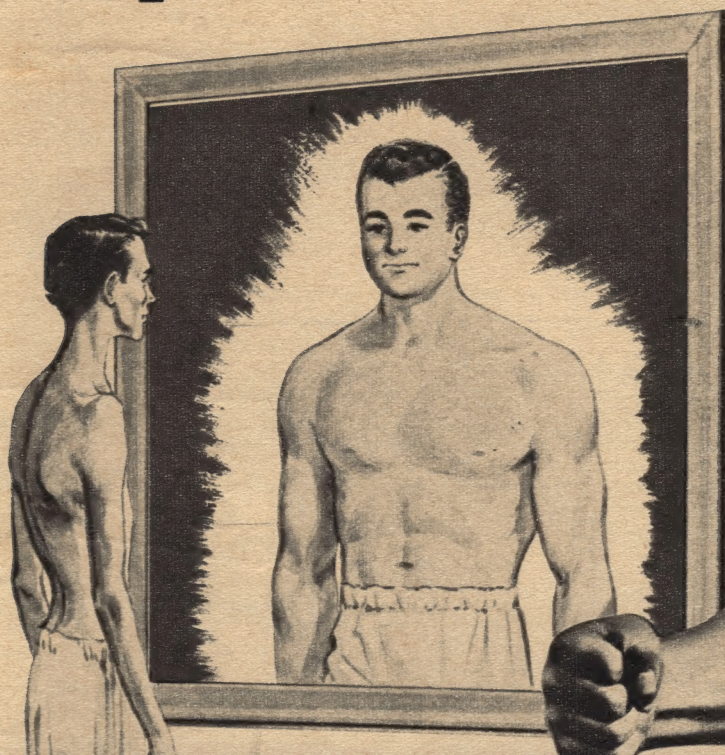
Choline	31.4 mg.	Vitamin C	75 mg.	Phosphorus	58 mg.
Bitartrate	15 mg.	Vitamin B ₁	5 mg.	Iron	30 mg.
Inositol	10 mg.	Vitamin B ₂	2.5 mg.	Cobalt	0.04 mg.
dl-Methionine	50 mg.	Vitamin B ₆	0.5 mg.	Copper	0.45 mg.
Glutamic Acid	50 mg.	Vitamin B ₁₂	2 mcg.	Manganese	0.5 mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid	5 mg.	Niacin Amide	40 mg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Complex	5 mg.	Calcium	40 mg.	Iodine	0.075 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units	Pantothenate	4 mg.	Potassium	2 mg.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Vitamin E	2 I.U.	Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Folic Acid	0.5 mg.	Magnesium	3 mg.
		Calcium	75 mg.		

Compare the richness of this formula with any other vitamin and mineral preparation.

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I'll put a real HE-MAN in your mirror!

Charles Atlas



Holder of Title,
"World's Most
Perfectly
Developed Man"

YOU'LL BEGIN TO SEE HIM IN JUST 7 DAYS...

**Just Check the Kind of Body You Want in the Coupon
—And I'll Show You How Easily You Can Have It!**

WHEN YOU LOOK IN THE MIRROR do you feel proud of yourself? Or does it reflect the kind of picture you'd rather "keep to yourself"? Well, I promise you'll be mighty pleased with the brand-new HE-MAN body I can put in that mirror for you. And you'll begin to see this new "you" in no time flat—JUST 7 DAYS. If I'm wrong, you pay me absolutely nothing. Best of all, I need only 15 minutes a day to do this for you!

I Turn "Sad Sacks" Into Fine Physical Specimens

I don't give a hoot how puny and undeveloped you are now. I can pack a whole blast-furnace of vigor and vitality into that physique of yours. I'll build up your body where it ought to be built up—give you handsome, brawny arms and shoulders, a chest of rippling muscle, legs that almost burst with power and energy.

Just check the kind of body you want—right in the coupon below—and I'll show how easily and quickly you can have it!

I'll chip every pound of flabby flesh from your waist and stomach. I'll tone up your system, straighten your back, give you a proud ram-rod "West Point" posture. The handsome new body I give you will show right through your clothes. Finally, I'll help you to a warmer, more confident personality to go with your new physique.

My Proven Method: DYNAMIC TENSION!

I'll do all this for you with my own exclusive method, "Dynamic Tension." It's the identical method that changed me from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" . . . the system that's already built husky, strapping bodies for many thousands of others

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My famous system is the same one which many great athletes use for keeping in condition for boxing, wrestling, baseball, football, and other sports.

**FREE—My Valuable Illustrated 32-Page Book
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Mail the coupon now for your FREE copy of my valuable 32-page book. Also check the kind of body you want right in the coupon. My book tells how you can get it fast. See how I can give you "Stand-Out" muscles where you want them; add inches to your chest and shoulders; make your legs and arms bulge with power. Read how "Dynamic Tension" can make you a new man—confident, popular, successful.

See pages of actual photos of men who have become "Atlas Champions" my way. Read the answers to vital questions about your health . . . your personality . . . your future—WHAT I can do for you and HOW I do it. Rush the coupon to me personally:

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115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

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115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ More Weight—Solid in the Right Places | ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips |
| ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders | ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles |
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Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not oblige me in any way.

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EDITOR Harold Fryer, currently compiling a Civil War anthology for Doubleday, visited us recently. He had read two likely stories in MAN's and wanted to know if we had any others.

Indeed, we had! If fact, Mr. Fryer's visit set us to thinking:

War, despite or because of its appalling horrors, impales the imaginations of most men. But no military campaign has ever succeeded in capturing more interest than the War between the States. Despite the passage of almost 100 years since the cessation of hostilities, the Civil War continues to prove a seemingly never-ending source of superb story material. Not even World War II, catastrophic as it was, offers quite the compelling intrigues of the conflict that pitted brother against brother.

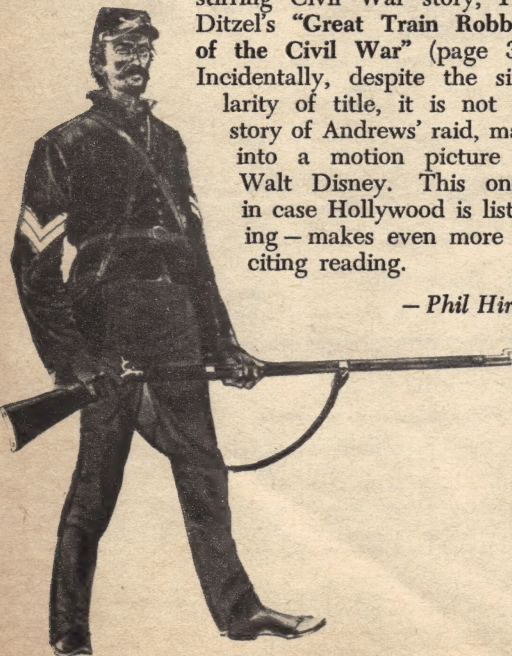
As we handed Mr. Fryer copies of suitable MAN's stories, we remembered each one vividly: "The Horsethief Who Captured a General," "Pickett's Charge," "Camp Douglas—Andersonville of the North," "The Saga of Balloon Bryan" and "The Coal Miner Who Blew Up the Rebels."

Each of these brought into sharp focus that fact that, in the past 18 months, MAN's has seen fit to print only three stories on the Revolutionary War, War of 1812 and the Spanish-American War combined!

Even the Korean campaign rates a poor second to the war our grandfathers fought.

This issue of MAN's includes another stirring Civil War story, Paul Ditzel's "Great Train Robbery of the Civil War" (page 34). Incidentally, despite the similarity of title, it is not the story of Andrews' raid, made into a motion picture by Walt Disney. This one—in case Hollywood is listening—makes even more exciting reading.

—Phil Hirsch



MAN'S

MAGAZINE

A Pyramid Publication

Editor PHIL HIRSCH
Art Director ROLF ERIKSON
Associate Editors F. G. BYRNE
MORTON ROSS
GROVER PEET
Outdoor Editor B. DALRYMPLE
Art Associate ALLEN BELLMAN

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Publishers MATTHEW HUTTNER • ALFRED PLAINE

cover painting by ROBERT E. SCHULZ

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

PUZZLE: FIND AL

Al's got himself lost in his job.

He does his work. He draws his pay. He gripes, and hopes, and waits. But the big breaks never seem to come.

You have to hunt hard for Al. He's in a rut!

Then, who's the figure standing out in the picture? That's Tom. Tom grew tired of waiting. He decided to act. He took three important steps:

1. Wrote to I.C.S. for their three famous career books.
2. Enrolled for an I.C.S. job-related course.
3. Started to apply—on the spot—what he was learning.

The others began to say, "Ask Tom, he knows." The supervisor began to take notice. The boss began to receive reports on Tom's progress. *And Tom began to move!*

It's a fact worth remembering: An I.C.S. student always stands out!

P.S.—You'll find men like Al everywhere—gripping, hoping, waiting—reading this and skipping on. But forward-looking fellows like Tom will take time to investigate, will mark and mail the coupon and get the three valuable career books free. They're men of action. And a few short months from now, you'll see them start to move!



For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.

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Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

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 - ☐ Heating
 - ☐ Interior Decoration
 - ☐ Painting Contractor
 - ☐ Plumbing
 - ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints
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 - ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
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City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to P.M. _____
Occupation _____

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS ...

Address: Letters Editor, MAN'S MAGAZINE,
444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Any information you can give me will be deeply appreciated.

Incidentally, all of us have become readers of MAN'S MAGAZINE. It is a real man's magazine.

Garry Schumacher
Director of Public Relations
San Francisco Giants
San Francisco, Calif.

● Thanks for the kudos. However, the blazers ran in another mag.—Ed.

best man's

Dear Sirs:

I want to congratulate you on the fine magazine you put out. Especially liked the May issue. Keep up the good work as I think MAN's is the best.

Philip Marchese
Norristown, Pa.

globe trotter

Gentlemen:

Would greatly appreciate your sending me the January, 1957 issue. The article I am interested in is "Around the World on 80 Dollars."

I am stationed in Japan, and so cannot go to local newsdealers for this request.

A/1c Kenneth B. Sessions
6029th SuppGru
APO 181, SFRAN

castro convert

Dear Sirs:

In your May issue you published a picture of the great rebel leader Fidel Castro and his officer corps, which you said is the only one ever taken of them. I have almost the same photo, but in mine his brother is standing. I have dozens of shots of Fidel. I admire him very much and think he's a wonderful man.

Keep up the good work, and more articles on Castro, please.

L. Jewitt
(a Fidelista)
Vancouver, B. C.

unmoved

Dear Editor:

Sgt. Sato's "Legion of the Living Dead" (October), in which a captured Japanese soldier tells of his hardships in a Russian camp, failed to move me. It is exactly what the Japanese did to captured Americans and Canadians.

I was taken prisoner in Hong Kong, beaten and had to work in a coal mine with nothing to eat except rice, and a few rats, snails and snakes we caught. I am a man of 200 pounds but when liberated by the Americans I weighed 90. Thank God the Americans came when they did.

William MacWhirter
Royal Rifles of Canada
Gaspé, Quebec

sugar ray

Gentlemen:

Just finished reading "Sugar Ray Robinson—Heel or Hero" in the February issue.

I believe that he fought Tiger Jones in Detroit, not in Chicago. Am I right?

G. MacDonald
Pinehurst, N. C.

● No "bout adoubt" it—you are mistaken. — Ed.

wild about harry

Dear Sirs:

I read with much interest and appreciation the article "How to Get a Hobby that Pays Off" in the January issue.

If you would be good enough to give me the address of Harry Kursh, the author, I would appreciate it.

I have an interest in the hobby field and would like Mr. Kursh's opinion.

W. E. Hopkins
Kansas City, Mo.

Gentlemen:

Read "How to Get a Hobby that Pays Off" and thought it was very good.

Allen Gibbs
Tampa, Fla.

just gassin'

Dear Editor:

In "Nerve Gas" (March), by William Michelfelder, there are many things of interest to the American people.

I am glad that the American Medical Association in Chicago knows of the effect and the method to restore the chemical balance of the human body. ... It was from the men who were running the I. G. Farben chemical plants that this information first came to this country.

John G. Mall, Jr.
Wilmette, Ill.

wrong claim

Gentlemen:

"Gunslinger of Slaughter Creek" (April) was well-written, but the author is wrong regarding gold claims in the Superstition Mountains.

Despite all that has been written about that range, there are no rich gold claims there, never have been, and probably never will be.

I know this first-hand—having prospected and worked as a game ranger and peace officer in that part of Arizona.

Wild Bill Williamson, Sr.
Brevard, N. C.

scores high

Dear Editor:

I have read a number of baseball stories, and the most interesting have always been about Babe Ruth. In your April issue, you have printed one that is heart-warming to any baseball fan.

"I Remember the Babe" should be recommended as the sports story of the year.

John P. Palus
San Francisco, Calif.

truth seeker

Dear Sirs:

In April, 1955, you ran an article entitled "The Truth about Chiropractors."

I would like to have some reprints if they are available.

Arthur R. Helveston, D.C.
Knoxville, Tenn.

giant error

Dear Editor:

Horace Stoneham, president of the San Francisco Giants, was very much interested in an advertisement he saw in a recent copy of your magazine. I presume it was a presentation of your men's fashion department, since it introduces some new men's blazers. In any case, I am enclosing a copy of the ad; Mr. Stoneham tore it from the magazine, and I don't know from just what issue.



We would want to obtain possibly 40 of these blazers for our players to wear. The Giants' colors are orange and black, which lend themselves to some attractive designs and color schemes. Also, the thought is to use the Giant insignia somewhere on the jacket fronts, like a club emblem.



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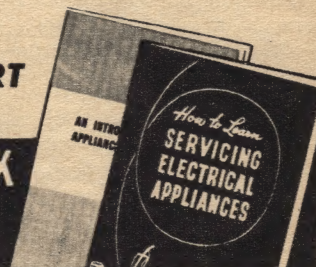
Make extra money in your spare time. Start soon to fix electric toasters, fans, clocks, vacuum cleaners, and other electric appliances for your neighbors and friends. Work in your basement, garage or spare room. It's easy to increase your earning power—to pay for your training many times over—to have extra money to buy things you need.

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job. You can train at home in your spare time for only \$3.00 down and \$6.00 a month. A small price to pay for increased earnings, a more secure future. Paste coupon below on a postal or mail in envelope for free book and sample lesson. Address **National Radio Institute, Dept. E7H8, Washington 16, D. C.**

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by BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

CALL OF THE WILD

LIKE some eerie but impelling nocturnal ritual, three of us kneeled on the ground, miles from nowhere, in the middle of a huge Texas ranch. The fourth member of the party, Winston Burnham, stood pressing an animal call to his lips. When he blew, manipulating it with his palm, an agonized wailing permeated the brush, breaking the stillness over a half-mile radius. Burnham wore a headlamp, its strong beam tilted upward at a 45-degree angle. As he worked the call, he constantly swung in a half circle, then swung back, sweeping the area with dim, hazy light—but never letting the bright beam touch the ground.

The halo of light swung just above our heads. To any watching animal nothing could be seen except the tilted, indirect main beam, which from a distance might be some kind of star. I had a gun. My two kneeling companions were armed with bows.

Suddenly I saw Winston stiffen. The sweeping of the light stopped. He had seen a reflection. Perhaps the eyes of a coyote or a fox! From our position we could not see anything. You must be directly behind the light to see. Then Winston blew softly, coaxingly. The sound mimicked that of an injured, dying rabbit.

Now we could actually see the predator closing in as whatever it was moved closer into view. When it bounded to about 20 feet of us, Winston switched on a huge flashlight. Pinpointed in the bright beam was a startled, angry fox. The archers rose and let fly. Both missed. The fox hightailed, snarling. Winston switched off the light, then turned and swept it behind us. Two more foxes were within a few yards, ready to pounce!

That was my introduction to predator calling, an exciting hobby growing by leaps and bounds. Foxes, coyotes, bobcats, hawks and owls fall over themselves trying to get to the sound of these odd calls. Deer will come, too, when a different tone is used. Mule deer are especially susceptible. Mountain lions have been attracted, and I saw Winston Burnham call a bear last year.

It seems little short of magic.

Predator calling isn't new, however. A few old-timers have been squeaking up foxes, coyotes and bobcats for years. But only within the last few seasons have calls been offered on the market to make it possible for *anyone* to be a varmint caller virtually overnight. Most of the manufacturers furnish phonograph records to help users learn the art. Calls are not expensive—a couple of dollars or so—and are not difficult to blow. Stacks of testimonial letters in the files of the commercial call manufacturers, from successful sportsmen all over the country, prove this gadget is no fluke, nor a regional phenomenon.

It isn't necessary to call at night. Darkness simply makes it easier for the caller to stay concealed, and many predators normally hunt then. But they race for the sound of a call just as well in daylight. In fact, only recently, I was hunting with game warden Whit Whitemont, a friend of mine from Laredo, Texas. We were after coyotes and bobcats, a dozen miles from downtown Laredo.

We drove our car down a ranch road until it bisected another. There we stopped about 10 A.M., eased out, checked our rifles, and Whit began to blow. He blew loudly. There was a bit of breeze so we watched the downwind side. Calm days are better. A coyote will circle to get downwind of the sound, and he is likely to smell the caller. When it's still, he does not get the caller's scent so easily.

Whit had no more than bleated out the first series of wails when a coyote leaped out of the cactus and brush. He was perhaps 400 yards from me, and I had my scope on him, watching his every move. Hair up, he came on the run. When he was about 200 yards distant he suddenly hauled up, seemingly realizing that something was amiss. He saw us plainly. I shot, but missed. Whit and I drove on, paused by a brushy arroyo. He called again. Once, twice, three times.

Suddenly Whit nudged me. A big bobcat slinked within 50 yards, stealthily sneaking among some prickly pear. Whit's rifle put an end to his stalk, and I sat there thinking what a kick it is to have the critters stalking the hunter, rather than the other way around.

Sometimes the predators complete the stalk, too! Winston Burnham has had bob-

cats cut down in mid-leap by his brother, hunting with him, as Winston called. I have seen a movie of the Burnham brothers, in which an excited fox actually leaped onto Winston's back. I doubt that the animals are intent on attacking a human. There is simply something about the sound of the call that drives them insane. Also, most callers wear a camouflage suit, complete with head-net. Motionless in a patch of brush or against a tree as they call, they are virtually invisible to predators.

Fur trappers have also found calling valuable for foxes, raccoons and other animals. Others do it in off-season hunting, for in most areas such animals as coyotes and foxes are not protected. Bounty hunters also use calls to advantage. And there are non-hunters, who practice it with no idea of collecting the animal.

In this category falls a friend of mine from New York City who became interested in calling. He tells me he has had foxes and raccoons almost within petting distance along suburban Westchester County parkways, almost within the shadow of Manhattan's skyscrapers. Calls are a wonderful gimmick for shutter bugs, too. Calling and nature photography go together like coats of paint.

An Arizona friend of mine began calling several seasons back when I showed him how to work a call of mine. His first experience in the field proved a most unsettling adventure. He crouched in the desert outside Tucson, hidden among rocks and cactus. Merrily blowing away, he wondered what might come up, when he heard a terrific clatter. Rising slowly from his hideaway, he was almost run over by 12 big mule deer, several of them bucks, all with eyes wild and tongues lolling! Why deer should get so excited over the sound of these calls, no one knows.

RECENTLY, a group of us were entertaining would-be callers by discussing experiences we've had. Murry Burnham told of the time he, Winston and I were in Mexico, sitting out on a trail trying to call up a coyote. We had one coming. We could see it trotting through the brush, bounding closer, but still out of range—when we heard a twig crack behind us. We whirled, all of us garbed in our outlandish camouflage suits and head-nets. There, creeping up on us, were two Mexican peons, gripping ancient shotguns! They were stalking this "animal" whose sound they'd never heard before. The only reason we didn't get shot, I'm sure, was that we scared the daylight out of them with our weird costumes.

As Murry finished relating the story and we all laughed about it, I was reminded of a Canadian hunt I went on a year ago with Fred Bear, the famous archer. I had a predator call with me up there, too, and as we were having lunch in a nearly empty hotel dining room, I blew the call for fun. What happened? Three waitresses came on the run!

As I was saying, it's some hobby. The possibilities are still far from fully explored! ▲

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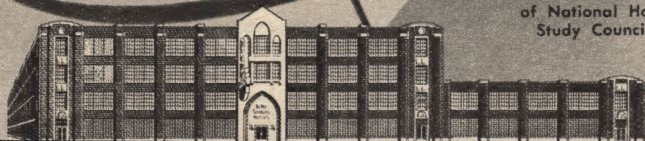
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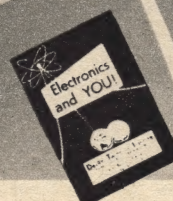
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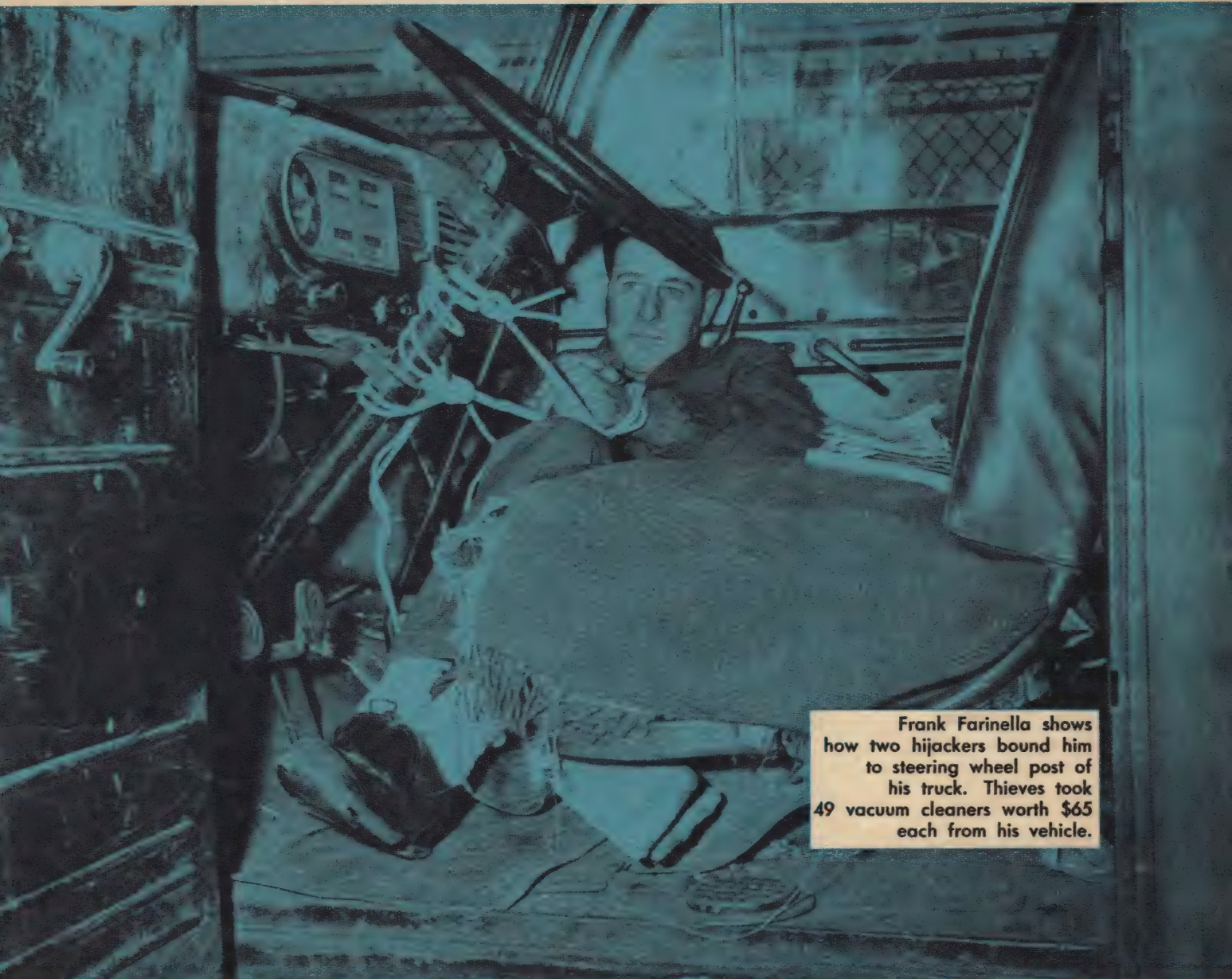
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by **WILLIAM MICHELFELDER**

TEN rubber tires on the giant trailer truck slapped melodiously against the concrete. Driver Bart Wilson, alone in his cab some 35 miles east of Dallas, sang a love song to the rhythmic beat as—around him—the Texas landscape stretched flat and lonesome.

The trailer swirled around a curved ribbon of asphalt and Bart saw the few dawn light-twinkles of an awakening suburb and suddenly he wished he could make another stop at a roadside restaurant. He was thinking of that stacked strawberry blonde waitress who had sat with him an hour ago and listened, wide-eyed, while he told her of his job and the \$60,000 cargo of auto parts, rayon, nylon and raw rubber he was delivering to a Dallas terminal. That dame was interested in him, and maybe if he had time . . .

continued on next page

HIJACKING! — The Truckers' Terror

continued

Bart shook his head and sighed. No dames for a while. His shipment was due in Dallas before noon. And then his dimmed headlights picked up the figure of a shapely girl standing beside the highway. Her slender arm was lifted in the familiar hitch-hiker's signal.

Against the company rules, a voice warned him.

But another voice, a sensuous one, whispered, "Hell, it's just a girl. She'll keep you company into Dallas, help you stay awake on the final lap of the run."

He applied the air brakes, eased his giant trailer to a halt and waited for the girl to climb aboard. "Hello, mister," she said. "Going all the way into Dallas?"

"Right, kid," Bart answered, feeling a warm glow inside. He sized her up: cute; buxom; brunette hair in an attractive bun; tight-fitting slacks, and a knitted sweater — pulling nicely. . . .

"Why you out this hour?" he asked warily.

"I'm the early bird, honey!" she laughed happily. "Got a chance for a job in Dallas if I get there before two o'clock."

"Hell!" he answered. "This super-job will have us in Dallas long before that. Hop in."

The conversation flowed. Bart felt exhilarated. Soon they were exchanging first names — Bart and Eleanor — and she cuddled close while she prattled on about how well he drove, how nice he talked and how lonely

was that little town back there where she lived with her stepmother.

Bart, his voice a bit thick, complimented her on her pretty slacks and sweater. Then he swerved a bit, yanking the wheel back just in time. She had lifted one slack leg and flashed a bare lower limb. "I just look well dressed," she murmured. "Why, I can't even afford a new pair of nylons. Not until I get that new job."

Poor kid, Bart thought. All those cases filled with nylons back there. Hell, maybe there's an extra pair in one of those poorly sealed cartons . . . Then he boasted about his trailer, the nylon shipment and other cargo and his responsibility; Eleanor said, in awe: "Gee, all that nylon, rubber and stuff. You've got a real big job, Bart!"

Hours later, in frightful pain and recalling his nightmarish experience, Bart was to link belatedly in his mind the coincidence of the strawberry blonde waitress and the brunette hitchhiker, both bringing up the subject of nylons. It was that waitress, at the roadside restaurant, who first learned the nature of his cargo. As for Eleanor, she brought up the subject of nylons and got him to recount the whole story, again, of what he had aboard.

Eleanor, of course, had been checking the tip-off to make sure she was aboard the right trailer truck.

But now, driving toward Dallas, Bart was working up a bit of steam. He couldn't help but notice that Eleanor's insinuations, her voice and even her gestures added up to a sure thing. Just a bit more horsing around and. . . .

FBI men, apparently tipped off, untie truckmen after nabbing five hijackers in act of stealing a \$100,000 cargo of liquor.



Quickly he began to rearrange his driving schedule. Hell, he figured, I'm running ahead of time. Surely I can afford to fit in some layover time on the outskirts of Dallas. One of those trucker motels where they ask no questions — and where my electronically-sealed cargo will be safe in a parking area. All this Eleanor chick and I need is about a half-hour together. . . .

"There is a little joint ahead," she whispered, "where I can get some hot coffee for two — spiked with one big hooker of bourbon."

"I've got booze here in the cab," he said.

"The hot coffee would be nice," she purred, ". . . first."

No missing *that* invitation.

Still he was cautious and loyal to the job. "I never leave a truck until I'm in a parking area with other trucks," he said. "Let's wait, kiddo, until this motel ahead. Only about 12 miles —"

"You stay in the cab," she persisted, "and I'll get the coffee. Besides, I have to go to the ladies room."

A HEAD he saw a flashing neon sign "EAT" and a clean-looking restaurant just off the highway. Directly beyond, on the opposite side of the highway — the ironic twist of all to be remembered later — he also noted the squat red building and the illuminated words: STATE POLICE.

Nothing could be safer. The perfect setup.

Let her go, he thought. He would stay with the trailer. She'd be gone only a few minutes. Bart felt a little foolish about his suspicions. Not only were the State Police across the highway, but he was driving a trailer truck equipped with an electronic burglar alarm. All doors, windows — even the cab — could be connected, by the touch of a button, to howling sirens and horns if the truck was touched. Why, at the motel later, he could safely leave that trailer for a half-hour and his \$60,000 worth of cargo would be safer than money in the bank.

Or so Bart figured. . . .

Pulling slightly off the highway, with his great motor still humming, Bart pushed open the cab door and Eleanor jumped out. He savored those bouncing hips while she ran into the restaurant. He appraised, once more, the view from the front as she returned — a few minutes later — with steaming containers of coffee.

Everything in order, he thought cozily, as he laced the coffee with shots of his own bourbon. Everything hunky-dory, he thought dizzily, as he enjoyed the first deep kiss. "The motel is only 12 miles ahead," he told her.

She nodded. "Whatever you say, big boy."

Everything was working according to plan for cautious Bart. But one important fact was unknown to him. Eleanor, in the ladies room, had used the coin telephone to call a certain number. "In about 20 minutes we'll make the turn," she had muttered into the mouthpiece, then hung up.

Onward thundered the trailer. Entering a great sweeping curve, the landscape flat and empty around him, Bart automatically eased off on the power and slowed down gently to make the curve. Stirred by the drink and the prospects of quick passion cuddled at his side, Bart congratulated himself nevertheless on his alertness and devotion to the truck driver's responsibility. Not even this great deal, to be handled privately, would deter him from using common sense at the wheel.

Suddenly, a black limousine cut in sharply from a side road. Bart saw the sleek, glittering vehicle from the corner of his left eye and cursed it. So close did it come to his left fender as it roared into the right lane ahead of him that he had to jerk the steering wheel to avoid a brush. Eleanor lurched away from him and struck the cab door on her right, and Bart thought vaguely: (*continued on page 76*)



Before police caught up with him, Kingdon W. DeNormand headed a multi-million dollar East Coast hijacking "firm."



Many hijacking firms plant "waitresses" in roadside diners. They pick up valuable information from talkative truckmen.

THE CASE OF The Mistreated Mistress

by DICK HALVORSEN

"DRESSED"—if that's quite the word—in a transparent white negligee, Dotty Masters restlessly paced her apartment, awaiting the doctor. Aside from her flushed face and harried air, the pretty redhead looked rather healthy. In fact, she was just what the doctor ordered. . . . Or was she?

As she impatiently peered out the window to glance down the street, hoping for a glimpse of her doctor's car, the afternoon sun silhouetted her fine, firm, full-bosomed figure. Her pretty face seemed to be buttoned at the mouth by one big pout.

A few minutes later, she heard a car door slam outside. She looked out the window again, then founced angrily to the door. Shortly after, there was a soft knock, and she flung it open.

"Well, Doctor," she seethed, "it's about time!"

Dr. Arthur Warren Waite walked past her disdainfully and put his hat, gloves and silver-headed cane on the buffet. She stalked him as he went to the closet to hang up his astrakhan-collared coat, and when he turned she stood there glaring at him.

"Oh, don't, Dotty," he said, side-stepping her to head for the buffet and the decanter of whiskey. "You aren't pretty when you're angry." He poured himself a drink and sat down on the divan.

"Well, what is it this time?" he asked, a handsome man of 30 with wavy brown hair, a sensuous mouth, and heavy eyebrows he could arch independently to express his usual hauteur. "Is it because I was late?"

"No, it's not!" she said, coming over to sit down beside him. "I saw you at Delmonico's today. Yes, that's right, I saw you. Don't look so surprised. You were having lunch with that spring chicken—that baby-faced little trol—"

"Careful, my dear," Waite said softly. He quaffed his drink and began to loosen his tie and unbutton the high starched collar. "You mean my protegee?"

"Whatever you call her," Dot said. "You sat there looking at her as though she were part of the menu. I won't stand for it. I've got a good mind to tell Clara . . ."

"And then my darling wife would have to know about us, wouldn't she, Dotty?" he said, moving over and slipping his arm around her. He pulled out the comb in her hair and her braid tumbled down.

Slowly he began to unbraid it. "She'd be angry at both of us, and undoubtedly fire your father."

"Well, that's not all I'll tell your wife," Dotty said stubbornly. "I'll tell her about that night when . . ."

"What will you tell her?" he asked in a hoarse whisper, his fingers encircling her neck.

Dotty gasped. "Nothing, Arthur, nothing!"

He removed his fingers from her throat and gave his attention to her lips. In a little while her anger and her fear had dissolved.

Immediately after that, Dr. Waite put his collar back on, adjusted his tie to its tiny, impeccable knot, got his coat, hat, cane and gloves, and left in his shiny new 1915 Winton sedan to go home to his wife, Clara. . . .

When Arthur Waite saw Clara Louise Peck for the first time she was getting out of her car at the country club in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He was struck instantly by the utter loveliness of her Mercer roadster and charmed by his friend's remark that her father was filthy rich. Looking quickly away from her face, he decided that she was the girl for him.

As "catches" went in Grand Rapids, Clara was considered like a pop foul dropping into the third row of the stands—catchable, but not worth the punishment. She was awkward and angular, with olive skin, heavy eyebrows, a fleshy nose, and a mouth that was not only generous, but bountiful. In Arthur she found a man who shared her passion for tennis, had good manners, and said sweet nothings to her as no other man ever had.

Although Arthur was as sincere as a politician's speech, he successfully conned Clara into believing it was love. She took him home to meet Mama and Papa, where he underwent as frosty a scrutiny as a bad apple got in his own father's vegetable store. Mama was a doughty old dowager with a suspicious eye; Papa simply looked at him with bleak distrust. But Arthur kept coming around, trying to exert his charm, and finally got up the courage to ask for Clara's hand in marriage.

"Have you any money?" Old John, the father, asked him. Arthur had to shake his head negatively.

"What about your prospects?"

Arthur, who'd just been booted out of the University of Michigan dental school for cheating, didn't have any. But he answered, "As soon as I finish medical school, I've been promised a fine practice in New York."

The heavy-set old man rocked back on his heels, thought a moment, and then shook his head. "Won't do for our Clara. No money. No social background. Prospects way in the future. 'Fraid not, my boy."

Arthur envisioned a million bucks burning before his eyes, but when he went in to see Clara his despair was extinguished. "I'll wait for you, dear," she breathed, gazing soulfully at him with those red-rimmed pop eyes. "No matter how long."

In 1911 the Horatio Alger success stories were all the vogue, and in her eyes, Arthur was "a very resolute chap," as Alger would say, "who could move mountains to go from rags to riches."

Actually, Arthur secretly doubted that he could move mountains, but one quality he had working for him was that he would beat up his own grandmother for a dollar. He also knew—ugh!—Clara would wait; and it might be a simple con job to go away for a while and return with a show of wealth that would impress Old John. Closing his eyes, he resolutely prepared to give Clara a peck on the cheek. But midway he altered course—after all, a million bucks was at stake—and he kissed her full on the lips. Then he left with the ungrammatical promise: "I will return!" But Clara didn't hear him. She had swooned.

THREE years later, Arthur returned to Grand Rapids with \$25,000 deposited in the local bank, a slight English accent, a wardrobe from Saville Row, and the arrogance of a head waiter. Being thoroughly objectionable and apparently rich, he was immediately accepted by Grand Rapids society, whom he bedazzled with his tales of the Boers and Zulus in South Africa. He had gone, he said, from Grand Rapids to Great Britain where he received his medical degree at the famed University of Glasgow.

"I was interning at St. Guy's Hospital in London," he said, "when there was an emergency call for doctors to go to South Africa. Plague, you know. I went, and when we'd whipped the plague, I opened a practice in (continued on page 64)

illustrated by John Floherty, Jr.

Although everybody called him "Doctor" Arthur Waite,
the only real claim he had to his medical title was the fact that
he was quite an "operator." Two enraptured mistresses and an adoring wife
helped to occupy the time and talents of the passionate poisoner.





PIERCE WILLIAMS' ORDEAL

LOST ON THE SAHARA

We followed the rules and stayed with our stalled vehicle. Then, beyond hope of rescue after eight days of sun-scorched terror, we had a grim choice: walk or die!



The Author

by PIERCE WILLIAMS with VAN HETHERLY

OUR BRITISH LANDROVER growled and roared, sucking up precious petrol, as I kicked her up roller-coaster ridges. Then I hung on as she bucked and barreled down slopes of the Sahara's northern wasteland.

I shivered. Winter night winds, after the heat of day, sliced through my drenched shirt, and my fez bit into my forehead like a steadily contracting metal band while I fought to maintain a grip on the steering wheel. Five hours of jockeying the cumbersome, outsized jeep over cruel desert terrain had made lead weights of my arms. And I blinked stinging perspiration out of my eyes, no longer sure I could trust my vision—blurred by too many hours of futile straining to pick out some recognizable landmark, some living thing.

Suddenly the aching fear I'd vaguely felt all day crystallized. "We're lost," I yelled, and the enormity of it drained me of what little confidence I had left. I looked at the two silent young Arabs sitting next to me. The panic in their eyes helped to sober me. *I was running this show. . . . I had to get a grip on myself.*

Eying the mileage indicator, I unconsciously eased up on the accelerator, which read 238 kilometers. The fast-dwindling gas sloshing in the tank couldn't be good for more than another two or three kilometers. Could I stretch it? And even if I could, would it make any difference? We should have hit the road from Agedabia hours before. But we hadn't. Now I could only gamble. I wheeled the Landrover into a wide circular sweep, hoping and praying that we might stumble into our concession (government-granted land for foreign oil exploration). It was our only chance, and unless my navigation was completely haywire, it might work.

I shot another glance at the two Arabs sitting beside me, staring somberly into the wasteland of sand and sky. Naffati Mohammed Kenaira, the short, stocky laundry boy whose attack of dysentery had first brought us out of the haven of our camp and into the open desert, sat rigidly, his browned forehead creased with worry. Beside him our camp interpreter, Giuma Muftah Guslani (Jimmy for short), struggled visibly to maintain his stony-faced Arab composure. These were city Arabs, born and reared in Tripoli on the Mediterranean. They knew nothing of the desert. To them, even more than to me, it was a vicious, shifting trap, patiently waiting to strike us down and gloat over our sun-blached remains.

During the day vague sunlight, diffused through a ceiling of dust-haze, had shimmered on the horizon. Now the horizon, shrouded by frigid, fast-gathering darkness, had disappeared. Behind us, the ghostly red tail-light glow

illuminated the Landrover's tracks, stretching out of sight into the darkness behind the last dune. Up ahead loomed still another.

Our headlight beams stabbed the night and danced with each jolt over the face of the next dune's ominous bulk. *Perhaps this was the one we'd been looking for.* A prayer formed on my lips, and I kicked the accelerator to the floor. This could be it. The road from Agedabia might lie just over the ridge. Hell, any road would do! Or camp.

Our camp was out there somewhere. Why not here? We were overdue for a bit of luck. Besides, this had to be it; by now we were running on fumes.

I coaxed the clattering, straining Landrover up the slope. The wheels spun, then caught, then spun again. I poured on more coal. We inched up, hit a firm spot and lurched forward. I shot a glance to my left. There was something about this terrain. I pivoted to the right, then back to the left. It looked familiar! Exultation surged through me. The road must be near. Or camp. I was sure of it.

"We're home, boys!" I yelled, but my voice was lost in the piercing, agonized whine of the motor. I hunched over the wheel and the vehicle strained up the last few yards. As we barreled over the crest of the dune, the motor's steady roar broke into a series of wheezing coughs. I pumped the accelerator frenziedly. A backfire cracked like a pistol shot. She sputtered and growled and finally fell silent.

Then the noiseless desert enveloped us like a blanket. Down below, nothing. No road, no camp. No vegetation, no living thing. Nothing but the next shadowy white dune. And the next. And the next.

I sat there stunned, trying to crowd the fear and frustration from my mind. "It's eight o'clock," I said inanely to the two Arabs. Eight o'clock, Sunday, January 5, 1958. My mother, in New Orleans, was probably just getting up from lunch. Some of my friends in Houston were coming in from church. In Paris and Rome there were Monday morning hangovers in the making. And the guys in our camp were griping because I wasn't back from Bengasi with the beer.

As for us, we were flyspecks on that sprawling rump of the globe, the Sahara Desert. I wasn't sure where we were, how we'd get out or, for that matter, if we'd get out.

I was no desert veteran. The barren expanse of West Texas was the only desert I'd ever inhabited. I also was no stranger to danger, but this was a new kind. In the 40 years since I breathed my first gasp in Norfolk, Virginia, I have been a rolling stone of (continued on page 68)

illustrated by Robert E. Schulz

HURRICANE JACKSON

26 AND READY FOR THE SCRAP HEAP

No longer do boxing's insiders laugh at him. There's nothing funny about a fighter without a future, a pug who absorbs terrible punishment but keeps coming back for more "because there ain't nothing else I can do."

by STANLEY WESTON, editor of BOXING ILLUSTRATED



EDDIE MACHEN'S left hook crashed against Hurricane Jackson's mangled features with a sickening thud that sent glittering sprays of blood squirting in every direction. Jackson's knees sagged as bull-shouldered Machen, undefeated contender for the heavyweight championship, charged in for the inevitable kill. The aroused arena yelled for Machen to finish it. Some in the audience turned away in disgust. And those who were aware of Jackson's childlike innocence growled angrily at the referee to stop the gruesome orgy.

Through 10 brutal, one-sided rounds, in San Francisco's enormous Cow Palace, the hollow shell of Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson stumbled ineptly through the old routines: the double uppercuts, the crazy dances, the hilarious shuffles, the fierce facial contortions. Gimmicks which once rolled fans in the aisles with laughter now seemed pathetically out of place. The old drive and boundless energy which had earned Jackson a shot at the championship only four months before were gone along with the laughter.

The tenth round ended, there were still two more rounds to go. Jackson staggered to his corner and plopped down on his stool. His frantic seconds waved smelling salts under his nose but he jerked away his throbbing head, and glared like a sulking child across the ring at Machen. Then Hurricane smacked his soggy gloves together, rinsed the gore from his mouth and struggled to pull himself

continued on next page





Legal tiffs, including fatal auto crash, have beset the fighter. He's seen here after spending night in jail.

HURRICANE JACKSON

continued

together for the eleventh — a round which mercifully never began.

Referee Frank Carter, a man of conscience, walked quickly to Jackson's corner, glanced at his ballooned right eye and found, at last, the excuse he sought to stop the fight. Tommy "Hurricane" Jackson's 36th venture into the professional prize ring, and no doubt his last important one, was over.

Even before the wrap-up commercial faded from home television screens, an avalanche of angry protests jammed switchboards of the American Broadcasting Company.

"A revolting display of primitive sadism!" cried a Paterson, New Jersey housewife.

"If this doesn't kill boxing for good nothing ever will!" growled a Baltimore police captain.

From Dr. Daniel O. Kilroy, chairman of the California State Athletic Commission, came the first official reaction. "I will demand that Jackson be indefinitely suspended from boxing in California, and I will recommend to the National Boxing Association that they follow a like course of action.

"Jackson demonstrated a complete lack of ability in the first two rounds, or at least failed to use what ability he had," Kilroy continued. "His lack of effort against Machen was not due to any physical disability. I just don't know what it was."

But to many insiders, Commissioner Kilroy's remark was an obvious attempt to save face. Hearst sports editor Dan Parker, for 30 years the J. Edgar Hoover of professional boxing, wrote in his column, "Isn't Dr. Dan Kilroy . . . who has just revoked Hurricane Jackson's license, the same chap who said a few weeks ago, before ever seeing the poor punching bag, 'he's absolutely normal . . . Absolutely nothing wrong with him!' How absolutely wrong can a doctor be?"

Dr. Kilroy wasn't the only one trying to cleanse himself of the Jackson stigma. For the tragedy of Hurricane Jackson is a vile, unparalleled chapter in boxing history, one which makes even those who earn their livings from the cruel business shudder and vehemently deny any responsi-

bility. The pathetic plight of Tommy Jackson has given boxing a bigger black eye than any fix scandal or, in fact, any ring death. At 26, Jackson is through as a fighter, burned out long before his time, and like an old jalopy, is ready for the scrap heap.

While he lasted, he was a bizarre novelty, a freak, an "animal," as they called him in publicity releases. He fitted the farce which is contemporary boxing as snugly as Damon Runyon's characters fitted the two-dollar betting windows.

Because he was a freak, reporters and photographers found in him a natural source of poignant story material. Endless copy poured from their typewriters, to be illustrated with hilarious photographs. And Jackson, although still an amateurish club fighter, became an overnight sensation as well known in Television, U.S.A. as established champions like Ray Robinson.

With the possible exception of Primo Carnera and Joe Louis, no fighter in history ever caught the public's fancy as quickly as Hurricane Jackson. His name dominated sports pages everywhere. Feature stories centering around



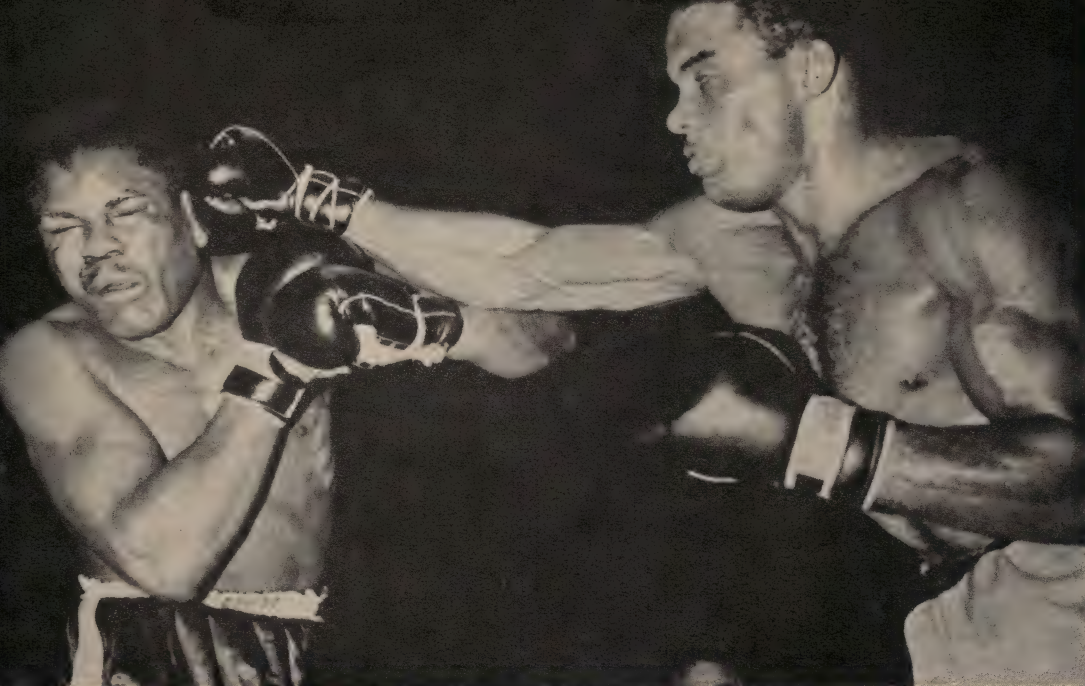
Religion plays a solacing role in Hurricane's tragic life. His mother, Georgia, sings hymns with him in their home.

his primitive mannerisms and uncanny endurance highlighted the pages of national magazines.

Joe Woodman, the oldest and most respected fight manager in the business, the man who guided the great Sam Langford and who has watched every champion from John L. Sullivan to Patterson, said: "If they handle Jackson right he'll gross more money than any fighter in history. Everybody in the country has heard about him and they'd go out and borrow money if necessary to see if he's real. The worst mistake they can make with him is to show him on television. They should dole him out in small portions, like gasoline in war time. With this kid they can revive boxing."

But the illiterate urchin from Spartan, Georgia, who loved to stroll the lonely Long Island beaches alone on frigid winter mornings and pitch pebbles into the foaming ocean surf, wound up not as boxing's saviour, but as its badge of dishonor.

Sudden fame embarrassed and confused Tommy. He was startled when strangers on the street called him by name, and he couldn't understand why they plastered his pictures in the papers. Like a frightened boy he found peace in solitude. He shied from all but his gymnasium cronies and he left the gym from the rear exit to avoid the crowds who waited for him.



Probably the worst drubbing Hurricane (l.) ever received was at the hands of heavyweight Eddie Machen. Held in San Francisco's famous Cow Palace, November 13, 1957, the fight was mercifully stopped in the tenth round.

One day he was scheduled to appear on a live television program originating from Stillman's gym. A maze of complicated equipment had been set up in advance, but when air time came Jackson disappeared.

They found him in the men's room, glancing through the pages of a comic book. His manager urged him to go into the gym, but he refused to budge.

"Get out there!" the manager screamed. "There's millions of people waiting to get a look at your kisser, and here you are hiding!"

Eventually he was tempted out of his dingy retreat with the promise of a new guitar and as many hot jazz records as he could carry.

To know Jackson, as I did, was to like him. As I watched them leading his broken hulk from the Cow Palace ring last November 13th, after his annihilation by Eddie Machen, I felt ashamed for having once encouraged him. I felt a personal guilt for having once told him he was the best heavyweight in the world, something I firmly believed at the time. I am humiliated that I egged his manager into throwing him into the ring with Nino Valdez who set him on his tail before poor Tommy could break into a single dance routine.

The destruction of Hurricane Jackson festers like a cancer on my conscience, as I am sure it must with others who had any part in it.

The first time I laid eyes on him he was standing alone in a dark corner of Stillman's, taking methodical pop shots at his flickering shadow on the wall. For gym clothes he wore soiled, badly worn underwear and battered tan sneakers. He had no hand bandages, no trainer to tell him what to do. His hair hung scraggly over his ears and down his neck.

I had gone to the gym that winter afternoon in 1952 to interview and photograph Archie Moore, ageless wonder who was then, as he is now, light heavyweight champion of the world. When I finished the interview I headed for the flight of stairs which leads to the gym's main floor. As I passed a dark corner, a long arm dropped across my chest like a railroad gate.

"How much it cost you take my picture?" asked a voice from the shadows.

As I sized up the shabby figure before me, unkempt,

innocent, pathetic, I felt a wave of pity. It was like throwing a bone to a starving stray dog to talk to him.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Thomas Jackson."

"Had any fights?"

"No. . . . But soon. Lippe say soon."

"Lippe your manager?"

"Lippe. Lippe Breitbart. You know Lippe?"

"Sure I know him."

"You seen Lippe today?"

"No. Not yet."

His primitive innocence intrigued me. The way he spoke amused me. But underneath there was something eerie and unnatural. Sports writer Jimmy Cannon put it this way:

"Never has there been a fighter such as Jackson, no one as pathetic, no one as gay, as innocent, as somber, as untalented, as energetic. Always when I see him, Jackson appears to be desperately trying to destroy a silence that imprisons him. So he devises small lies to entertain himself as if the facts of his existence were unbearable."

I took his picture that first day we met and stayed to watch him work. He seemed both intrigued and frustrated as he watched the other fighters dance gracefully around the big room, skipping rope and shadow boxing. He seemed fascinated by the grace and skill with which Archie Moore controlled the punching bag. I asked him if he'd like to meet Moore. He shrugged his shoulders indifferently. I was amazed to learn later that he had never heard of Moore. In fact, the only names he knew — aside from his immediate family, a few street-corner pals, Abraham Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt — were Jack Dempsey, whom he idolized, and Joe Louis, "who t'weren't nuttin' compared to Dempsey."

He became a gymnasium fixture and the foil for countless cruel pranks. Other fighters baited and mocked him. They called his name over the loud speaker to come answer the phone and then tied his shoelaces into impossible knots. When he went into the shower they hid his towel and switched his soap with a bar of wax. They called him a dummy and he laughed because he thought they were complimenting him. He tried hard to join their fraternity, but even the business which thrives on human misery was above accepting him. Jackson became as much a sucker for punishment inside the ring (*continued on page 86*)

ARCTIC RESCUE

**Stranded on an ice floe
that was breaking up before
their eyes, they had only
one hope — that 7 daredevil
pilots could save them from
floating into oblivion.**

by BILL WHARTON

TOWERING peaks of ice, rising 40 feet above the Russian freighter *Chelyuskin*, suddenly exploded with the devastating fury of a hydrogen bomb. The ship reared like a bronco striving to tear off its rider and then tore asunder as torpedo-like shafts of ice rammed into her engine-room and holds and exploded there, shattering the ship before the swiftly moving ice floes closed in over her.

In one split second the carefully prepared drill to abandon ship was forgotten as passengers screamed and ran in senseless circles while the freighter shattered beneath them.

In the crow's nest, Captain Voronin felt the main-mast slide over crazily toward the ice below, and as the ship keeled closer to the ice peaks, he grabbed a frozen rope and slid down at a 60-degree angle, his right mitt tearing from his hand.

On the buckling deck, as the destructive ice closed in, Professor Otto Julius Schmidt, commanding (continued on page 90)



Illustrated by Ray Sternbergh





Beaut from Montana

She went from Butte's bawdy houses to Hollywood's movie studios.

The first day she stepped on a set she looked the crew over, and from that time on, no one from prop man to producer was safe.

by FRANK SCULLY

STRIPPED — her favorite pose, incidentally — she was a featherweight, and a fraction under five feet tall. But nobody ever measured her s.a. — in Hollywood or anywhere else. No ruler was large enough.

In Butte, Montana, where she was born and raised, she was known as Sadie Ostromar, but a press agent in Hollywood gave her the nice New England name of Sally Alden. The story was she had seduced her first male in Butte before she was out of pinafores. And whether that's true or not, it's a laughable fact that after she got in pictures every man in Hollywood was scared to death of her. Her five husbands swore to a man that she was *insatiable*, and unfaithful to boot. It is difficult to say which appalled them the more.

While still in Butte, at the age of 15 in fact, she was assigned to the best house in town. No procurer enticed her there. She got in on her own merits. But she was an absolute failure in the business.

When you realize that she was even prettier then than she is now, the failure seems fantastic. Where now she has a trace of double chin, at that time her features were gently chiseled in Elgin marble. Where now she has to wear an uplift to affect a youthful bosom, at that time her body was as firm as an August apple. Today even the cleverest cameramen can't streamline completely her matronly hips, but in those days she was as slender as a birch tree.

From those good old days, however, only her gorgeously slender ankles remain. They're as perfect today as they were 20 years ago. Well, maybe you could add the mass of lovely yellow hair, big blue eyes, uptilted nose and peach-like complexion to her ankles as still being about what they were in Butte.

And yet, with all that in her favor, she simply couldn't wait to be asked to say yes. The original of the Dorothy Parker girl, "who could speak 14 languages and couldn't say no in any of them," has always been believed to have been Sally Alden. Nothing could be a greater libel on the Casanova of her sex. It was her impatience, and that alone, which caused her to be thrown out of Montana's bawdy houses and into California's picture studios.

From the beginning in Hollywood, whenever she came on a set she looked the crew over, and no one from prop man to producer was safe.

By the time she hit 40 you'd have expected that sex as a subject would have begun to lose its interest to her, but no victim of Sally's rapacity ever testified privately to that effect. Any of them could show you permanent scars

as proof that they had fought for their honor — and lost.

It would not be portraying her fairly at all to call her a "vampire," or a "gold-digger," or simply, as her discarded lovers did, a "glamorous bitch in ermine." She openly bragged that she had made them all and any man who said anything else was a fairly transparent liar. And you'd be further from truth if you imagined she liked girls. No, her sex-life was conventional enough, except for the *force* behind it.

In the light of all this, can you imagine anything funnier than the story that after the clean-up campaign had driven her out of pictures (she was beginning to skid anyway) and she had decided to try Broadway for a new build-up, she had entered a producer's office and, with the terrified eyes of a deer at bay, had fought for what the old-fashioned girls used to call something dearer than life?

Why do press agents circulate such yarns? It was, if anything, the producer who put up that old-fashioned fight. I can understand such stories where an old *madame* essays *Little Eva* or *Peter Pan* or the *White Sister*, but Sally was going to play the bag-slinger in a revival of *Rain* and it wouldn't have hurt to let the public know that she had plenty of what it takes, especially since it was true.

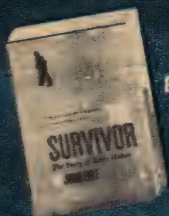
It happened in Arch Banton's office. Most chorines who have worked for the oversexed Arch de Triumph will admit that they never were hired without at least a mauling, and any extras waiting in the outer office knew he was through casting when the couch was carried out of his inner office and put back among the props in the wings downstairs.

BUT in Sally's case they brought Arch out on his own couch like a wounded Spartan being carried home from battle on his shield. Any way you figured it, the scene must have been a howl.

Imagine Arch leering at the sight of a buxom blonde entering his office, licking his thick, loose lips, slyly getting up from his desk so that he could get between her and the door, and then imagine that lecherous look of his turning to terror as he faced a more lecherous female look.

If a bigger belly-laugh could come from mortal man than from the person who might have been privileged to watch Arch hypnotized into a corner — the *couch* corner — gripping his clothes around him, while Sally, the super-sex sensation, started coiling around him like a cobra, I'd like to hear it.

After she had run Arch through the wringer she decided she ought to get a divorce from Stetson Handler, her fifth husband. She decided to do it quietly in Paris if Stetson would take an outright settlement (*continued on page 56*)



BOOK BONUS

THE SURVIVOR

"Everybody wants SS men . . . Poles, English, Russians, Americans. I am marked for death, I think, by God, too, and I don't know yet how I can escape punishment."



by JOHN EHLE

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *This is the brutal biography of a Storm Trooper who survived World War II. In no sense does the story intend to excuse or justify Eddy Hukov's role in that war. In fact, Hukov's fate—in which he, the oppressor, becomes the fugitive, is a consequence of his acts and the ruthless regime of the swastika.*

The Author

ON A MISTY afternoon in the fall of 1944, we boarded the train and were soon rolling west. The train stopped, then crept forward a few miles, then stopped for an hour. It went on, only to stop again. Sometimes we had to wait for the track to be cleared or a bridge to be tested; other times we had to wait for another train to arrive from the west, carrying supplies to the divisions still left on the Eastern Front.

Night came. Most of the men dozed uncomfortably in the boxcars, but a few of us stayed awake, anxious for word that Germany was reached. For me it would be the first time that I would see my country. My father had often told me about

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illustrated by John Leone





BOOK BONUS

THE SURVIVOR

continued



it, describing each city and reading to me from an encyclopedia about populations and cathedrals. He had a map in his bedroom which had lines going to Berlin, Munich, the Ruhr, radiating out from Lvov, in southeast Poland, where I was born and reared and where he worked as an engineer in the steel mill. I knew about Germany from him and from my German schooling in Poland, but now, for the first time, I was to see it.

Just before dawn the train stopped, and the good word came. "This is our Fatherland," a man said. We leaped to the ground. I knelt by the boxcars, dug my fingers into the dirt, and lifted a piece of earth. This is my Fatherland, I thought.

Weeping, I leaned over and kissed the ground.

After a while I got up and went to one side, standing between two boxcars, near the couplings, where I could be alone. From there I could see prisoners across the yard fixing the track where bombs had landed, and near the station house other prisoners were unloading a boxcar that had been left on the siding. I could see little of my country except this — prisoners at work and my own black train. But around me I knew was the broad green

land with farms and cities. I could imagine it as my father had described it, for he often had been to Germany.

"Listen," a man said.

The sound of planes came to us, bombers crossing the arc of the sky. At the other side of the yard, some Russian prisoners dropped their shovels and picks and looked up, although the planes were out of sight behind dark clouds.

"What city will it be tonight?" a soldier asked me, his voice hushed.

I walked away from him, still trying to fix the sound of the planes, as if the sound would tell me whose they were and where they were flying. When the planes went away, the prisoners once more began to shovel refuse.

I sank down on a pile of rubble, the vibrations of the engines in my mind. It was as it had been on the Russian front with the artillery. Sometimes it would rumble in my mind when there were no guns around. And sometimes in my mind I could even hear conversations out of the past, with the voices of men who had been in my squad.

Many men had served with me while we were struggling with the Russians, first

moving east victoriously, then falling back until we found that the whole Sixth German Army had been annihilated — 24 infantry and artillery divisions, including five Panzer divisions, wiped out in one battle. That was just before the Russians recaptured Kharkov and released Leningrad. Many men had joined my squad during this time, some to be wounded or killed, others to live, like me, charmed lives. I had not been cut a single time in all my bayonet charges, in all the action . . .

"Hey, Sergeant, what do you think of my prisoners?" A bulky guard propped a foot on the brick wall where I was sitting.

"I think the same of all prisoners. Why? Did we capture those men?"

"What outfit are you?"

"The Storm Troopers," I said. "Hitler's Bodyguard Division."

He nodded slowly, impressed by what I had told him. "You are young to be a sergeant in such a rugged organization."

I smiled, remembering that I had been made a sergeant and decorated while still 17, and that for two years I had served in a special Panzer unit commanded personally by Lieutenant General Richard Hildebrandt. He had hurled us into any break

that came into his lines, and, if the lines were safe, had sent us on patrols to scout out the enemy.

I looked at the guard. "I was brought up to fight Russians on the streets."

"Well, these are not your prisoners, for they aren't Russians. They're Americans."

I studied him to see if he was being honest with me, then went closer to some of the prisoners, examining them from head to foot. "It is the first time that I have seen an American," I said.

The guard stuck his hands down in his pants pocket and leaned back on his heels, proud of his prisoners. "They have the best uniforms," he said. "They look smart."

I walked part way around several Americans. "So these are the ones who are now attacking us, so that we must leave the Russian threat behind. We are traveling even now to fight them."

"YES, many trains have come through before you. It will be a big advance soon, certainly."

Other Storm Troopers had become interested in seeing the Americans, and several groups were walking among them. One from a group came near. "Why aren't there more German guards on these Americans?" he demanded.

"The Americans are good boys," the guard said. "It is not like the Russians. Also, we feed them better."

"They are bombing our cities," the man said, "killing our women and children by the millions, and you feed them well?"

"Yes. They are always getting cigarettes from the Red Cross, and some are not smokers, so they trade the cigarettes with us. Sometimes we give them food in exchange, sometimes women. They're better off than we are." He reached in his pocket and brought out a package of cigarettes. There was a picture of a camel on the wrapper, such as I had not seen. "Have a cigarette?" he asked me.

I took one and lit it from his match. We sat down on the pile of rubble and talked some more about how like gentlemen the Americans were, and about the planes, perhaps American, even then in the sky.

I sat there a long while, staring blankly into a puddle of water, thinking of all the armies crowding in around us and about Germany, which had been the home of my grandparents. Now I knew it must be protected from slavery, and I was one who must do it.

Two hours later, when the train started again, I got a place at the boxcar door so that I could watch Germany unfold before me; but the entire countryside was blacked out and there was little to see. All night I waited, ignoring the rain and staring into the darkness. At dawn we were in the country.

As we rounded a bend, the outskirts of a town came into sight. The fields grew thick with houses, and then the houses fell away as the railroad yard surrounded us. Now the factories were close, with taller buildings beyond.

None of us said anything. In Russia we had seen gutted buildings. But this was

my first sight of a badly crumbled German town. Sometimes we would pass a person, standing as if dazed, staring at us; and once in a while a child would come to the doorway of a house, staying back on the stoop out of the rain, and wave at us until the train was out of sight; but our welcome was disappointing for all of us.

Most of that morning we sat at a railroad siding. Later in the day we moved to the other end of the freight yard. Somebody told me the engineers were waiting for nightfall since it was safer to move at night, but I saw no sense in that, for we were fully exposed there in the yard. More likely the line was broken ahead or a train had been wrecked on the right of way.

"The Americans did all this to our country?" I said.

"Yes, they are very good with machines," one of my men, Brennan, said.

"So are we," I said. "We have our own machines for them."

We rolled all night. The next morning before dawn the train reached Minden, and we walked through the city to the Westfalen camp, where we were to be educated about the Americans and their weapons. I hoped there would be mail there for us, because I had not heard from my family for some months. Lvov had been captured by the Russians, I knew, but many of the people had fled; and I had no doubt my father had gotten our family away safely.

Immediately on our arrival we were given mail. I had a large stack and quickly leafed through it. There were many letters from men who had fought with me and from girls in Germany whose addresses the soldiers had given me — some introducing their sisters, others their cast-off girl friends. But there was nothing from my family, and nothing from Linda, the German girl in Lvov who had taught me about true romance. I laid the mail aside, deeply worried about what might have happened.

FINALLY I opened a few letters from girls in Germany. They told me the people were still optimistic about winning the war. They said we should keep fighting hard. They told me much about politics and little about love, except that each one signed her letter, "With all my love."

That was the way it was now, I knew. Everything was politics, with love on the sly — and quick.

I opened a letter from Warsaw, from a boyhood friend who had gone to the Polish school with me in Lvov. When my father took me out of that school and sent me to a German master, this boy and I remained friends, in spite of my father's objections. Now he was the only person from Lvov who had written me:

Dear Eddy,

The Almighty God in Heaven should bless you.

Many of our friends told me I must not write to you about what has happened, but I cannot sleep at night and not let you know. Now I am

going to Berlin, for the war is closed, but I must tell you.

Before I fled Lvov, the large American bombers were flying night and day, and when they dropped bombs on Lvov, one of them fell on your house and killed your father, your two brothers, and your young sister Bertha.

Eddy, we were at work for hours getting the dead bodies out of your house. . . .

I stared at the piece of paper in my hand, my hands trembling. I could no longer make out the words. Groaning, I ripped the letter into pieces and ground them into the mud with my heels; then I stumbled into the room, picked up my pistol and started walking. Two officers saluted me but I ignored them. They shouted after me. I did not stop. An officer of another company came running up to me and grabbed my shoulders. "Stand where you are," he shouted.

I knocked him sprawling and walked on, anxious to get away from people before I lost complete control of myself.

But suddenly four sergeants had hold of me and snatched away the pistol. They started pulling me down the street, with soldiers lining the way, asking what had happened. Only a minute later I was standing before my commanding officer.

He was a huge man, like my father. Since I had joined the SS, he had watched my progress with interest, but now he received me with stern Prussian aloofness.

"SERGEANT, what's the matter? Did you know you struck an officer?"

"Sir — I ——" I shook my head, furious with my own confusion. "I don't know the truth," I said. "Is my father dead?"

Immediately he said, "No or I would have told you. I have no word about any death in your family."

"Sir, I received today a letter from a friend who was in Lvov . . ."

The captain's face clouded. I watched him as he studied his own thoughts. Then slowly he turned away, walked over to his cot, and sat down, cupping his chin in one big hand and staring at me. "Lvov?" he said softly. "Yes, you are from east Poland, aren't you, Sergeant?"

He got up, moved heavily to the door of his room, and stood looking out into the street. He began to talk in a monotone about how all of us must accept losses, even death, in fighting for our Fatherland. He told me how Germany had been broken by the war, but how she was fighting on for her freedom.

Suddenly he turned to his cot and took up several papers from a table. "I should not show you this," he said, "but after such bad news —" He selected one of the papers and handed it to me. It was an authorization for my Iron Cross First Class.

"Ahhh," I said, letting the paper slide to the floor, "for me it's no use any longer, a First or Second Class Cross. I'm alone in the world from today on. Who cares what cross I have?"

"Sergeant, our country is also our family . . ." (continued on page 44)

JEST MARRIED



"Wake up, you fool,
we're getting married today!"



"I'm terribly sorry, but I can't seem
to focus both of you in the lens."



"Oh, for Pete's sake, Alice . . . couldn't you get
something else to carry the wedding gifts in?"





"For goodness sake, George, can't you wait till we get inside?"

MOST long-suffering husbands say there's nothing funny about marriage. Vic Fredericks, author of the hilarious "Jest Married" (\$1.98, Frederick Fell), proves otherwise—that "two can laugh as cheaply as one," or something.

Perhaps the best reason for marriage can be found on page 47 of this compilation of prose, poetry and cartoons on matrimony:

*There was a young girl from Eton
Whose figure had plenty of meat on.
She said, "Marry me, Jack,
And you'll find that my back
Is a nice place to warm your
cold feet on."* ▲



"Dear Joe: Having a wonderful honeymoon. Mabel is everything you said she was . . ."

NIGHTMARE WORLD OF THE GAY MEN

You can't distinguish them by a telltale walk, a limp handshake or an effeminate voice.

Yet there are six million "hidden homosexuals" in America alone! They have their own magazine and secret sex societies, and they live in constant fear of one calamity: **EXPOSURE!**



by MARTIN HAVER

HE SAT DOWN again, breathing heavily. What in God's name was he going to do this time? It all started, rising like a cyclonic storm, when he glanced idly at the *The Inquiring Photographer's* column: "Do you sleep in the raw at night or do you wear pajamas?"

The "feeling" came without warning. Yet he had been expecting it — almost wanting it.

He had to get out of here. He looked at the clock on his massive desk — the elegant symbol of his position: executive vice-president of one of New York's biggest advertising agencies — and he saw that it was 3:40 P.M.

He read that simple question once more: "Do you sleep in the raw at night or do you wear pajamas?" Closing his eyes, he saw the vision. A naked human figure. A *man's* naked body! With a dry sob, with a helpless, convulsive gesture, he flung the newspaper into a trash basket.

But it was too late.

He called his wife in a Long Island suburb. "... Business conference tonight," he told her, thickly. "Won't be home until very late."

At the other end of the line, the laughter of his own two children in the background, the bitter voice of his wife came to him, "All right, Arthur. I understand. . . ."

In the confidential files of a distinguished Long Island psychiatrist Arthur B—— is called, with clinical candor, "... a patient who no longer has relations with his wife because he claims sexual impotence. Patient has escaped into homosexuality as an alibi for heavy anxieties in his business and domestic life. Treatment in progress. . . ."

Arthur put on his hat and coat. He told his pretty secretary that he had an unexpected business call and would not be back in the office until noon tomorrow. Quickly, he descended in the elevator from the 26th floor to emerge in the warm, golden-hued late afternoon of a marvelous spring day.

Standing on the curb Arthur made an impressive appearance. There was nothing in his demeanor to indicate, in the slightest, that he was a "gay" — the label for the respectable homosexual. He knew he was masculine-looking, athletic in build, with a virile walk and a hearty handshake. He was one of America's untold thousands of hidden homosexuals, caught up in a horrible addiction and a crippling emotional disease, and a "decent" man whose private indecencies were known only to his grief-stricken wife and the private psychiatrist trying to "reach" the affliction which struck Arthur B—— less than a year ago.

But Arthur lived with a special nightmare of his own. With a \$56,000-a-year job at stake, with a wide circle of professional and social friends and an impeccable reputation as a good citizen, he could not seek out the usual channels to find another male who would "understand" him.

Raising his hand, Arthur flagged a taxicab.

"Yes sir, where to?" asked the cabbie respectfully.

Yes . . . *where to?*

To visit the little club on the East Side, where he had once arrived drunk and picked up a 30-year-old television writer, was simply out of the question: the bartender *suspected* when they left for a midtown hotel. And that bartender *knew* who Arthur was.

As for Greenwich Village . . .

He couldn't go back to Tom's soft-lit cafe. It was there he had been "eyed" by another man. And, in turn, he had been watched, with a kind of suspicious horror, by a well-known account executive dining with a party of men and women. This account-executive knew Arthur professionally. Even knew the president of Arthur's firm.

"Where to, sir?" prodded the nervous cabbie.

He knew, now, that he could never "cruise" through Charles Street, that he could never operate in the bars and restaurants off Sheridan Square again. Too dangerous. Foolhardy, too, if he started to drink. After three or four quick ones he was likely to throw caution to the wind. There had been that one frightful evening, only a month ago, when he'd escaped by the skin of his teeth . . .

In the murky gloom of the downstairs bar, he had talked to a plank-shouldered football player. That is, an ex-football player — once a big timer with a nationally-known team. Several drinks in a corner and both men understood each other. A touching of hands . . . a whispered breathlessness between them. Then —

"You will have to leave, Hughie," the proprietor said. Just like that. And to Arthur he bowed, yet with a strange glint in his eyes: "I'm sorry, Mr. B——, but Hughie is a queer. Just for your own sake —" *And Hughie had actually slunk out of the place.*

My God, that was a close one. . . .

"Take me to the Biltmore!" cried Arthur, smiling at the cabbie, but his legs trembled and his breath came slightly labored.

At the Biltmore, Arthur had one drink at the bar. His eyes, feverishly aglow with inspiration, roamed an address book until they focused on the name and telephone number of the 30-year-old television writer. But he must not be seen with him, either. For didn't the young writer handle scripts which passed through Arthur's own agency? Yet, Arthur was remembering what that young man had said during their own brief, ecstatic encounter:

"NOW that you are one of us, you must learn to live in a submerged world. Your kind — and my kind — can never be what we are, openly. We've got to communicate with each other by subterranean symbols. Society, your 'normal' world and your everyday respectability will never tolerate what has happened to you. You must join our inner group. You must cut off from the outer world — and yet have what you must have. . . . *In the future, call this man — not me.*"

In a matter of seconds Arthur was in a telephone booth. He listened breathlessly to the quiet voice on the opposite end of the line. "Yes, Jackie told us about you. We will help. Go to room 2261 at the Hotel N——, at 8:30 tonight. Your host will be an assistant professor of English. To aid us in this work, you will kindly send to me, in a plain, sealed envelope by registered mail, the amount of \$250. It is to aid us in our work . . ."

On the following morning, after a most "relaxing" night with his scholarly "host" in room 2261, Arthur B—— was back at his desk — his abnormal tensions alleviated. At least, temporarily. And he had found the discreet, safe and "respectable" way to cater to his (*continued on page 81*)

by PAUL DITZEL

Great Train Robbery



illustrated by Herb Mott

With his Rebel navy trapped in Richmond, and a hangman's noose awaiting him when the Yankees took over the city, Admiral Semmes hatched a desperate plan—one in keeping with his reputation as a pirate!

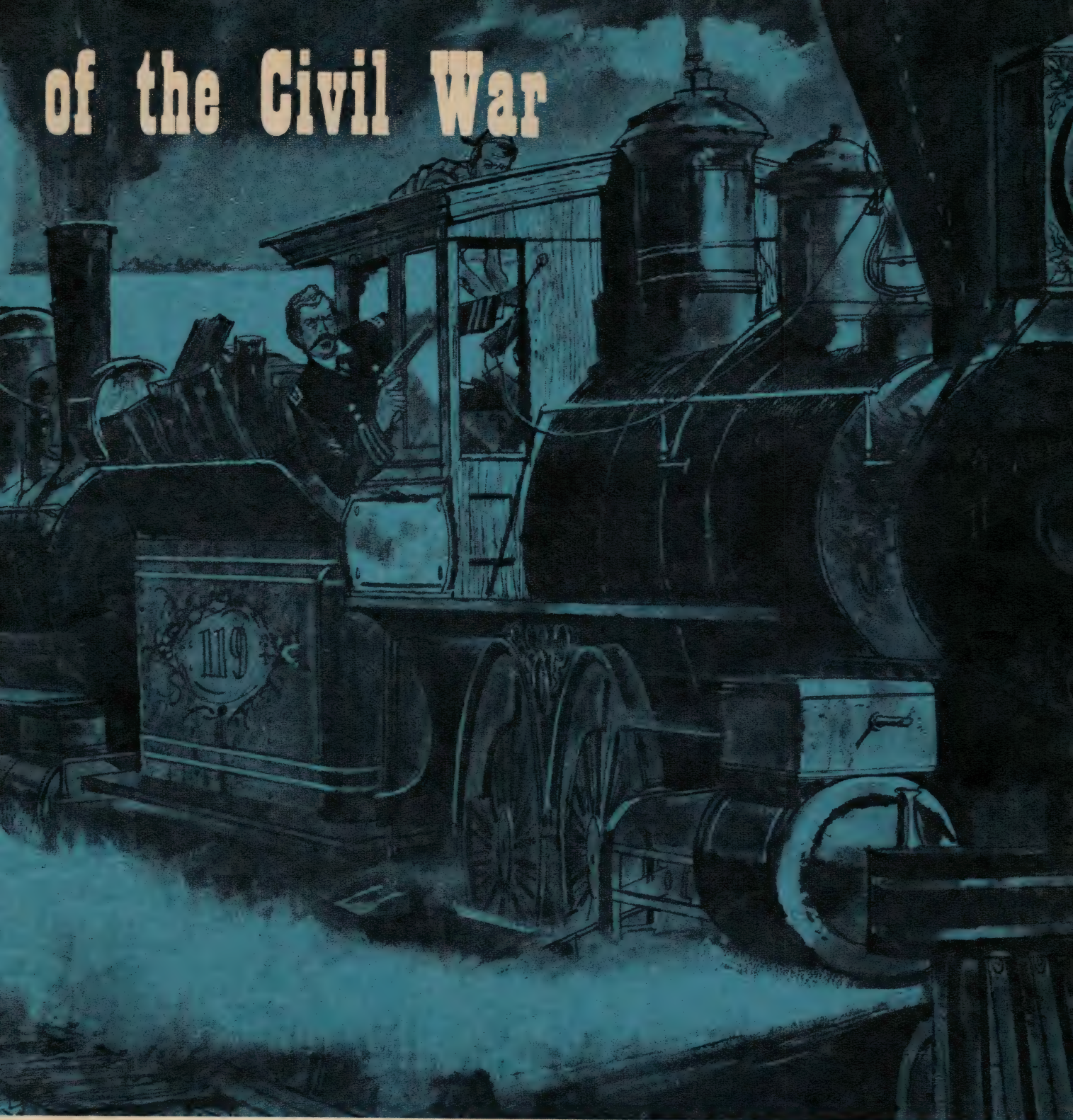
THE RAGGED COLUMN of Confederate sailors, led by the tail and lean admiral, hurried through the smoking streets toward the teeming mass of people swarming around the Richmond & Danville Railroad depot. A squad of cavalymen, their horses kicking up swirling clouds of dust, galloped past.

"Hey, Admiral!" hooted one of the riders, reining his horse, "When d'y'all expect to drop anchor in Fort Warren?"

"How does the Admiral like navigatin' on land?" another cavalryman called out.

Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes, late of the Confederacy's

of the Civil War



commerce raiders *Sumter* and *Alabama*, wiped the sweat and grime from his face and smoothed back the heavily beeswaxed ends of his mustache. The proudly erect seafarer didn't like it one bit, but he'd be damned if he'd give this young upstart the satisfaction of knowing how he felt.

Semmes forced a smile and admitted there was an element of comedy in this, the calamity at Richmond, shortly after 7:30 that sunny spring morning of Monday, April 3, 1865. His were as disheveled a bunch of infantrymen as the Confederacy had ever fielded. Semmes' colonels,

who only 24 hours earlier were navy captains and still wore the braid to prove it, were trying to mold the motley column of 500 sailors into some semblance of a military file.

They were a ludicrous sight, loaded down with pots and pans, mess kettles, bags of bread, chunks of salted pork, sugar, tea tobacco and cutty pipes. Semmes knew they were fish out of water. Their port-to-starboard-and-back-again rolling cadence didn't augur much of a future for them as infantrymen, and the admiral knew they couldn't march a dozen miles before the heftiest salts fell under the weight of their packs.

continued on next page



Great Train Robbery of the Civil War

continued

"Seeing as how this is a railroad town," Semmes told his chief boatswain, "our only hope is to get a train out of here." Judging from the hollow rumbling of the distant cannon wheels and the jubilant shouts of the enemy as the vanguard of Grant's Union Army poured into burning Richmond, Semmes realized the city would be overwhelmed by Yankees within the hour; he'd have to move fast if he hoped to find transportation, assuming there was some. For his sailors, capture meant Libby Prison. Not so with Semmes. There was a price on his head that would make any Yankee soldier a rich man, because the North was itching to hang Semmes as a pirate in retaliation for his sea raids against New England shipping. Semmes knew his life depended upon him reaching the new Confederate capital at Danville, where he could regroup his naval forces with Lee's army.

The R&D Railroad station was a shouting bedlam of frenzied men rushing about wildly, women sobbing their despair, and shrieking children. Confederate wounded hobbled on crutches, some dazed, others forlorn.

"Who's in charge here?" Semmes asked a weasel-faced brakeman in oil-spotted overalls.

"How should I know? I sure as hell ain't!"

"Well, then, where can I find your superintendent?"

"Y'all ain't a-goin' to! He highballed outta here at dawn. Took most of the brass with 'im, along with Jeff Davis and the rest of the government officials. Their books 'n papers took up so much room there warn't space for any of us to squeeze aboard, so they left us behind."

Semmes couldn't believe it. Was it possible that he and his men had been abandoned by the Confederacy and left to escape from Richmond as best they could? What a plum for the Yankees: the South's only rear admiral and the entire Rebel navy!

"Where are the other trains? I've got to get my men out of here!"

"The *other* trains?" snorted the brakeman. "Y'all kiddin', Admiral? There ain't no trains left! And there ain't likely to be none 'til the damnyankees get here! Even if there were, they couldn't get past Burkeville Junction. Phil Sheridan and his cavalry is due there in a little while."

"To hell with Sheridan!" Semmes stormed. "Come on, men, we'll damn sure find *something* to get us out of here!" But a few of his men didn't share Semmes' optimism and despaired of reaching safety when they heard about Sheridan's drive to cut the R&D line to Danville. They were positive that the mighty Semmes, who had managed to slip through every trap set for him by the Yankees, had at last been beached for good. So they slipped into the mob and struck out for themselves.

Semmes and the remainder of his men plowed through the packed depot. In the yards stood a string of ramshackle wooden coaches. Vandals had pilfered everything that wasn't bolted down and Semmes wondered whether the cars would hold together even as far as Amelia Court House, more than 30 miles this side of Burkeville, if he managed to couple them all into a train — assuming he was enough of a magician to pull a locomotive out of the smoke-pungent haze over burning Richmond.

The cars were crammed with wild-eyed civilians who

were kicking, clawing, and punching anybody who tried to follow them aboard. Dozens more were crawling along the roofs of the coaches and warding off stones thrown by those who would knock them off so they could grab their places. Like those inside, they seemed positive that Providence would supply a locomotive, marshal the scattered cars into a train, and whisk them beyond the reaches of the hated Yankees before Sheridan cut the line at Burkeville Junction.

Semmes ordered his men to empty the cars.

"I'm going to put together a train for my troops," he told the civilians to quiet their protests, "and you'll be welcome to whatever room is left after I get my men aboard."

Far down the tracks, standing on a weed-covered siding, Semmes found a four-wheel switch engine which he guessed was easily as old as he was. There wasn't a wisp of smoke coming from her outlandish stovepipe of a stack and her rusty boiler was many weeks cold. It was anybody's guess whether she would be able to hold together to Burkeville, much less all the way to Danville.

"Who's ever goin' to be able to fire up that thing?" asked a boatswain's mate.

Fortunately for the South, Semmes maneuvered at his optimistic best when the situation was at its blackest. "We are!" he beamed. "Have you forgotten, boy, that the days of the sailing navy are over? This is the age of steam. You marine engineers ought to be able to figure her out and have a fire going in a jiffy. She can't be too much different from our *Sumter* or *Alabama*."

"What ya gonna use for wood, Admiral? There's none in this here tender."

"That'll be your job. Go find some!"

Three railroad officials, gaunt men in high black hats and severe frock coats, hurried across the cinder-strewn yards toward Semmes.

"See here, what are you doing?" demanded the paunchiest.

"I'M doing what you men should have done hours ago. I'm putting together a train to get my troops out of here, with as many civilians who hate the thought of living around Yankees, seeing as how you've taken it upon yourselves to toss in the towel for the Confederacy."

"You're insane!" snapped the bearded one. "You'll never make it to Danville. Our telegrapher at Burkeville Junction just reported that General Sheridan's cavalry is getting closer and should be there about noon, the rate he's going. Some people say his advance parties are there already. Sheridan will tear up the rails and put you in the ditch before you can get through there."

"You don't even know if the track is clear," argued the other. "Here! Look at these." Semmes grabbed a sheaf of flimsy train orders. "Hold all Richmond trains!" said one dispatcher. "Come to Richmond with all engines and empty passenger cars and boxcars you can pick up," said another. "Richmond is being evacuated. Arrange for all track possible in Danville."

"See," said the official, "You're liable to hit another train coming this way head-on! And it might be loaded with explosives. It'd blow you and your navy sky high."

"Then you don't mind if I try to make it?"

The three looked into the stern-faced admiral's piercing blue eyes and saw his determination.

"Most assuredly we do! Where do you get off stealing our trains? You're not on the high seas now, Admiral! You're stealing private property that belongs to a Southern company! Just who the hell do you think you are?"

"I sir," said Semmes, making an overly polite, low, sweeping bow, "am Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes of the Confederate Navy and I hereby (continued on page 60)

Wherever he goes, a wave of hate follows him. Because he's wooed, won and left weeping the most beautiful and talented actresses, Roberto Rossellini must pay for his reputation as . . .



FILMLAND'S MOST HATED MAN

by MELTON S. DAVIS

REPORTERS, photographers and curious bystanders on a street in Rome's swankier residential section stirred into movement as a man stepped out of an elevator. His face was drawn, old and sagging, the eyes lackluster. His nose was protuberant, his head almost completely bald. His suit, though well-cut, looked baggy, failing to conceal an unsightly paunch. He made no secret of his dislike for the assembled journalists and it seemed evident that most of them felt just as strongly about him.

"So that's the great Roberto Rossellini," said one to a companion, "He doesn't look like much to me."

The other man looked up from his notebook. "Maybe he doesn't," he said, "but he's been the love interest of some

continued on next page



of the world's most beautiful women. For years, he's ranked as an unequalled genius and I, for one, wouldn't count him out as yet."

The subject of their discussion had stalked stiff-legged through the crowd, his face composed almost in a sneer. As he got into a waiting car, one of the people in the hall called, "Why don't you go back to India? We don't want you here."

There was a murmur in the crowd and Rossellini paused almost as if he were about to spit in contempt. Then he closed the door and motioned the driver on.

In the brief span of time that has elapsed since the end of World War II, the name of Roberto Rossellini has streaked across the world's front pages again and again, first in a burst of glory and then in a series of explosive love affairs. But nothing moved the world as much as his most famous romance with lovely Ingrid Bergman. It began not long after the end of the war.

Then, the artistic world was at Rossellini's feet. A sophisticated, brilliant film director, a technical and artistic genius, a man of excellent education and unrivalled charm, he became the new Italy's foremost artistic ambassador. But shortly after he met Ingrid Bergman, the gloss started to fade. Within a few months he was being castigated all over the world, particularly in America. For a time even Italians joined in, condemning his unorthodox conduct. Here was a man going against all the accepted conventions, who had not hesitated to break up the home of movieland's queen, who had rendered the beautiful and dignified Swedish actress pregnant while she was still married to another man!

Every social strata joined the campaign against Rossellini. An aroused but partly misinformed American senator said: "Rossellini was an active Fascist and collaborated with the Germans. He is a well-known drug addict and has been in an insane asylum twice. Besides, this is not the first time Rossellini has taken a married woman as his mistress."

Hundreds of ordinary people wrote letters to the Swedish star, begging her not to leave her husband and daughter for Rossellini. When she finally took the step, women's clubs and assorted associations passed resolutions against the shameless liaison. But after the first wave of censure

was directed at Ingrid Bergman, the public's animosity centered on the Italian director.

As his later films failed, as he became embroiled in other misadventures, as he appeared to the outside world once again to have compromised a married woman, this time an Indian beauty, the hatred, particularly of Italians, knew no bounds. Out from murky corners were hauled the sordid bits of gossip that had flowed around Rossellini for years — the starlet whom he had supposedly seduced when she was 15, his reputedly bestial behavior while on location, his purported financial betrayal of his best friends. He was extravagant, they said; he lived off women. He didn't care if his children starved; he was an egoist. He never had any talent; he was just lucky.

"He is a man without a heart."

"What can you expect, he doesn't know the meaning of morality!"

"He likes to flaunt his disrespect for others!"

There seemed to be no end to the morsels of slander concerning Rossellini which were bandied about, and few people bothered to check their veracity. Within a few weeks of his split with Bergman, he appeared to the Italian public as a man without a single redeeming feature. No political figure, regardless of party, no public personality in his native country has, in recent years, attracted unto himself the concentrated dislike that has now become the lot of Roberto Rossellini.

In the welter of scorn, the true figure of the man has been obscured. In the eagerness to revile, no heed has been taken of attempts to set the records straight. Just how true are the accusations against him? What kind of man is Rossellini? Is he washed up? Did he have talent?

EVEN his enemies admit he has been inordinately successful with women. What is more, his female companions have all had "a certain style" — two of them incidentally winning Academy Awards. These women have loved him, admired him and, even when he left them, continued to express their affection and respect for him. What does Rossellini have that attracts . . . and holds these talented females?

According to Marcella De Marchis, Rossellini's first wife, it is a great amount of charm. She met him in 1936, when he was 31, on the beach at Ladispoli, an hour from Rome. He wore torn fisherman's pants and a sailor's T-shirt. He was already developing a paunch and his hair was thin.

THE WOMEN IN THE LIFE OF ROBERTO ROSSELLINI



Marcella De Marchis



Anna Magnani



Ingrid Bergman

He had exactly 10 lire in his pocket, but within half an hour he had told the girl at least a hundred of his plans for the future. She later said, "As he talked, he appeared to lose weight and become slim, his hair seemed to multiply and I was ready to believe his most fantastic plans . . ."

Within four months they were married, and 10 months later had their first child. A second child was born in 1941. Rossellini, as at the birth of the first, was moved to tears by the suffering of his wife.

But, paradoxically, by May, 1942, this man of tender family feelings was involved in a torrid affair with a voluptuous, 24-year-old Hungarian dancer, a green-eyed blonde who had come to Italy to star in a revue. Many Italian men consider an extra-marital liaison a necessary adjunct to their lives and expect their wives to understand. But, hurt by Roberto's all-out love affair with the Hungarian, his wife secured a legal separation in 1943.

Then Rossellini was making "Open City" with Anna Magnani. She, although married to Italian director Goffredo Alessandrini, had lived apart from him for several years. Her friendship with Roberto was only professional until, in November 1946, they went to Paris to receive awards—he for the best director of the year, she for the best actress. In France, their appearances were greeted by such crowds that they had to be protected by police.

When the pair returned to Rome, they both moved into the Excelsior Hotel on Via Veneto. Few in the hostelry were left in doubt as to their friendship. It was a stormy one, full of scenes, accusations, tearful reconciliations and, on at least one occasion, La Magnani chased Roberto down the hall, hurling everything not nailed down. Even so, they led a brilliant life together, being feted at parties, attending important theatrical openings and movie premieres in the capital, and moving among the acknowledged leaders of Italy's lively post-war society.

Things continued in this hectic, haphazard manner while Roberto turned out his second great picture, "Paisan." But then the quarrels deepened. Most of these arose from differences of opinion on artistic matters. Magnani had been asked to do a film, a remake, which Rossellini thought would hurt her career. This led to one of their biggest fights and the fiery actress said she could do just as well by herself and didn't need Rossellini or his advice. This—although Magnani might not have meant it—struck the director in his Achilles' heel.

About this time, 1948, a letter came from Hollywood. "If you need an actress who only knows two words of Italian—*ti amo*—write me." Thus one of the greatest romances of our time began—began as if it were a movie itself—an extremely unorthodox one, but a love story which has held the interest of the world for nine years. Ingrid Bergman, sitting in a New York movie house, had seen Rossellini's film, "Paisan," and had been stirred emotionally as she had never been in her life. She had returned to her hotel and had written the director what sounded like a declaration of love.

Yet this was no mash note from a hot-eyed bobby-soxer in Pittsburgh, carried away with the idea of writing to an urbane Italian director. It was written by a famous movie star who, to the world outside at least, seemed to have everything life could offer—fame, money, an attentive husband, a healthy, charming child.

FOR his part, Rossellini at first was doubtful. He even showed the letter to one or two close friends, asking them if they thought it a publicity man's work or genuine. When they convinced him that it was real, he replied, declaring himself honored by her offer and saying yes he could use her in a film and would like to meet and discuss it. The stage was set for the next of Rossellini's sensational and unconventional love affairs.

At that time Rossellini was considered the most interesting man in Italy. More than a gifted director, he was also living proof that post-war Italy had something vital and dynamic to offer. With his two magnificent films he had demonstrated to the world that a vanquished country was capable of a cultural comeback that could set even the victors back on their heels.

Ingrid Bergman was undoubtedly affected by the regard in which the world held him. After all, Rossellini was the founder of this strange new art form called Neo-Realism. He made his films in the streets and the fields, substituting brains and enthusiasm for equipment, using a camera to report on life.

In 1944, when American jeeps were entering Rome, Rossellini was busy in a converted bookmaker's office near *Piazza di Spagna*. Here, aided by comparatively unknown writers and assistants, including Federico Fellini, Rossellini was filming "Open City." Work was carried on despite mounting debts. Rossellini would (continued on page 72)



Sonali das Gupta

His ex-wives and girl friends have only nice things to say about Italy's dynamic Don Juan.



TRAPPED!

Sensing Degani's fear and smelling his blood, the enraged baboons charged the trapped driver. Only two shots left in his pistol, and claws raking his back, the wounded Italian struggled for the safety of his stalled truck.

by WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

illustrated by Doug Allen



ITS LONG upper lip curled in a sort of sneer, the big Hamadryas baboon leered down from its seat, a flat rock projecting from the almost sheer face of the cliff. The hairs of its grey mane and cape stood out from its body so that the animal looked twice its actual size. As a threatening, staccato bark exploded from the baboon's throat, the terrible, yellowish canine teeth gleamed dully.

Below, on the road, Degani—working on the stalled engine of his truck—raised his head nervously and stared up at the baboon, his mouth moving as he cursed the animal. His eyes ran over the face of the cliff towering above him. On every ridge, on every boulder or jutting

piece of rock, sat a baboon. Degani's hand strayed to his belt to feel the reassurance of the Beretta automatic, held close against his belly. He was tempted to pull his gun and fire but knew that would only infuriate the baboons more.

Some of the dog-faces, the man noted, had descended the side of the mountain and were watching him from a shorter distance than before. Even as he stared upward, he saw several walk leisurely across the steep surface, their heads turned to watch him and their tails carried in that curious half-erect, half-limp fashion so characteristic of the baboon family. Degani could see the bright red, repulsive bottoms of the beasts as they moved from stone to stone.



A shower of small pebbles, dislodged by a large female carrying a young one on its back, rattled down and littered the road. Degani cursed again and the anxiety on his face changed to a look of fear.

Like most Italian truck drivers, Degani was a skilled mechanic. He had to be because most of the trucks in Eritrea were old and worn, dating from before the war. There weren't many which could be expected to haul a load for any distance without several stops for repairs. If the breakdowns were minor, and could be repaired on the road with such tools as might be available, these meant only delay. But if they were major, or of such a nature as

to necessitate repair work in a garage, the driver had his choice of waiting beside the road, perhaps for a day or more until another vehicle came by, or of leaving the truck and walking to the nearest settlement.

A chorus of harsh barks burst from the mountain side. The sound flowed down to Degani, who had stuck his head back inside the engine hood. In the confined space the sounds echoed from the metal and Degani's hand, holding a small spanner, shook as he tried to adjust a nut.

Baboons are truculent, sassy animals, quick to fight and very strong. Because they can grip with all four feet and haul and push as well as rip and (continued on page 57)



man's discovers

FAY *in that old*



photographs by Don Ornitz of Globe



swimmin' hole



NEVER did "that old swimmin' hole" appear so inviting as it did when Fay Spain, the Darling Jill of the movie "God's Little Acre," decided to take the plunge.

With cameraman Don Ornitz on hand to record the event, Fay deftly removed her duds — behind the bushes — and when nobody was looking, dived right in.

Makes a man want to get in on the swim of things, doesn't it? ▲



THE SURVIVOR

(continued from page 29)

Suddenly it was difficult for me to breathe. I tore my shirt open at the neck. "I would like to have a wooden cross for my grave." I moved to the door and supported myself on the doorpost, staring out at the sun-baked street, where the four sergeants and several privates were waiting. "If I could meet the Yankee pilot who killed my father," I said, "I would throw my guns aside and tear out his throat with my hands."

I stumbled out into the road and started toward an open field where I could be alone. . . .

After six weeks at Westfalen, we were ordered to the west to face the English and Americans. On the way to the front our train stopped opposite a freight train. On every car was written the word "Jews," and the cars were so crowded that nobody could sit down.

The children began asking us for bread, holding out their hands and weeping; but their parents were afraid of us. Several times I heard SS, SS, SS. I knew they thought we were murderers.

But the children said, "Uncles, feed us. Uncles . . ."

"It is enough to break a man's heart," I said to one of my men, Zimmerman, an ugly fellow who had moles on the sides of his nose.

"Yes, but they are Jews," he said.

The guards of the train were Gestapo boys and SD. They forbade us to give bread to the children, but we ignored their orders. I had grown up in Lvov with Jews, and although my father had not liked them, he had liked them so much better than the Poles and Russians that they were almost friends. Anyway, no matter what crimes the adult Jews might have done against Hitler, the children had done nothing.

But the guards did not like our feeding them. They argued with us, and after a while we beat them up and chased them away. Then we opened one car and several Jewish girls ran out. Now the most hardened of the Storm Troopers, even those who had been trained in Nazi doctrine, showed interest when they saw that girls were available. Two other cars were opened and more Jewish girls came out, until there were about 50. One of them looked like Linda, with the same dark hair and eyes. I liked her immediately.

By this time the local police had gathered, but those of us who had Jewish girls would not give them up. Fighting started; we gave the police a brutal beating and took the girls into our cars.

When we reached the next stop, the girls washed themselves, and this time, as the train started out, we began singing songs, most of them German army tunes. The Jewish girls in my car got together and sang a slow, sad song in Hebrew, and when they were done I was deeply moved, for it was a melody not unlike one my older sister Lene had sung before she died, long years before.

All that night we traveled, singing, talking, and making love, forgetting the war. At dawn the party died down to sleep or to quiet talk; so I crawled over to where my dark Jewess rested. I sat near her and watched her for a while, but she remained aloof. Perhaps it was this that prompted me suddenly to say, "What are the crimes of you non-Aryans that makes the government want to kill you?"

She was startled at first, then she shook her head angrily, as if to throw the question from her. "I don't want to talk about the Nazis."

"One time an order came to the Eastern Front for the Storm Troopers to shoot every Jew or send them back to concentration camps."

She sat stiffly for a moment, then slowly her dark eyes turned on me. "How many did you shoot?"

"I haven't shot any Jews. Only Russians. I don't know how many Russians in all."

"Russian soldiers or civilians?"

"One was a civilian. He worked for the Germans; he was in charge of a prison camp for other Russians."

"Why did you shoot him?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Well, why was it?"

"Because he was cruel beyond any hope of salvation."

She watched me thoughtfully for a moment. "You're right. I don't believe you."

"He would break the prisoners' fingers because he enjoyed seeing pain. He wanted to hear his own people scream. So I lost my senses and shot him. And there was the strangest look of surprise that came over his face, and then when he knew he was dying, it changed to fear."

"Were you sorry when you shot him?"

"I was stunned when I realized I had shot him. And I was sorry when I found I had to go to trial. But the trial was nothing, really. I had been decorated and had a fine record, and all I had done was shoot a Russian—and, after all, that was our business. But I have not yet shot a Jew."

"Have some of these other men?" she asked, glancing about the boxcar where my men were sprawled out.

"Maybe some of them have. Occasionally a Storm Trooper unit will be sent to an execution, but they are usually recruits—men who are not ready for the fighting at the front. And more often than the Storm Troopers, the SD, or *Sicherheitsdienst*, does that type of work, or perhaps the Gestapo."

"Would you kill me?" she said.

I touched her chin with my finger and pressed it gently, trying to make her smile. "No, I don't think so."

She pushed my hand away. "If it were a direct order, would you?"

"YOU are very pretty," I said, still trying to make her smile, but she was caught up in a serious mood. I did not mind though; so was I, because of my family and the somber sound of the rolling train.

I leaned my head back against the wall of the boxcar, which was vibrating with the movement of the wheels. "Tell me now why Hitler wants to kill non-Aryans."

"I don't know. You are in the SS. You tell me that."

"Nobody in the army is ever told anything, except where to go and what to do. We Storm Troopers least of all. All we are told is to obey."

"Perhaps you were given reasons in the Nazi Youth then."

I smiled at her. "I grew up in south-east Poland. In fact, I grew up a German in Poland, which isn't so easy to do. Every day coming home from school, I had to fight Polish and Russian kids. They wouldn't let me go home without a fight. And when I would reach the house, Lene, my sister, would meet me to see if I had been cut. She would

wash my face and hands, talking all the while about how good it was to be a German, but how I was not to hate the other kids."

"Were there no Jews in your city?" Now she was speaking calmly too.

"Yes, but sometimes they were beaten, as I was, so I liked the Jews all right. But I hated the Russians and the Poles. And on the Eastern Front I have paid them back. There I wasn't alone any longer; other Germans were with me, so it was a good day for me. That is what a war is, you see," I said to her. "They give you a gun and permission to shoot your enemies."

I glanced at her. She had her hands folded in her lap and her eyes were closed, as if she were praying. She reminded me of Linda, the girl I loved in Lvov. "But I've never killed any Jews," I said.

She nodded, her eyes remaining closed. "But you could."

Once more I touched her chin with my fingers and tried to make her smile, but she remained sad. At last, however, we began to talk about the expressions on the faces of some of the sleeping men, and she smiled. We became better friends, and she asked me to help her reach the American lines.

I gave her a 50-mark note and some advice. "When you leave the train, go to a store and buy a dress that will make you look neat. Wash well and start making contact with the Wehrmacht soldiers—some of them might help you."

She stared at me only for a moment, then her hand tightened around the money. "Thank you," she said.

The train stopped just at the first rays of dawn, and two officers pushed open the door of our boxcar and peered inside. "You can't do this!" they shouted, pointing frantically. "Now chase those girls out of here!"

The girls got up, jumped down to the ground, and scattered out as they ran through the station yard. I watched my dark Jew as she left, and silently I wished her well. . . .

All day our train sat still. Another train arrived in mid-afternoon, moving on by us, stopping far down the track and waiting there. Planes hovered protectively in the sky. One or two would leave every half hour or so, turning toward the west, there perhaps to splatter bullets at the Americans before going to the landing field; other planes would replace them.

At night our train began creeping forward again. The noise it made seemed unbearable, for all day we had been talking in whispers, as if trying not to let the Americans hear us.

"Why are you whispering?" Zimmerman demanded of me. "All day we move like criminals. This is my country; I am not a thief here."

Brenan, a huge rawboned man who had wanted to be sergeant instead of me, playfully slapped Zimmerman on top of his balding head. "You let the officers worry about such things," he said. "Who are you but a common soldier, the same as me?"

The train stopped for a while, then lurched forward again. It rolled noisily a mile, two miles, then once more it stopped. After a while I crawled over to Zimmerman and Brenan at the doorway and dangled my legs over the side of the car. "It is going to be a big surprise to the Americans," I said. "They have never met our division before. We will have them walking around in the ocean surf before they know what is

in front of them. We'll shove them back."

"Yes," Zimmerman said, grinning. "We must send them home to their families."

"Then we can take care of the Russians," I said.

"Oh, we will win this war, Sergeant," Brennan said.

"That's what I say. We will win, I think."

The train moved forward around a long bend and stopped. We waited there for several minutes, then started again, going so slowly that when Zimmerman dropped his matches, he jumped from the train and ran back for them.

"The lines are jammed up ahead," Brennan said to me. "That's all."

"Yes, that's right," I said. "The transportation system is in good shape. It's just slow tonight."

"And last night," Zimmerman said gloomily, lighting his cigarette and puffing at the tobacco. "And the night before, no doubt."

"Well, it was always slow," Brennan said, "even in peacetime. The sergeant is right; we Germans have nothing to worry about. We are strong enough to fight all our enemies."

"That's right," I said. "But there are too many enemies for me to understand it clearly. What are the Americans in this war for?"

Zimmerman shrugged. "They just get lonely," he said, staring off into the dark countryside. "They sit over there on their big island and see the other countries having a happy time cutting each other up, and they feel neglected; so they start sending over sharper knives. Then they get interested in the use of their knives, so soon the whole world is being supplied and fought by the Americans." He peered at me with calm earnestness, always his manner when he thought he had said something profound.

"NO, it is because the Japanese bombed their ships, that's the reason," Brennan said.

"Why do they attack Germany and Italy because the Japanese sunk their ships?" I asked.

"Well, who wants to attack Japan?" Brennan replied.

"Yes, who gives a damn for Japan?" Zimmerman said casually.

"Even so," I said, "Germany and Italy had nothing to do with the American ships."

"Maybe Italy is on the route to Japan," Zimmerman said drily. "Maybe they are just stopping off at Italy."

"Ah, listen," I said, "here we are being pulled away from our natural enemies and moved across the whole continent to fight the Americans. And they are not in Italy only, but also in France and Belgium. Nor are they on our side, but against us. And all I can find out for the reason is that the Japanese sank their ships."

"Well, they're good friends of the English," Brennan explained.

"Yes, but why are the British fighting against us," I said. "What's wrong with these people? Why don't they help us fight the Russians?"

"What the hell do they have to fear from the Russians?" Brennan said.

"Yes, the Russians never hurt the British," Zimmerman said. "More likely the British would fight the Japanese. The British always are fighting in some far-off part of the world."

"Hell," I said angrily, "it's impossible to talk politics with you men."

Zimmerman grinned and turned his gaze back out to the trees, which were



passing in slow review a few yards away from us. He took a drag on his cigarette, holding the last half-inch with the tips of his fingers. "It's a big war," he said, almost whispering. "It's a big one."

"Yes," I said, "all the world is fighting us, and we must defend ourselves."

The train was moving beside a road now, and we could see a convoy of trucks, pushing forward bit by bit, making slower time than we. A motorcycle courier, his light off, came noisily by, weaving in and out, driving part of the time on the shoulder of the road, ducking tree limbs.

We passed the truck convoy and came upon a row of tanks, parked to one side, with troops marching four abreast. Brennan glanced nervously at me and I at him; never had we seen men so tightly packed in the war zone. "Every road must be full," he said.

Some of the men behind us began to stir, the signs of life from outside awakening their interest. Also, we now began to see that we were not to be left alone to save our country, but that other good Germans were there, too, and that it was going to be a circus before it was over. Zimmerman slapped his pants legs, happily viewing the sights before us. Then our train cut away from the road, and we were lost again in the countryside.

The Fifth and Sixth SS Panzer and the Seventh Army, as well as other Panzer brigades and units, were made ready for the attack. Nine days before Christmas of 1944, shrouded in an unusually heavy fog, the great army moved, striking into the unsuspecting United States infantry divisions and hurling aside the Ninth Armored. A gap, over 40 miles wide at its base, was torn in the line between Echternach and Monschau. General Eisenhower's jeep was captured and it was rumored Eisenhower also was a prisoner. Wild with elation, seeing victory ahead, we gave no thought to anything except moving on, conquering ground that lay between us and the Meuse River.

But American resistance began to stiffen, especially along our flanks; and the American and British air forces, un-

able to fly on the opening days of the attack because of weather, were in the sky again, pounding us and our supplies, robbing us of all sleep.

On Christmas Day those of us still on our feet huddled near the tanks, shielding ourselves from the sharp wind. We sang a few carols and talked about how it had been at home before the war. Toward nightfall we moved out again, still going west. The terrain was poor for tanks, which were forever bogging down, so our progress was slow. Now, too, American tanks were moving into our lines.

The day after Christmas, the tenth day of the attack, we stopped our advance. We were four miles from the Meuse, but we could go no farther. We had no strength left.

Seeing that we faltered, the Allies gained spirit. Their planes were always in the air now; their artillery was a continuous rumble. Jutting out into their lines, our area no deeper than 50 miles in any direction and surrounded on three sides by the enemy, we fought as strength permitted, holding fast—as if it mattered now that we held the bit of land we had conquered. We held it anyway, too proud to surrender it, until finally our supply lines were almost pinched off.

Then we pulled back, those of us left alive, leaving a quarter of a million German and Allied dead, most of them unburied—and some of them not quite dead—sprawled on a small piece of earth that was pock-marked with tanks we had ditched, assault guns left pointing to the north, to the west, to the south, planes bombed or wrecked or without fuel.

Once more behind our old lines, we filled our days with grumbings and complaints. We told each other we hoped for another attack, this time on terrain better suited to our heavy vehicles; but the rumor started that the Sixth Panzer Army, which contained all four of the original Storm Trooper divisions, was needed on the Eastern Front and would be returned there.

"Yes, we are going east," my captain told me. "Better to stop the Russians. Think of Germany if the Russians sweep

over it. Think of our country and families then."

In February, with hopelessness settling on us like a heavy coat, we boarded trains. Everywhere I saw frustration—in the slow paces, in the bent bodies, in the eyes of Brenan and the others. Even my captain was ashen-faced. Once alert to every movement near him, to every word spoken in his presence, now he did not hear half the questions addressed directly to him. Only Zimmerman, of the people I knew, was content. Having made peace with the war long ago, he always showed a rigidly enforced complacency.

Now, as we crossed Germany, we saw more devastation from the bombings as the dark country rose and fell before us. Twisted rails and ragged tops of brick buildings pointed into the sky; in places the ground along the tracks was covered with bits of shattered glass from nearby factories. Never was a man seen anywhere, not even an old man; and the women moved with slumped shoulders. Children picked about the rubble, finding nothing that I could see, too apathetic even to look up as we passed. One building from which a whole wall had fallen had some of the floors left, and Brenan pointed out a woman who, with her children, still was keeping house on one floor.

"CLIFF dwellers," he said to me. "You see how the floor sags. If it falls, they will go down 70 feet."

"Yes," I said, "but everybody is in danger now."

Brenan nodded at my words, but Zimmerman crawled to a corner of the boxcar and stretched out sleepily. "Everything will work out in time," he said.

"In time?" I said angrily. "What has time to do with us? We are moved from one front to another, everywhere to unleash an attack. And who the hell are these damn Americans who will risk their lives for something far off from their own country? What are they—crazy men? Why don't they go home and leave us alone?"

"I wish they would go home," Brenan said.

"I don't understand them," I said. "Some of the American prisoners I talked with were born of German parents, just like me; but they said their parents were not German now, and they were not either. They were fighting us Germans and had never thought of Germany as their country. The Italians were the same way. It is as crazy as for me to be fighting for Poland. It makes no sense for a man to be of whatever country he happens to be living in. That puts too high a value on real estate."

"You think too much about silly questions," Zimmerman said. "The thing to do is stay alive and try to be warm."

"That's right," said Brenan. "We three have seen war for a long time already, and it's important now to live to see the end of it."

"Hell, yes, I want to live," I said.

I crawled to the open door, moving among my men, some of whom were sleeping, and I sat in the doorway watching the land pass before me, thinking to myself as I saw the broken rails, torn wires, shattered poles, tree limbs on the road, homeless children with belongings packed in boxes, that here was my

country and the memorial to my father.

The Russians did not know that our Storm Trooper divisions had returned to the Eastern Front, and they were unprepared for us. On the 6th of March, without any artillery preparation and without a single plane in the sky, our Sixth Panzer Army struck in Hungary, and the Russians reeled back 250 kilometers before finding a stopping place. We freed the whole territory near Lake Balaton in central Hungary.

Since I could speak Russian like a native, I was told to lead patrols and capture prisoners for interrogation. My squad, many of whom were new men, accepted this with evident enthusiasm, but Brenan and Zimmerman were more thoughtful. It was on our first mission out, after the Russians had caught a new foothold and had turned to fight us, that Brenan was killed.

It happened in a Russian bunker. We had just crept through open fields, under cover of night, and had approached the bunker without difficulty. I waited for my men to get into position at the door, then kicked it open. I leaped in, Brenan behind me, the others following, and shouted to the Russians to surrender. But they dived for their weapons, and the firing started.

The sound was deafening in the enclosure, but I heard Brenan shouting to me. I turned to find that three Russians had shoved him against a wall. I turned my gun on them, but with small knives they were swiping across Brenan's stomach, and Brenan was trying to push them back with his hands. They ripped him across the intestines as I kept firing at them. Finally, their cutting stopped, they lay in a pile, propping Brenan back against the wall of the bunker, where he stood staring down at them but seeing nothing.

"Eddy," he called, looking wildly around.

"I'm here, Brenan," I said, wanting to touch him, but at the same time shrinking from so bloody a figure. Now everyone was watching him die. There was not a Russian who still wanted to fight.

"What is it, Brenan?"

"They cut me, Eddy."

"Yes—you—will be all right though—"

"You better hurry out of here, Eddy."

I stared at the huge, helpless figure, bleeding great sops of blood. "All right, men, outside; and take the two prisoners," I said.

"I'm not going with you, Eddy," Brenan said piteously.

I felt tears in my eyes and my stomach wanted to heave out everything that was in it. Here was a strong giant of a man, cut open in the middle, so that he could not even be carried.

"You live, Eddy," he said. "You and Zimmerman live."

I turned from him and went outside, where my men were holding the two Russians. I saw that Zimmerman was crying. It was the first time in a long while that the war had gotten through his thick hide. "I hope we meet some Russians on the way back," I said, my voice breaking with anger and tears.

But we did not see any for a week...

Zimmerman died in a neater way, with a single bullet in his chest. It was early one morning, when the grass was still damp. We were returning from a patrol and came upon a farm village in Russian territory. My men sneaked up along the ridge to peer down at it, only from curiosity, because we had prisoners and were overdue at our base.

We lay up there, shielded by rocks and trunks of trees. Zimmerman, close by, asked, "When we moving on, Eddy?"

"Any time you want to," I said. "Whatever you say."

He shrugged and went on puffing at his cigarette. Down below us was a main street, lined with houses, and at the far end of the street stood a Studebaker truck, which had been sent to Russia by the Americans. Two Russian soldiers came out of a house and got into the front seat. We heard the truck start.

"Let me have a machine gun," I said to Zimmerman.

He passed one from the man next to him. I got to my knees and braced the gun at my hip. Zimmerman moved a few feet farther away, so that he would be less bothered by the noise when I shot.

The truck barrelled down the street, moving very fast. When it came to the end of the long block, I opened up with the gun and watched the windshield crack and cave inward. The truck veered to the right and struck a tree with a crash, the engine coughing out.

Zimmerman took the cigarette from his mouth and grinned at me, nodding satisfaction with my accuracy.

Then we heard the cries, pitiful, desperate and weak. "What is that, Zimmerman?" I said.

"Perhaps the two Russians in the truck are crying out for help."

"No," I said. "They are certainly dead. Didn't you see the bullets break through the windshield?"

The cries stopped. We waited a while. "Zimmerman, you come with me," I said. "They sounded like German words to me."

We went down the hillside, moving behind rocks and fences, finally reaching the valley floor at the road. We moved along swiftly, coming to the cobblestones of the street, where the truck had stopped.

Our guns ready, we moved cautiously around the truck.

Chained to the back bumper by their feet were six SS men, their hands tied behind them, blood pouring from their bodies, which had been burst open by impact with the road and by the ends of the heavy chains. A man looked at me through the blood-matted hair on his



face; one eyelid was cut off and his eye seemed to be falling out. He looked at me without saying anything, then he whimpered. It was not a cry or a scream; just a mournful whimper, and it broke my heart.

"My God in Heaven!" Zimmerman said, looking down at the mangled bodies. He snatched the machine gun from my hand, throwing his own rifle aside, and turned to the street of the town. "I want one Russian to show his face!" he shouted. "I want one Russian to show his face! One!" He started stumbling down the street toward where the truck had started.

Then there was a shot, a single rifle shot, and Zimmerman stood up straight and fell backward into the dirt, the machine gun landing on his chest. He did not move.

I stood still, staring at him, then down at the blood and gut-soaked bodies before me. I moved to the truck and leaned back on the dripping radiator, which had been broken by the tree. I rested there, trying not to think about anything. I saw my men moving down the ridge toward the town and was vaguely aware that they would take revenge for Zimmerman's death.

But I wanted no revenge for myself. On that day of broken bones and teeth crushed on the streets, I wanted only to stay alive.

Back at my company I reported to my captain. I told him I had come into the German Army when I was 17 and had been much decorated, that I had led patrols into enemy land and had never been scratched. "But I am the last man of the original squad. Only I have survived and now I don't want to go on any further."

"Yes," he said, "You are right, of course. The last man should live to tell about the others."

He made out the papers for me to be a courier and assigned me to a motorcycle. Later that day he gave me dispatches to carry the 200 kilometers to division headquarters.

I started out, expecting to make quick time, but the roads were blasted out in many places by artillery shells, and even as I rode, shells were landing somewhere behind me. After two days of treacherous driving, I reached headquarters. I asked the major if there was something for me to carry back, and he said there was nothing. I noticed that his face looked as somber as my captain's when the Americans had begun to turn our lines on the Western Front. I asked him no questions, fearing what the answers might be, and started back for my company.

I drove until nightfall. Then, since I could not use my lights, I stopped at a nice house in a village. On the gate I wrote "One SS man," so other soldiers who might need a place to sleep would know the house was occupied. The lady of the house looked at me fearfully when I came in, glancing about as if she did not know what to expect from an SS man; but I was too tired even to set her mind at rest.

HER children helped me hide my motorcycle in the cowshed, where they had a big time covering it up with hay. The little girl, two or three years old, made a nuisance of herself pulling the hay off as fast as her two older brothers stacked it on, but neither of those two little boys laid a hand on her. Instead, they tried to reason with her, and I had a moment of relaxation listening to them, making out most of their Hungarian words. The two boys explained how the motorcycle had to be covered up to protect it from thieves; and the little girl did help them cover it for a few minutes. But when she saw she

could uncover better than she could cover, she went back to doing what she did best.

Finally, however, the two boys won out, and the four of us went into the house for supper.

The mother had fixed a nice meal with a small piece of beef, canned pears and hot bread. She sat down wearily across the table from me, kitchen sweat on her face, bowed her head, as did the children, and we said a short grace for the meal. I then divided the food and poured the milk. We ate all there was, then drank a glass of water to fill our stomachs, and everybody was much happier with the way the world was, although, even in that kitchen, we could hear the sound of distant artillery.

In German the woman said, "Sergeant, when will the front line pass this house?"

"Maybe not at all," I said.

"I want to know the truth."

I smiled at her, amused by the willingness of this gentle creature to face the truth about the struggle that was going on nearby. "The truth is not so good," I said. "The Russians are getting help from America, and our own factories are destroyed by bombs. The German Army is strong, but it is bleeding, and the Russians still come on in big numbers."

She studied me for a long while. Once more I was struck by the gentleness of her face and hands, the slight shoulders, the wistfulness of her. But when she spoke this time, her voice was hard, as if she were playing the part of an entirely different person in a play. "Sergeant," she said, "if the Russians come to this house, I will kill my children and myself."

"Ahhhh," I said, caught between disbelief and awe. "You listen to me. Such talk is not for women, not for mothers." Here, a woman who had been frightened of one SS man, lest he touch her body, was now going to stick a knife into her children and her own heart.

"I will kill them," she said, looking at her sons.

THE boys stared at her, then at me, seeking a voice for their defense. I tried to think of some argument for them, but all I could think of was the little girl beside me, who was running her fingers through drops of water that had fallen onto the table.

The mother got up and took the little girl in her arms. She motioned to the two boys, and the family went up the steps to the loft. I heard her helping them get ready for bed; then she came down and cleared the table.

"No, I would not kill them," I said, as if there had been no intervening time. "If we die, there is nothing gained. The children have to grow up, and as for yourself, you might not be bothered by the Russians, for they cannot trouble everyone so much as they trouble a few. You are pretty and fairly young, so you might be one of the few; but perhaps not, if you make yourself less attractive, with stringy hair and clothes which do not reveal so much as the shirt you have on now. The Russians might not harm you or your children."

She kept her dark eyes on me for a moment more, testing the truth of what I said, then she went to a mirror on the kitchen door and let down her hair, so that it fell to her waist in the back. She started making it stringy with her fingers, as if to see what I meant.

"Where is your husband?" I asked.

She glanced at me, seeking a motive for the question; her fingers stopped for a moment. "He's dead for more than a year."

"I'm sorry. He left three beautiful children. You must help them live through

the war and grow up to be good people." I told her about her daughter helping the sons hide my motorcycle and she smiled over that.

"I don't want to die," she said, "and I don't see how a woman can kill her children, but dying would take only a minute. How long would we have to live with the Russians if we did not die? Nobody can answer that, but it would be a long time."

"But being alive is important," I said, trying to think of something proper to say. "Let God decide your question. Maybe both of us will live all our lives fleeing danger, and never come to any answer, to any rest at all. Certainly if the Russians win, they will want me, for I am tattooed by the SS on my arm, and they would rather kill an SS man than win God's favor. But we were born to live, and if we survive in such times as these, maybe that is enough for a while. I don't know. But at least I am alive to ask such questions."

SHE smiled at me warmly, as if we had become close friends. She turned back to the mirror, and I watched her as she wound her long hair into a bun, then leaned her head on the kitchen door, her eyes soft. "I have not had anyone to talk with for so long," she said, "except the women, and women talk strange, especially when they have to act as fathers as well as mothers."

"You let the children live," I said. "I tell you this; I have seen enough death to love the life of everybody who is not a Russian."

She sat down across from me at the table and rested her hands one on the other, before her, staring down at them contentedly. "Was it a good meal?" she asked.

"Yes. Very good."

"You will stay here tonight?"

"Yes."

"And tomorrow you will go back to the war?"

"As soon as the sun rises."

"Very well. I will fix your breakfast. There is some coffee left, although not strong. I will get the children out of bed, also, so they can say good-by to you."

I studied her for a while, thinking that here was a good mother, and that she had been a good wife. I got up slowly and went around the table to stand near her. "It has been like a family here tonight," I said.

She slowly raised her face to look at me. "Very like a family," she said.

I kissed her gently on the cheek. She put her hand on my arm, and her fingers were trembling.

We went into her bedroom, and it was done with little commotion. I lay awake afterwards and thought that maybe, when the war was over, I would become the father of this family. But I was not Hungarian, and it would be better for me to marry Linda, I decided. Yet my thoughts of Linda were buried now under all the thoughts the war had brought to me, and under the war's confusion. And if the war had confused my feelings, it might have twisted hers all the more, for now Linda might be a refugee somewhere in Germany, fleeing the Russians. Or perhaps she was still in Lvov, for she had Polish citizenship; her mother was German. . . .

The woman beside me crawled out of bed. "I'll go up and sleep with my children now," she said. "Good night, Sergeant."

"Good night —" I could not call her by name. I did not know her name, and there was no small term of affection, such

as "dear," or "sweetheart," that would do for the mother of three children. She went out, quietly closing the door, and long after she left I lay awake thinking of her, how strong she was, and yet how yielding.

I got out of bed finally and hung my burp gun over the bedpost at my head and put my pistol under the pillow. I was still thinking about the Hungarian woman when I went to sleep.

I awoke hearing a voice calling for me to get out of bed. I opened my eyes. The room was dark, but I could see a shadow near the middle of the floor. I pulled the pistol from under my pillow and pointed it in that direction. Again the voice said, "Wake up," and I recognized the mother's voice. I jumped out of bed and knelt down beside her, putting my arms around her. She was on her knees, shivering with fright.

"What is it?"

"Russian soldiers," she said, pointing toward the road.

I leaped to the window. Soviet tanks were passing through the village, as were many horses and wagons, on which Red soldiers were riding. "The Russians must have broken through our lines," I said, turning to her. "You will take care of your children?—and yourself?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, yes." Even then she took the pins from her hair, letting it fall loose.

Quickly I dressed, then loaded my gun. "If you will do something for me," I said, "go out the front door of this house and open the gate at the road, the one for wagons to go through."

"Yes, I will do that," she said.

I pushed open a back window, threw one leg over the sill. She was standing nearby, the moonlight falling on her face. "Good night," I said, then went through the window, holding the gun close to my chest so that it would not bang against the frame.

In the shed I threw the hay off my motorcycle, leaped down on the starter. In the enclosure the motor roared with a deafening sound; the cow bolted against the bars of her stall and let out long bellows. In a low gear I drove the motorcycle forward across the yard toward the opened gate. Even now the mother was walking back to her house; she would be inside and safe before I reached the road.

Suddenly four Red soldiers entered the gate, their rifles ready. I switched on my headlight so that they could not see my SS uniform and shouted at them in Russian, "Go on with the line; don't come into the house."

The soldiers stopped and were ready to salute me as I went past them and through the gate. I made the turn and headed down between the double columns of soldiers and vehicles. I switched off my headlights as a voice shouted, "German soldier."

THERE was a rifle shot, then several, but already I was at high speed and was passing the Russian horses and men.

"German soldier," another man shouted. Others took up the words, but my motorcycle was moving ahead of their warning. I swerved around vehicles, knifing my way between men, having no time to consider danger.

"Stop!" a Russian officer shouted, standing in my path, his hands poised to stop me. I aimed my motorcycle for him; he jumped out of the way just in time. A shot rang out, and another.

In a minute more there were no more Russians. . . .

By noon I found my company and was told that the Russian Army had surrounded us. That same day their iron pincers began slowly to tighten. My officers did not sleep; they watched one another eagerly, each expecting someone else to initiate an order—any order.

Finally we hurled ourselves at the wall of the Russian forces and, leaving a bloody path, broke through. The Russians attacked again. We fell back to Austria, trying to reorganize. It was there that we heard of Adolph Hitler's order: *I order you, every officer and man, to take from your uniform the SS markings; you are not worthy to be SS men.*

As I considered that, I felt defeat take hold of me. I knew we could not win the war now, that we had lost the country to our enemies.

SOON after I watched what, for me, was the last battle of the war. It took place down on a valley floor, while I stood at an artillery position on a ridge overlooking it. Division headquarters had ordered me to deliver a message and bring a reply from an artillery officer nearby; but, when I arrived, the officer was not interested in anything except his work, so I stepped aside and sat down to wait for him to get around to me.

In the valley a company of Russian soldiers were rounding up the German prisoners they had captured, packing them together in the center of the highway so that they could march them behind their lines with greater ease.

"Why doesn't the officer order those 88s to open up on those Russians?" I asked one of the artillerymen.

"They are not Russians. They are American soldiers."

I stared at him in disbelief. "This far east? In Austria?"

"Yes," he said quietly. "They have made fast progress."

"But my unit is not far from here, fighting the Russians."

"I know," he said. "The British and Americans were allowed to sweep over the whole country, for it is better to let them have Germany than the Russians."

The officer suddenly shouted an order; the artillerymen raced to their 88s and the guns were aimed. I gazed down into the valley, my mind confused with a hundred ideas about the meaning of our defeat. At the same time, I was thinking of the Americans, deployed along the road, who soon would be hugging the ground seeking protection from flying shrapnel.

The officer gave the command to fire, and I held my breath. When the explosions came, I could hardly believe my eyes. The shells did not explode near the Americans but all around the German prisoners and in their midst.

I jumped up. "You are killing our own soldiers!" I shouted at the officer.

Ignoring me, he ordered another round of fire. Again the shells exploded in the road, and now the German soldiers were crawling around frantically, some of them with their arms and legs blown off, trying to find cover. They looked like ants which had been torn apart.

"They are Germans," I shouted at the officer. I started toward him. "You are an idiot, do you hear that? I told you they are Germans!"

"They should not have surrendered," he shouted back at me. "We have our orders, soldier." Three of his men grabbed hold of me and held me back. The artillery officer calmly told his men to fire again.

"They are Germans," I said, looking on helplessly at the crawling figures on the

road. "Look at them," I said. The American soldiers were running in from the surrounding area, some of them to help the German prisoners.

The 88s fired. Once again the shells exploded among the Germans. The Americans drew back, finding holes and ditches for protection. The artillery officer gave an order to bring up the horses and move off the guns.

"You fired on our own people," I said to him. "It is the end now most certainly."

Later that day I told my captain what I had seen, and he told me it was hard to believe what a people will do in defeat. "It looks as if in a few days, perhaps even tomorrow, all of us will be prisoners of the Russians. If I am alive in a week, I will consider it a miracle."

"You can escape, go home."

"No," he said. "The enemies will find all us SS men. And what will you do, Sergeant, go back to Poland, where the Russians are in charge? They will hang you in the public square; and if they do not, the Polish people will kill you in worse fashion. We made too many Poles slaves for our farms and factories."

"Then what should I do, Captain?" I asked him.

He shrugged and stared vacantly about. "I don't know. I suppose a truly wise man would kill himself."

"No," I said. "I came through this war without a scratch. There must be a reason. God must have some purpose for me up ahead in my life."

"God?" he asked, frowning at me. "You mean the same God who helps the Russians?" Angrily he walked away from me, and I remembered that once he had been a good Protestant, the same as I, but now the war had taken away his faith.

I walked about the camp, talking aimlessly about the war and our defeat. Nobody had any ideas, and everybody wanted answers. Finally, as the day lengthened, I went off by myself and tried to put together the pieces, to see what pattern they made, but soldiers sought me out. "Sergeant, what are you going to do?"

"What can we do?" I said to them. "The Russians are pushing in."

Before dark I decided on my own course of action. I went to my motorcycle and filled it with gasoline. I started it and drove out of there and onto the road toward Braunau am Inn, where Adolph Hitler was born. Somewhere on that road, I knew I would meet the United States Army.

IT was early evening when I stopped my big BMW motorcycle near an old Wehrmacht soldier, thin and almost lifeless of expression, who was looking off as if hypnotized at a huge fire about a half mile away. "Aren't those the Americans ahead?" I asked him.

"Yes. Do you see the fire?"

"I see it."

"I hear that's where the Americans disarm every German soldier and burn our uniforms with gasoline."

I gazed at the fire for a long time, then turned off the motorcycle and sat down on the ground near him. "At least I'll smoke one more cigarette as a free man," I said.

He also took out a cigarette, and we smoked for a minute or two. "Why don't you go into town and try to stay free?" he asked me.

"I have no papers, and I'm an SS man. None of the SS men will escape."

"Then go into the forest and be a guerrilla."

"That would be more of a losing fight."

Many trucks were passing, and families of Hungarians, Austrians, Romanians, and

even Russians were walking in the road on their way to the American side. A few had horse-drawn wagons on which supplies had been packed. Some led cows.

"I've been trying to drive my motorcycle in all this confusion," I said. "Once tonight I ran into a man with a cart. He had loaded all his possessions, even his children, in that cart and I smashed the back of it and broke his axle."

"Well, there is worse suffering today," the old man said. "I saw a man start up that hill two hours ago when it was still daylight. He was dragging one foot, as if he were lame. I timed him, and it took an hour and three minutes for him to reach this place. When he got to here I called to him, told him to come and rest in the shade of this tree for a while, but he shook his head and went on. He was too anxious to surrender, I say."

"He will reach the Americans in time, with that determination."

"Yes, he will reach them, and they will shoot him." The old man spat into the road. "They're not so much like gentlemen as people say; they have shot many prisoners already. I think it would do just as well to surrender to the Russians."

"No," I said, "a human being cannot live in the same room with a bear." I crushed out my cigarette. "I have several medals, including the *Nahkampff Spange*, which I got for 13 bayonet charges in hand-to-hand fighting against the Red Army. I know the Russians."

"Did you ever fight the Americans?"

"Yes, but not hand to hand."

He studied me, taking my measure as a man. "How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"Not even grown. And yet you fought on both fronts without injury. You are lucky."

"**B**AD grass never dies," I said. I stared off at the fire, where many men were standing, each figure a silhouette like a piece of black cardboard. "Only 30 men who started with my division were with it to the end," I said. "Thirty men out of over 13,000."

I lay back on the grass, remembering hundreds of faces from that multitude, men now dead, maimed or missing. And for what? For the cause, I told myself. And what was that? Most of us had never been taught the philosophy of the Nazi party, or any philosophy at all. We had been taught one thing: to obey the orders of Hitler.

Now, only a few of us were left. And we were surrendering. The world had not deserted the Führer—it had turned on him with a vengeance and had conquered him.

"What will they do to us, old man?" I said.

"What they want to do," he said. "We are powerless now."

I considered that until depression took hold of me, then I got up and brushed off my pants. "Can I give you a lift?"

"Huh?" He glanced off toward the Americans. "No. I'm going to sit here and be a free man till they get me. I'm not going to them."

As I left he was still there on the road bank, staring at the distant fire.

Because of the civilian families on the road, I had to drive slowly. Some of the women and children were sobbing, but whether from fear or illness I could not tell. As for myself, I began to think about what the old fellow had suggested, about going into a forest and fighting, or going into a town and hiding out; but I decided if I were captured in such a place, I might be sent back to Poland, where I would

surely be executed. Although nothing was certain, I felt the Americans would not be so cruel as that.

"I wish I could wake up from this dream," I said aloud.

Two or three men at once said, "Yes, I, too."

I wanted to hear my father pounding at my door, telling me to get out of bed and come down to breakfast. I could see myself rubbing the sleep out of my eyes, washing my face with cold water, joking with my brother Nichol.

"I don't want to surrender to the Americans or anybody else," I said to the man beside me.

We moved on, going slower. I thought, here was the final act in the fall of the country. When I had traveled back from the western front, the stage had been set: the buildings were crumbled, the nation was laid open and bare. Now the people were on the roads and in the streets. There was no longer any hiding.

When we could make out the figures of the Americans, I pulled my motorcycle over to the shoulder of the road and sat there, trying to make up my mind what to do. The closer I came to the act of surrendering, the less I liked it. The Americans killed my family, I thought; why should I think they are not cruel?

I ripped off my gas mask, took out the poison and threw the mask off to the side of the road. The poison I put in my sock, to use in case of cruel treatment, and drove on.

At the big fire two Americans, one of them a Negro, came to me with pistols drawn, ready to fire. They took my P38, searched my pockets, and ordered me to park the motorcycle to one side. I tried to talk to them in English, to ask what I was to do, but they ordered me to be quiet. Then they pointed in the direction I was to walk.

I started out and went deeper into the United States lines. My heart was breaking. I was thinking about not having a family and not knowing where I was going. I heard a loud-speaker, which I saw was mounted on a jeep. "Keep walking," a voice said in thick German.

I walked the whole night. In the morning, between Braunau am Inn and Munderfing, I reached a field surrounded by barbed wire. I was hungry and thirsty; the road dust had clogged my throat and my whole body was numb from weariness and fear.

"Into the field," an American soldier shouted. I went in through a crudely built gate and mingled with the thousands of German soldiers who were standing or walking around aimlessly.

"What division you from, Sergeant?" some of them called to me. When I answered, they turned away, disappointed at not having found somebody from their own outfit.

Through the morning I tried to find water. I could go without food, but not water. I told the American guard that I had to have a drink, and he told me to wait until afternoon.

That afternoon there was no water, either. "Wait till tomorrow," he said.

In spite of my hunger and thirst, I slept some that night. But the next morning, there was neither water nor food. "Never mind about food," I said to a pilot who had surrendered just after me. "But we must have water."

There was no relief for us that afternoon, and it was early evening before some Americans arrived with water, which they dipped from huge metal pots and handed through the fence in shallow dippers. Each prisoner had enough for a few swallows only, but it cleaned my mouth and throat and took some of the fire out of the inside of my cheeks and from my coarse tongue.



During the night I lay under the sky and stared up at the stars. I thought, if I got released from there, my real problems would begin, for, if I went back to Lvov, the Poles or Russians would hang me or send me to Siberia to be a slave till I died. But if I did not go to Lvov, I could not be with Linda.

I saw myself a movie hero, crossing forest and plains, crossing all Poland, moving only at night and talking to nobody, avoiding all soldiers and policemen, and arriving at last at a church in Lvov, or some other safe and romantic place from which I could send for her. She would come to me, and we would embrace, crying out for joy; and I would sneak her out of Poland to a nice house in Germany where we would have seven or eight children, and I could become an engineer.

On the third day the rumor started that the Wehrmacht and Luftwaffe soldiers would be processed and released, but that the SS men would be kept prisoners. All that day, still without food, I cursed the order of the SS that the blood mark be tattooed on every Storm Trooper's left arm, so that now, in defeat, we could not deny our outfits and go free.

On the fourth day, we of the SS and Luftwaffe were sent to another camp. There we were told by the guards that the SS men would never be released because of our vicious fighting on the Western Front, but that the Luftwaffe officers, and then the Luftwaffe men, would be released soon. Still we were without food. I was so hungry I thought of eating grass, but my complaints to the guards won me nothing. "We have no supplies for you," one young guard said. "The whole German Army dumped itself on us. What do you expect?"

"For four days . . ." I said.

"Four days, five days, 10 days, what do you expect? We didn't start this damned war."

"No, and I sure as hell didn't send you an invitation to enter it!" I shouted at him.

"Well, we're here, and you're there; and as for myself, I wouldn't give you enough barbed wire to choke yourself with." He made a big fuss until one of the American officers came up and led him away.

To a Luftwaffe pilot I said, "Why didn't you boys fly more and teach these Americans manners?"

He grunted and sank down weakly to the ground. "Gasoline," he said.

"Hell," I said, "is everything gasoline? Did we lose the whole war because of gasoline?"

"Gasoline and oil," he said.

I sat down beside him and scratched the insect bites on my legs. "I wish we had a chance to fight this war over. I didn't think the American boys would ever try to starve us Germans."

ON the fourth night, I went among the sleeping prisoners seeking food to steal. In one man's bag I found bread, about a quarter of a loaf. I knew that, if the man woke up, he would try to kill me, so I looked at him carefully to judge his size, and I saw that he was a small man, and much older than I. It was clear he was not much of a soldier. Suddenly I was unable to steal from him. I knew it was foolish, but I could not

steal from a man who, even if he awoke to find me eating his bread, could do nothing about it. So I tore off only a small piece and put the rest back in his baggage.

The bread tasted sweet and clean in my mouth. It was as if I had a new sense of taste. I determined to hold the bread on my tongue for an hour, but I found I had to move it around in my mouth to keep the taste coming to me, and finally it was dissolved. When I swallowed, there was nothing to swallow except saliva. Then I became ill. My stomach tried to throw up the bread but could not, and there was nothing else there.

On the fifth day the loud-speakers on the jeeps started calling for men from the battalions and companies of the Totenkopf Division. "At last they have reached the SS," I said, "but if they call out the Totenkopf by companies, they'll never get to my outfit. I tell you, there's just one hope, and that's to escape from this camp."



"From here?" another SS man said, pushing himself to a sitting position on the ground. "The American guards are alert. They'll shoot you like an animal."

"It's better than dying a prisoner."

"And where can you go? We're marked; they'll find all SS men."

"Look, stop talking nonsense," I told him. "Do you have a shaving knife?"

"Yes," he said.

I removed my shirt. Then, with two fingers I pulled out the skin on the inner side of my left arm, where the blood mark was tattooed. "Cut this damn thing off."

He stared at me for a moment, then turned his eyes away.

"God," I said angrily. "What a kind SS man you are! Because of such men as you we lost the war!"

Another SS man came over and asked what was happening. I told him, and immediately he took out his shaving knife. "All right," he said, "I'll do it."

I pulled out the skin, and he cut it off. I threw away the small piece of raw skin, on which was marked the letter "A," and put on my shirt and jacket. After a while my whole shirt and jacket were bloody, and I was terribly hungry.

"I'll get out of here tomorrow," I said to the two SS men. "I'll get out and steal papers. I'll go to Poland and get my girl, and then I'll go to—somewhere. . . ."

I sank to the ground. "Better to be captured by the Russians," I said.

"Oh, death won't be so bad, after all," one of them said. "I feel like an old man, anyway, and have nothing ahead in sight."

I began praying after a while. I told

God that if He would get me out of that camp I would consider becoming a priest. But even in my aching, dizzy mind I realized He would know I was lying, so I said, "God, I won't be a priest, but I'll be a farmer, which is almost the same, and I'll go to church and rear my children as good Christians, and if one of them is suitable, I'll make him a priest."

I told God that I also wanted Him to take care of Linda, because she was all I had left in the world. "You watch her, God, and if a Russian soldier comes close to her, kill him, Father."

BUT even as I said that, I knew God would not do it. Yes, I thought, here He was with all the power to protect people from evil, and He would not. I could not ask Him to protect this innocent girl from the Russians. "Why is it that You let the communists win the war, anyway?" I asked. "I talked with Russian parents whose sons were taken away and never heard from again. The communists will send a man to Siberia just for breathing, and You let them live on the same earth with everybody else."

I decided God was not listening to such talk, so I tried to determine what my sister Lene would pray and decided her subject would be the people who were in worse condition than she.

But my arm was bleeding, and my belly was aching with a five-day hunger; I could think of nobody worse off than I. So, in honesty, I prayed for myself:

"Help me escape from prison, God. Help me escape, and don't make me have to kill an American guard, for then it will all end in a bad way. Just let me get through the barbed wire and out of this camp. You'll have to help me or I'll die in this place. God, help me. And help Linda. Help my dead father, who believed in You until You took my mother, who was a beautiful woman and he loved her, and You left him with children and no way to care for them. But he did believe in You before that and when my sister Lene died he prayed to You. If he had known the bomb was falling, he would have prayed to You for that one second, too, and now I pray for him, who believed most of his life. I am praying for my brothers and for my little sister Bertha, too, for their souls. And I pray for Lene. Bless Lene, God. And protect Linda, God . . ."

I prayed for a long time, repeating myself over and over. Then I tried to get some sleep. But I was too tired to sleep, and too hungry and thirsty. I feared I would choke on dust, and I had no spit to swallow.

To occupy myself, I began to think about women I had known and about the differences in their bodies, their voices, the ways they walked and moved and smiled and made love. I thought of the faces of the women I had known, trying to recall exactly how they had looked, even the little girl in Prague who took me to her room and stole all my money while I slept. I could remember her thighs and breasts and body, but I had seen her face only for a moment in a dim street.

I lay there on the ground and thought of my past, starting in Lvov where I would play in the streets with the Polish and Russian children, marking out towns with our fingers or with sticks, drawing houses and schools, churches and roads. Even now I let my fingers trail along through the soft dirt, as if I were a child.

I thought of my father, angrily denouncing all Poles and Russians, praising

Germany, no matter what she might do; and my sister Lene telling me, "Don't listen to him, Eddy. He'll lead you astray." My father would grin at her, almost foolishly, as if he were unsure how to come to grips with such impertinence. Then he would lead me out on the porch and talk to me about the way the world was organized and what changes needed to be made, Lene all the while standing in the doorway listening, shaking her head at me.

But when I was old enough to need to be told such things, it was she who said, "Eddy, listen, you must not fall in love with a Polish or Russian girl; your father would be killed by it. Promise me that, Eddy."

So I promised and went out and fell in love with two Polish girls in one month.

When I really fell in love, however, it was with a German girl named Linda. There was no other girl in Lvov so pretty as Linda, and that was everybody's word on the subject. She had dark hair and eyes, light skin, smooth as cloth, and her face could change expressions in a twinkling; but in her happy face there was some sadness, and in her sad face there was very little sadness. Soon I was not sleeping or eating, but was thinking only of Linda. The motors in the garage where I worked after school sounded loud and harsh; I lost interest in everything except her.

But when I had gone with Linda only two weeks—or perhaps longer, for time went by without my knowing it—a Russian blacksmith came into the garage to see me. He laid his hand on my shoulder and turned me around roughly. I was frightened, because he was a grown man of 25 and I was 16. Also he had shoulders even wider than mine, and I could tell by the feel of his hand that his fist would be like iron.

HE pointed toward the door at the back of the building. "Come outside." I followed him. My friends hung back, watching. We stopped near a big tree and again he laid his hands on my shoulder.

"For six months I went with a girl," he said, "and now for two weeks I can hardly see her. So let me tell you, I am in love with Linda and will do anything for her, and you keep away, or I will give you a beating you will remember!"

I said nothing. He tightened his hand on my shoulder and said, "Do you understand?"

"Yes. I heard everything you said." "Do you understand my full meaning?"

"Yes, but I will see her often, if I want to; no one will tell me what to do."

He drew his hands from my shoulder and folded his arms across his chest. "Your friends are nearby, so you are brave."

"Yes," I said, "but if you fight me, my friends will watch."

He glanced over at the garage door where my friends were gathered, then back at me, his arms still folded. "I've given you a fair warning, Hukov."

"Whatever you say," I said.

He waited a few seconds more, undecided as to what to do, then abruptly turned on his heels and walked off, his big shoulders rolling with the long strides of his legs.

I went back to my work. When the others asked what he had wanted, I told them nothing. With me, all mat-

ters pertaining to Linda were personal.

When work was over, about five o'clock, I left the garage and started home. I walked only a short distance when a car stopped in front of me and four men jumped out. They grabbed me and pulled me inside. As we drove off they began to beat me in the face. Outside the town they stopped the car, threw me out, and continued hammering me. I resisted as best I could, but soon I was on the ground. The men went on beating and kicking me until I lost consciousness.

The next morning I could not see from one eye because of swelling, and my lips were double normal size. For three days they were like that. Friends from the garage came by to see how I was, and my father and brothers questioned them, but they did not know what men might have beaten me up. "We'll go with you and get them," they told my brothers, "if you can find out who they were."

On the fourth day my face was in shape, but I stayed in the house, getting my strength back and thinking about that blacksmith and how to handle him.

On the sixth day I told Lene I was going down to the store for some food, but I went past the store to the blacksmith's shop. I called out. He came to the door, a hammer in his hand.

"Coward," I said, almost choking on my disgust for him.

He came toward me. I ducked under his hammer swing and brought my left fist against his face with all my power. He stopped stock-still, his eyes glazed. I hit him again. He stepped back half a step and blinked his eyes. I hit him again, and he went down like a folding bellows.

In my hands I brought water from the trough and dumped it on his face. He rolled his head back and forth and turned over. He got to his knees and was almost standing when I hit him again.

I got more water, sprinkled him and told him, as he slept, that I was a priest and was going to make him a holy man of God.

When he got up, I hit him again. The third time he could not get up.

"Where are those four men?" I asked him.

"You go to hell," he said.

I kicked his ribs. "Where are they?"

"You German son of a bitch," he said. He got to his hands and knees. "You bastard, I can't get up, but if I could I'd kill you."

I threw him the bell rope attached to a large brass dinner bell mounted near the door of his shop. "Grab that and pull yourself up."

Painfully he hauled himself erect, and he held on to the rope while I hit him. I hit him a dozen times, the bell clanging out all through that part of town. Each time I hit him I asked him where I could find his four friends. He would not tell me. All he would do is curse me for being German. Finally I laid him down on the street with a single blow, then I threw the end of the bell rope over the bell brace, so that he would have to lie there until he found a friend to help him from the gutter; and if he had no friend, then he could stay there. All I knew was that he was not dead; I left him still alive. . . .

Now I chuckled deep inside myself, finding pleasure in thinking about a defeated Russian. Other experiences came rising from my past, tumbling over one another in my mind. It would be well

to go back beyond the start of the war, I thought, and not let the war happen at all, and not lose anything.

On the dry ground of the internment camp I prayed once more, prayed for my dead sister Lene.

Then I remembered the ghost which had come to me in my father's house before I had left home for the German Army. It had been Lene's ghost, I knew, and my brother Edmund, who had been in the room with me, saw it, too, and also told my father it was Lene come back to wish me well on my long trip and in the fighting. So I felt she was there, even in the American camp. I listened for her voice and watched for her, but there was no response.

"Don't you leave me, too, Lene," I whispered. "Please stay with me."

THE night passed in agony, my mouth seemed to crack at the walls, and my throat tore with each breath I took. The blood, dripping down my arm, made puddles at my elbow on the ground; my shirt sleeve was soaked and dark red. By the time morning came, I had lost much strength.

"What—what about water?" I asked one of the other prisoners.

"No," he said, his mouth forming the words slowly, "they are letting us die here."

Just as he said that, the loud-speaker on a jeep began: "Attention, attention, every man who belongs to the First Battalion of the Adolph Hitler Division, come to the building."

"Ah!" I cried out. And to myself I said, Thank you, Lene. It is enough now that you have done for me.

I lay there on the ground, gathering my strength, then I pushed myself to my feet and made my way down to the gate.

The Americans counted us off into groups of 10. In my group I was the only one with a sergeant's rank, so I came under questioning before a captain. "Sit down," he said in German. "Your name and rank?"

"Edward Hukov. SS Unterscharführer." "Give me your military book."

I handed it to him. He studied the picture in the book and looked at me. "Yes, this is correct," he said. "Do you know that you will be executed today?"

"As you say."

He stared at me, idly tapping his pencil on the table top. "I was joking," he said and turned over the paper on which he had written my name. "In which army did you serve?"

"I served in the Panzer Artillery, First Battalion of the Adolph Hitler Storm Regiment. I was under command of General Sepp Dietrich and was attached to the Sixth New German Army."

He wrote that down on the paper. "Where were you born?"

"In Poland. Lvov," I said.

A startled smile broke on his face. He laid the pencil down and stared at me for a moment, then he spoke a few words in Polish, and I answered him. We began to talk in Polish, I answering his questions about my life. Finally he smiled at me. "Boy, you are my countryman," he said. Then in Polish he told me about having immigrated to America as a boy and how it had been with him there. We talked for half an hour, then suddenly he threw away the sheet of paper on which he had written my name, and he threw my military book in a fire. "Come along," he said.

He led me to a private room and called a soldier there. "Go get some food."

The soldier hurried out, and the captain examined my wound. He cleaned and bandaged it, using long heavy pieces of gauze. Then he took civilian clothes from a foot locker. I was dressed in my new outfit by the time the soldier returned, carrying a mess kit full of food and a cup of milk, which he left on the table.

I ate ravenously, devouring huge bitefuls, not even noticing what the food was. It made little difference.

When I finished, the captain gave me a cigarette. I smoked most of it and began to feel much better.

"Now let's see what we must do," he said. "I will get you out of this camp today. There's nothing to be gained by keeping a million men in prison. But you'll be picked up again unless you stop speaking German. Forget that language, Hukov. Speak only Polish or Russian. And your nationality is not German, either, but Polish, understand?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Very well. Now I have to go to Salzburg, and you might as well come along." He took me outside the building and started down the road toward the motor pool. "You walk like a sick man, Eddy," he said.

"I feel better every minute now."

When he stopped his jeep at the gate, the guards did not seem to notice me. No one asked questions. As we drove away, we passed several German soldiers trudging along the road, some of them going toward the camp, where, no doubt, they would surrender.

The captain, on the way south to Salzburg, talked a great deal about the war. He was a man of strange contrast. He was doing me a favor, perhaps keeping me from being shipped to the Russians; but at the same time he wanted to talk about how much he disliked the Storm Troopers.

"You boys were ruthless," he told me. "Where did the Germans get their idea that they could take over the whole world and destroy everybody and everything they didn't like?"

I was too tired to say much, and when I tried to speak, my words came out as if from an old person.

"Well, now that it's over," he said to me finally, "I guess we might as well try to put the pieces back together."

In Salzburg, as he dropped me off, he said, "Eddy, I'm driving to Munich in the morning. If you are here at this spot about 6:00 A.M., I'll give you a lift. It'll be a help for you to cross the Austrian border into Germany with an American captain."

With that he was off in a cloud of dust.

THAT night I stayed in the house of an elderly couple, who moaned in low voices about the war and the great mistakes. I ate dinner with them, then they told me to use their bed, and they would hear no argument. So I bathed in steaming water and lay in the deep mattress like a child, thinking what a strange bag of tricks the world carries, for on one night a man might sleep on the ground and be hungry and in pain, and the next night be in a feather bed, have a full stomach, and be on his way to Munich in the morning.

At dawn I had breakfast with that nice family, and at six I met the cap-

tain and drove to Munich. "Now stay low for a month, two months, for as long as you can. Then buy a ticket for Hamburg with this, you hear?" He handed me an American 10-dollar bill. "There are many American ships there. You might stow away on one of them and go to the States." He shook hands with me and wished me luck.

Then, before I could speak, his jeep moved on.

I watched it, wondering what kind of strange person this was who would do so much for a man whom he had fought but a few days before. Then we had been shooting at each other; but now, because we had talked together about our lives, he had freed me from jail and carried me to another city, had given me money, and had not even waited for me to thank him.

I thought of my helping the Jews on the train and was grateful to him for his help to me, in the same way.

Thinking of this I did not at once realize where I was. Now I looked about and found myself in a strange, large city. The feeling of loneliness came down on me like a hot wind. I stared at the faces of the people shuffling by, some of them still wearing the uniforms of the Wehrmacht soldiers. Everybody kept his eyes on the ground; nobody questioned another person, even with a look.

I knew not one person in that city. No one knew me. And no one must know me, even that I was German, or that I had fought for Germany. Certainly nobody must know that I had been a member of Hitler's SS.

In the next six months I faced several desperate decisions, the last of which changed my entire course of action. Yet none of these decisions was solely my own to make. Many of us were like corks tossed on the ocean, subject to the currents and tides. And from the beginning it was a swift, treacherous current which held me.

That was true even in those first several weeks. I went to Frankfurt and hid on nearby farms. Hundreds of us were roaming the countryside, some going hungry for days at a time, begging or stealing what we could, staying together in order to defend ourselves from the slave laborers.

One out of every five persons in Germany was a released slave laborer. Almost 10,000,000 of them had been brought into the country during the latter years of the war—Russians, French, Poles, Italians, Czechs, Belgians, Dutch, Scandinavians, and Balts. They had been forced to work on farms and in factories. Now the gates of their camps had been opened; they were free. And ill with hatred of their German masters, they sought revenge.

Thousands of Germans, hounded by fear and hunger, drifted from one place to another. They would stay on a farm for a week or two, then move on, hoping to find something safer. In the woods there always were many people, including children, who had been taught not to speak, not to laugh, not to cry or make any other sound.

I stayed near Frankfurt until my wound healed, then I took a train to Hamburg, climbing up to the roof of the car so that I could flee more easily should the police ask questions. As the train went along, I saw that poverty was a problem everywhere. At every station throngs of people, dragging children and possessions, were trying to get aboard. Everyone was going; yet nobody was arriving.

At a small station named Radbruch, a pretty girl, who had a quaint, alert way about her, tried to force her way into the overcrowded car below. Failing in that, she tried to climb onto the roof.

I helped her up. "It's good for a man to climb high alone," I said, "but not for a girl."

Though light of hair and skin, she reminded me of Linda, and I was attracted to her at once. She told me her name was Erika, and that she had spent most of the war years with an aunt, but now she was returning to her parents in Hamburg. At first we talked about the hard times and the overwhelming loss of our country and members of our families; but after a while we talked of lighter subjects and began to laugh freely, so that the 40 kilometers to Hamburg passed happily.

IN the Hamburg station I helped Erika down and we said good-by for a time, she going to her parents' home and I making my way to the Polish refugee camp, Camp A and Camp B which was near the American military headquarters.

I had no trouble gaining admittance. When the director asked my name and birthplace, I told him the truth. Only when I told him I had spent the war years working as a slave laborer did I lie. But he accepted all the information and wrote out my papers.

In the camp the English guards and Polish residents did everything they could to make me comfortable, giving me three good meals a day, six American cigarettes supplied by the Red Cross, and coffee and cakes in the evening. Frequently they came around to the rooms for talk or gambling. But I was never at ease. There was always the danger that they would discover the truth about me, that they would use me to revenge themselves on Germany or send me to the Russians. Over and over they repeated the stories of grim persecution, both in Poland and in the slave labor camps. A few of them had been at Buchenwald and Dachau.

When I tired of their stories, I would go to the harbor to seek a ship, although this soon became an obvious waste of time, or to the market places to trade cigarettes for money. Sometimes I bought gifts for Erika and her parents. Their house was in a nearby middle-class section of Hamburg, and usually I would walk there, starting in late afternoon and stopping occasionally to talk with other strangers about their work, or about their ideas for the future. Everybody had a story to tell and wanted a listener.

Sometimes I would see soldiers coming home for the first time since the war, walking with the slow, steady pace of men who had traveled day after day. On one occasion I saw a returning soldier reunited with his wife and two sons. I watched them, the man and woman weeping and hugging each other on the front stoop of their house, while the boys stood back and watched fearfully, not sure about this strange man who was clutching at their mother.

Another time I talked with a soldier who had gone to his old family house, only to find it demolished. The neighbors had given him the new address of his family, and he had gone there, only to be sent on again and again. Now he had come to his fifth address, and still had to go on to another one.

I would spend much time on these walks watching the work of rebuilding. There were few machines, so most of the work had to be done by hand. Fre-

quently Erika and I would go down to a corner in her neighborhood and help a man and his wife who were clearing their property. On many a hot summer afternoon we worked with him, breaking the clinging bits of mortar from the brick before stacking them, and throwing into a pile the broken beams and splintered boards, saving the others. Later we helped lay a foundation for their new house.

"Soon they will move in and start a family," Erika told me, speaking wistfully. "The war never stops love for long, Eddy."

Most often she joked as the work was done, and never did she permit anybody to talk about the shortage of building materials, the coming of cold weather, or any other deterrent.

I spent much of my day watching Germany start to rebuild, but in late evening, when I returned to the Polish camp, I would hear the groaning insults to my country and her efforts. I would lie awake listening, asking myself what my father would think if he found me living as a Pole and accepting silently such opinions. No doubt he would order me out into the streets, even without papers, to take my chances with the police and find food where I could.

Yet I much preferred the camp to creeping through the countryside, begging or stealing; and I would have stayed there until Germany had healed her broken parts if it had not been for Erika's father and his farm.

The farm was in a community near Hamburg and consisted at this time of acreage only, which he customarily rented out. He suggested that I might like farm life as much as Erika did, and that I might settle down in the farm town in which he had grown up.

"EDDY, the ships are guarded against stowaways," he told me, "so tell me what you think about farming, Eddy?" He watched me eagerly, as did Erika, waiting for the slightest flicker of interest. "Have you thought about having a farm where you could be the master?" he asked. "Listen, I was born on a farm. It is better than the city. Farmers see the planes go over, but there are no bombs. The cities fight the wars, not the farms; and the cities start the wars, also. On a farm every man has his own land and means of support; it is between him and God, not between man and man, or between countries, either. Go to the country. You will see."

He studied me for a while, waiting for an answer. Erika glanced at me, then away, as if afraid to look at me directly.

When finally I told him I would visit his town, he beamed happily. "Yes, you go to the country, Eddy," he said.

That night, walking back to the Polish camp, I thought that Erika had seemed confused, and I wondered if perhaps she and her father had planned my future. Certainly I could not complain, even if it were so, for I could hardly do better at any time, much less in a time of danger and loneliness, unless I could go to Linda and my home city. But Lvov was behind the Russian wall. If Linda was not there, then she too was lost among the throngs of refugees.

The next morning I sold my day's food ticket to a Pole and waited in line at the office of the Polish camp for a travel permit. Then I bought train passage to the farm village. As we left Hamburg, the train moved slowly down lines of piled-up rubble, past windowless buildings, the strewn wreckage of

factories and houses. But when the country came into view, the land, even in autumn, was full of promise. There was hardly a sign that the war had been fought. Here the seasons would always come, I thought, crops would be planted in spring to be harvested later, and young would be born to the animals.

As the train rolled along, picking up speed now, I allowed the idea of the land to settle on me. Although I had never farmed, I knew it would not be more difficult than working with motors; and now with my past shattered, as the city was shattered, I wanted a quiet life.

I left the train at the small home village of Erika's father and strolled down the street to find the burgomaster. I was whistling happily, contentedly noticing the solid workmanship evident everywhere in the houses and barns, the sturdy gates and fences. I walked half a block before realizing that the town was deserted. The only sound was of a cow



Photostat of the paper Hukov carries which — today — permits him to live in Thailand. His stay is "temporary."

mooring, as if in pain.

I waited for a long while, but nobody put in an appearance. I took courage and shouted out.

A muffled voice answered from far away. A moment later about 10 men came out of the farmyard gate of the last house on the left.

"I'm glad to see you," I called to them. "I thought this was a ghost town."

The men laughed, but nobody said anything.

"Where is the burgomaster?" I shouted.

One man staggered a few steps toward me, moving drunkenly. "In this village there is no burgomaster. We're the masters here. We threw all the Germans out, the same as they did to us in Poland. Now is the time to pay it back."

"Good," I said. "I am Polish, too. You are doing fine work here." I backed off, then hurried away, ignoring their invitations to come and drink with them.

In a nearby town the displaced German villagers eagerly told me how the Poles had arrived the day before, waving rifles and even a *panzerfaust*, its bazooka-type shell in place. They ordered the

German citizens into the street, where they insulted the men, almost all of whom were old or crippled, and humiliated the women before their children.

Then the villagers were ordered away. They left at once, thankful to escape with their lives.

But now their cowardly action puzzled them. They were as irritated by that as by thoughts of the Poles. Also the stock needed to be tended, the cows milked, and as the day lengthened, the farmers grew increasingly annoyed.

"Something must be done," an old man, perhaps 80, said. "We must recapture the town."

"Yes," another said, and others joined in. Soon everybody was encouraging everybody else to take part, and asking their hosts in this neighboring village to take part, too. Enthusiasm mounted, so that by midafternoon weapons were brought from the houses. Men and women armed themselves with anything at hand—a shotgun, a shovel, a club. A single-barreled shotgun was offered me, and I noticed that several people were watching to see what I would do. I took the gun, examined it, wondering if it would be wise to take part. At last I decided to go with them.

But I had many fears. I knew that the Poles were not only fanatical in their hatred, but also heavily armed; and the thought of what might happen should a drunken Pole fire the *panzerfaust* shook my confidence in the venture. There was, however, no discouraging either the men or the women. The women were particularly anxious to begin the march, and even the cautious suggestion which I made, that perhaps we should wait until dark and take the Poles by surprise, brought the answer that the attack must begin right away if they were to hope to have supper in their own kitchens that night.

Only a handful of the older women lagged behind with the children. The rest of us marched the three kilometers in under an hour and entered the town in full strength.

Down at the far end of the street, a drunken Pole, who had been dousing his head in a horse's trough, let out a startled roar. Without losing a step we bore down on him. He backed away and roared again.

From a window another Pole ordered us to halt. We came on, the women's faces stern and determined, as if chiseled from stone. The chickens were cackling as they ran here and there across the road, and several dogs began to bay. The cows mooed louder than before.

DRUNKEN Poles poured out of the houses, advanced on us, firing pistols into the air and waving their dangerous *panzerfaust*. But the women did not hesitate, nor did many of the old men. The two armies approached one another. My shotgun was loaded, but I could not bring myself to fire.

The armies met, and I was in the midst of it. I used the gun as a club, driving the stock against the head and shoulders of the Poles. Two men went down before me, both immediately falling victim to the women's trampling feet. The other six Poles were finding spades and clubs poked at them wherever they turned. One Pole, seeing the fight was turning against his side, yanked the safety pin from the *panzerfaust*; but a large woman struck the side of his head with a frying pan.

I started to laugh and took a swing at him because he still had the *panzerfaust*, but I was laughing so hard I missed him.

THE SURVIVOR

continued

Then a farm woman crowned him with a shovel and that made him drop the weapon. An old man scooped it up, hobbled with it to the creek, and dropped it in.

At once, the Poles began their retreat, nursing their bruises and wounds.

That night the farm women were so pleased with the performance that they outdid themselves in making bread and cake, cooking beef and pork, opening cans of pears and turning out lumps of butter from the churns. Wine came up from the cellars and whisky from the cabinets. A record player was placed in an open window, and we danced in a courtyard. Soon fiddles were brought out; the music rose. It was well after 1:00 A.M. when the town decided it would settle for the day.

My help in the battle placed me in high standing with the community, and although I now realized farm villages had their parts to play in wars, as well as cities, I began to think Erika's father had been right about this town being a good place for me.

So I went back to Hamburg considering the many good, safe years I might spend on the farm and wondering if God, after all, were not trying to give me a special blessing. Now, with Erika, I might have a home again.

I entered the Polish camp with these happy thoughts, but instantly they were shattered. No sooner was I inside the gate than I came face to face with two of the Poles who had fought in the farm village. I went on, trying to act as if I had not seen them.

I left the camp quickly and took a taxi to Erika's house, all the while wondering what I should do. Now it was likely that I would be recognized as a German, and if the Poles found out further that I had a scar on my left arm, my punishment most certainly would be death or transfer to the Russians, since I was from Poland.

I glanced out the rear window of the taxi to see if they were following. The street was empty. I knew, however, they could find Erika's address from my visiting permits or from two letters in my footlocker; but it was unlikely they would move against me until I returned to the camp.

ERIKA embraced me warmly. Then she and her mother took leftovers from the icebox and spread a meal for me. They and the papa sat down at the round dining-room table to watch me eat and hear the story of my visit to the farm town. The old man took delight in the story. Often he would slap his open palm on the table top, so that the china rattled in the safe, and bellow out his laughter. "That's my town, all right," he would cry.

I had to repeat the story in full before the mother finally managed to lead him upstairs, and Erika and I were left alone.

"Come along," she said abruptly, rising and holding out her hand to me. She led me into the living room and there lit a fire in the grate. Sitting down on the rug in front of it, she drew me down beside her. "You made the visit to Papa's town seem very light and funny, Eddy, but I could tell you were worried about something. What is it?"

I smiled at her. "You know me very well, don't you? Actually I was wondering what would happen if the Poles found out I was in the SS."

"Ah, don't worry about those impossibilities," she said. "Never would she permit anybody to worry about anything, if she could help it."

I smiled at her, wondering for a moment if she had any idea of the cruel notions in the minds of the Poles and what might happen to me.

"Eddy," she said, "dear Eddy, what's the matter? Are you at the end of a rope?"

"No, dear. I don't feel a noose yet."

"And you won't. You know why? You are too strong and quick. You will escape everything, I know. In all this world you could escape everything."

I laughed and slipped an arm around her waist.

"But, Eddy, if you ever do feel the end of the rope, will you come to me?"

"Yes, dear," I said. "But if you were wise you would leave me alone. I don't know what will become of me, but there can't be much good in it for anyone as gentle as you."

"You are gentle, too."

"Ah, I hardly know what you mean."

She smiled wistfully. "Eddy, stay here tonight. Stay with me, will you? Don't go back to camp tonight."

"If you like," I kissed her. As I did, her hand closed on the back of my neck. I felt her move as she pushed off one shoe and then the other. One foot touched my leg. "Erika," I said, "I will stay with you . . ."

She chuckled deep inside her throat. "I'm glad for love," she said. "I don't think I could stand thinking about war another minute."

I ran my hand gently along the curve of her back. "One minute, dear," I said, "and each of us will forget everything except each other."

NEXT morning the mother gave me breakfast. With a wink, the father said I was welcome to remain in their house for a time, and I thanked him for that but told him it was important for me to return to the Polish camp, in order not to lose my papers.

I ate the fried eggs the mother had fixed and the biscuits with jam that she and Erika had made. I was still talking with Erika an hour later, long after the father had gone to work and the mother had left the kitchen, when there came a sharp knock on the front door. Since Erika was washing the dishes, I started for the door, but through the glass I saw one of the two Poles standing there.

I stepped back quickly, returning to the kitchen, my mind reeling with half-formed thoughts. Other knocks sounded from the door.

"Who is it, Eddy? Did you go to the front door."

"No, I . . ." I was so confused I could not think. Suddenly I pulled her close to me and whispered, "Listen, go to the door, and no matter what the man asks, don't tell him I've been here."

"But . . ."

"Hurry."

She ran from the kitchen and through the dining room. I heard the front door latch turn and the door open. "Did you want something?" she called, as if the man had left the door and was walking away.

I could not hear the answer, but after a moment Erika said, "Well, I have not seen him and care nothing for your threats!" She slammed the door and came back into the kitchen, deeply troubled.

"You're a good girl, you know that?" I said, kissing her and trying to act unafraid.

"Eddy, there were two of them, both

strong men. I think they would be willing to kill you."

"Yes, that may be." I pushed her aside and started to leave.

"No, don't go, please," she said, "not if those two are in your camp."

"Don't worry, dear," I said. "Only at night does a Polish game get dangerous."

I went out the back door and ran down the lane of back yards to a main street, where I caught a ride on a truck that was going uptown. A few minutes later I was at the gate of the Polish camp, debating whether to go in or not. In spite of my doubts and fears, I finally decided it would be better to try to bluff my way through, for if I left the camp I would be a fugitive again.

I sauntered into the barracks area, trying to act as if I hadn't a care in the world. Some of the Poles, who were lounging about in the sun, nodded. I nodded back. Neither the Poles nor the English guards said anything to me.

INSIDE the barracks I went to my bunk and got my razor and towel, whistling a Polish tune all the while. Everything was well thus far. When I turned to go to the shower room, however, I found eight men standing in front of me, blocking the aisle.

"Well," I said, "what can I do for you?"

Not one of them spoke. It was as if nobody wanted to be the leader.

I took out a pack of cigarettes and lit one. "Anybody want a smoke?" Still no one said anything. I stuck the pack back in my pocket.

"Hukov, where are you from in Poland?" asked a man with big shoulders.

"Lvov."

"What are the names of the main streets in that city?"

I stared at him, as if amazed by his question. "Why would anybody care for names of streets?"

The man's expression did not waver. "Don't you know the names of the streets?"

I nodded emphatically. "But first I want a reason."

Another Pole ran his hands down in his pockets, wiping his palms as if he had sweat on them. "We want to be sure Lvov is your home town; that's the reason."

"Why would I lie?" I asked, puffing at my cigarette. "And if I were to name a hundred streets in Lvov, which one of you would know if I were telling the truth?"

Once more they looked uncomfortably at one another. The oldest among them, who was about 50, suddenly jerked his head at a young fellow. "Go find somebody who knows Lvov," he said.

The young man ran off, happy that he had an important assignment; and the Poles whispered among themselves about whether to wait or proceed.

"Who are these men who accuse me of not being from Lvov?" I asked.

"There are two men who say you injured their friend," the oldest Pole said. "Their friend has a broken shoulder blade and will have to have medical treatment for many months. They blame all of this on you."

"It was a battle in a farm village," another Pole added, "They say you led the Germans against them."

"What village?" I said angrily. "What Germans? I've been here in Hamburg."

"Not in this camp you haven't. Not yesterday."

"I was living with a girl yesterday."

"Which girl? What's her name?"

I hesitated, then shook my head slowly. "After what I've just told you about her character, I can't tell you her name."

The men glared at me. "Don't joke

with us, Hukov," the oldest one said.

"No," I answered. "I am not joking, believe me."

A lanky Pole spat on the floor to show his irritation with the way the questioning was going. Then suddenly the two Poles who had been looking for me at Erika's house came through the door. They saw me at once, and both of them let out a bellow. "That's him! God, God, God!" one of them screamed, almost stuttering. "You damned bastard, you come to this Polish camp!"

"God damned Gestapo German," the other man said wildly.

Instantly I charged the two men, and they fell back, stumbling and falling over each other trying to get away from me. I realized then that they were cowards, and so were more dangerous than ordinary men.

When they had retreated a fair distance from the rest of the group, I went back to my bunk and snatched my towel and razor again. I turned to leave, but once more the men closed in at the aisle. They had the same cold, stony faces.

"Hukov," said the one with the big shoulders, "at what slave camp did you work for the Germans?"

"One near Frankfurt," I answered evasively.

"And the name of it?"

I knew the name of a slave camp in that area and was trying to recall it when the lad who had been sent as a messenger brought in an old man from Lvov.

"Here we'll get the truth," he shouted. "We'll prove he is not from Poland."

"Yes," one of my two accusers said, approaching the group with confidence, "and also, if you'll look on his arm, you'll find he had been tattooed with a German SS blood mark."

One of the calmer Poles said, "Let's get this done in order. First the matter of his birth."

The old fellow from Lvov tilted up on his toes, peering at me as if trying to identify me. "I don't remember you," he said.

"It's a large city," I answered.

"Just the same," he said. "I would have seen you. I never forget anyone, even though I am an old man." He stared at me a moment longer, then he began questioning me, asking for names of churches and streets, of squares and factories. I answered everything correctly, which seemed only to irritate him and make him more demanding.

"Well, that market is well known throughout Europe," he would say. "It proves nothing that you know its name. But tell me this, if you are truly from Lvov, what are the names of the four principal streets that serve that market?"

"No, old man," I said, exasperated, "you name me those four streets, and I'll see whether you know Lvov or are fooling these honest men."

THE old fellow laughed at my challenge, but seeing I was serious, he became frightened at once. He had bragged about his memory, but now was afraid to put it to the test.

"What are those four streets, old man?"

He glanced about, uttering wild profanities and seeking support from the group.

"Well this is strange," I said to them.

"Here you have put me on trial, but I know more than the judge. All of you know I am Polish and that a German could never come into a Polish camp and live without detection."

A low murmur of agreement went through the group. Taking quick advantage of it, I pushed my way through, and

this time not a person tried to stop me. But even as I stepped through the door of the barracks, I could feel their eyes on me, staring at my back. I knew they were not done with their questioning, and that my hope of staying in that camp was in vain, after all.

Once outside the gate, I wandered about the streets, trying to think of some solution to my problems. I wanted a safe life where I could work and love and rear a family, but now that future seemed to be fading from me.

And around me was the corpse of Germany, divided among her captors. Much of her land and millions of her people had been annexed permanently to Russia and Poland, and one-quarter of the remaining land and 16,000,000 Germans, under Russian rule, lived in terror. The Russians shipped the young men to Russia to work as slaves in the mines and factories, while they packed women and old people into trains and sent them to the west, to be dumped as refuse.

EVEN in sections ruled by England, France, and America, factories were sacked. All foreign possessions had been taken, all money was in foreign hands. The captors said Germany would never rise, her people would not know a high standard of living again. Even now her people were hungry, and it was a hunger of the body and the spirit. General Hildebrandt, himself, whom I had served, was in prison. On the Eastern Front, he had sometimes talked with me about the war and how it was going. Whenever he saw me, he called me "son." Now he was in prison, perhaps to serve the rest of his life there. All the leaders were gone, and the cause was lost.

In a dark corner of a tavern, I thought about this, and I tried to figure out what I should do. If I went back to the Polish camp, the Poles might know before many nights that I had been in the SS. If I went to Erika's house, they would find me and perhaps would take out their revenge on her and her family, as well. If I tried to hide in the farm village, I would be found.

And if I tried to make my way to Hamburg or some other part of Germany, I might be picked up without papers and turned over to the Poles and Russians.

I drank a bottle of wine. I started another one and was half through it when a huge fellow, clutching an overcoat around him as if he were chilly, came in, peering about in the dark place. He approached my table and sat down.

"I'm looking for boys who are in trouble," he said, smiling; but the smile seemed to be out of place on his rough face. "You want a job?"

"Yes."

"Can you fight? I mean, are you a real fighter? I pay tough boys only."

"What's the job?"

He picked up a scrap of paper from the litter on the floor and wrote out an address. "Come to this house," he said, rising, "and bring this note. It's a two-story brick house."

"Yes, but what is the job?"

Without another word he turned and went out.

I tossed the paper to the floor and got up, stretched some of the drunkenness out of my body and made my way out into the bright street. Then I went to the harbor, about a four-kilometer walk. There I asked several men how I could stow away on a ship.

"No way," they said.

"But listen, I don't care what ship or where it's going. I just have to get out of Hamburg for a while."

"We know," one of them, an unshaven man, said. "That's our purpose, too; but there are no ships you can get on. I've tried four times to get on ships, but now I've given it up."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

He shrugged. "Crime is all that's open right now."

I thanked them and went back into town. I walked around the streets for a long time, going in one shop after another seeking a job; but nobody had work. Few shops even had merchandise.

Finally I returned to the Polish camp. I stayed there for a while longer, but every day and night brought terror to me. When I could not stand it any longer, I took my cigarettes and razor, a bar of soap, and a towel from my footlocker. Knowing I had little time, I wrote a message as quickly as I could.

Dear Erika,

I am marked for death if I stay here, for I am wanted by everybody. The Poles, English, French, Russians, Americans, all want SS men. Now I can feel the end of the rope, but I will not come to your house. I will only bring bad things to those around me. I am marked by God Himself, I think, and I don't know yet how I can escape His punishment.

I must leave this camp and I will have no papers, but do not worry too much about me, for I have been in tight places before, and even now have a solution in mind.

Dear Erika, I love you, and in my love for you I hold for you all kind thoughts.

EDDY

I addressed an envelope, put the letter in it, and left the barracks at once. Outside several Poles were waiting for me, watching me with deep, vacant eyes.

I walked to the post office and mailed the letter. Then I went to the café where I had the wine. I told the waiter of my experience, of the note the stranger had given me, and asked if he knew how I could find that man again.

"I don't know," he said, "but I have a note, too. You can have mine." He took it from his pocket and handed it to me.

"Well—what is this address, do you know?"

"Yes, of course," he said. "It's the French Foreign Legion."

Hukov joined the Legion, was sent to North Africa, where he received the *Croix de guerre*. Later, after distinguishing himself in Indochina, he fled the Legion and went to Bangkok, where he now spends his time in and out of detention camps and holding a number of unsavory jobs. Today, he lives for only one thing, his hope for a passport to the Western world.—Ed.

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Beaut from Montana

(continued from page 25)

of \$25,000 instead of a monthly alimony. Being no fool, Stetson signed for the settlement.

Sally decided she wasn't going to be bothered with husbands any more. As "fronts" they had cost her too much money. Henceforth, she said, she'd live with her men till she tired of them, and then, like a Henrietta the Eighth, toss them aside. Her mother, who had old-fashioned ideas, said that would be her undoing.

"I'll be damned," cried Sally, "if I'll be trapped into marriage any more."

When pressed about "consequences" she replied, "I've had five, and the little bastards can become bank presidents for all I care. I'm through with marrying with an eye to "consequences."

When her mother suggested that might be all right for sons, but daughters need society's protection, Sally glared.

It was really a sore spot with her. Though she was feminine to a fault, it burned her ego to cinders that she could not produce a daughter. The one she claimed as her own was a phony. It was really her maid's. They had gone abroad together, entered a Swiss *clinique*, Sally registering as the maid and the maid as Mme. Sally Alden, and when the baby was born it was officially registered as: *Saline, fille de Mme. Sally Alden de Butte, Montana; père inconnu*. Daughter of Mrs. Sally Alden, father unknown! What malarkey! All hokey, even protected by the official records of a friendly republic.

That, in brief, was Sally's real career up to the time she arrived in Paris to divorce Stetson Handler, America's best-kept gigolo, as the newspaper boys privately called him. Then she learned about Lady Mary Fitton, one of Queen Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting, the harlot poor Shakespeare fell for. Somebody talked her into making a picture around the black-eyed "lady" of Shakespeare's sonnets, while waiting for her divorce, and she leaped at the chance. I don't know why. Just to show off her French, probably.

But that was the thing that licked her at last. She brought over a skeleton crew from Hollywood to Joinville, just outside of Paris, and hired some Frenchmen.

AMONG these French workers was Henri Dupont. He'd have been a Marquis if the Second Empire had survived, and he actually did so title himself, though France had been a Republic for years before he was born. His name, oddly, was Dupont, though in France that has become a gag name like Jones in America.

Fortunately Sally didn't know that. She didn't even know he was a Marquis. In fact she didn't know anything about him until she walked on the set and saw him moving a sort of black screen they use in studios further away from the camera on orders of the cameraman (one of her discarded lovers, incidentally).

"Who's he?" she asked the cameraman.

"Just one of the prop men."

"Make him take my make-up kit to my dressing-room after we knock off for the morning, will you?"

The cameraman saw immediately what was going to happen to Dupont, and though he was an old hand in the picture business and pretty cynical about virtue and all that, something came over him. He decided he had to protect this youth.

When they had finished shooting the scene and the general chaos of moving the troupe outdoors for an exterior shot, he told Dupont what he was in for.

"But don't let her do it," he said.

"Fight her off. Use every device you can think of and in the end if she has to marry you to get you she'll do it. Whatever you do, don't go in her dressing-room. Knock, leave her kit at the door, and scam! That's your only hope. If she gets you as quickly as she wants you, she'll throw you aside like a worn-out glove. I know!"

Dupont turned white when he learned the plight he was in, but he had a Frenchman's instinct for self-preservation, and for making money too. For days he played with her and kept slipping in and out of situations that would have hooked even a cabinet minister.

It was his cunning against hers, and hers was fortified by a thousand conquests. She was quick enough to see that she could have had him if she proposed marriage, but she was determined not to marry again, and she didn't see why a Frenchman, of all persons, should be so fussy. Wasn't France the "home," if you could call it that, of the *mésalliance*? Why did this kid have to flaunt such an established tradition? If she were willing to take up the manners of his country, there was no reason for his going early New England. She said as much to the cameraman, but he only shrugged his shoulders. He had been through all that with her.

Oddly, the thing that finally hooked her was a cock-and-bull story the cameraman told Dupont to pass on to her when the occasion arose. The third day on the set she got her first chance to talk to Henri while they were waiting for lights.

"WERE you born in Paris, Hank?" she asked familiarly, and with an innocence born of cunning.

"Yes," he said briefly.

"Are you the only child?"

"I have five sisters," he said.

That was his cue. The cameraman had told him to say that, and it worked like a charm.

"That's a lot of girls," said Sally.

"Yes, *alors*, girls run in our family."

She wanted him now more than ever. That subterfuge by which she got her other daughter may have fooled the world, but in her heart it didn't fool her. If this youth, besides being handsome and of good family, could produce a daughter, that would round out her life in the way she wanted it rounded out. And if she couldn't get the guy any other way than by marrying him, well, one more didn't make much difference in her life, she decided. She could get divorced in a couple of months if she tired of him.

She told her mother she was marrying again — "a 'Marquee' this time."

"My God," cried her mother, "not one of those things they hang outside theatres!"

"No, no — a sort of count," explained Sally.

"Oh," said the mother.

"I can get a divorce in a couple of months if I tire of him."

But she didn't know France as well as she knew men, for France is the easiest country to get a divorce in and the hardest to get married in, and before she was through she realized that anybody who got married there meant it.

"I can understand now," she said, "why all those artists on the Left Bank live in sin. They haven't the time or money to go through with this ceremony."

She had to get affidavits from the Consul General of the United States, documents from lawyers which the Consul endorsed, certificates of residence from the Chief of Police of Paris, and the manager of the hotel where she stayed and so on. Document on document piled up and even then she was only on first base.

"You now have to stay in the hotel for 30 days," the Chief of the Bureau of Vital

Statistics told her, "and then we will have to publish the banns, and after that you can get married."

"How long will that take?" she asked.

"Forty days, Madame."

"Forty days?"

He assured her politely it would take that long.

"UNLESS," he added with a pause,

"you get a letter from the Procurer of the Republic waiving the banns, which are not compulsory in your country. As you are a foreigner he might do that for you, but as your *fiancé* is French, I doubt it."

"Who is this Procurer of the Republic? Does he get Folies Bergère girls for cabinet members?"

The Chief of the Bureau of Vital Statistics was visibly shocked. "No, Madame, he is an officer of the Republic — and a very important one."

"Would 5,000 francs make him forget that 10-day clause?"

The Chief shrugged his shoulders. Since the Stavisky case all of them were wary of bribes.

"You might try, Madame."

But even in this she was unsuccessful and in the end had to wait 40 days after Dupont said "Yes" before she could officially cash in on his acquiescence.

What torture she went through during that time even one of the old Amazons never equaled.

She tried to get Dupont to go off on trips, but his mother always went along and spoiled that.

"How do you know we'll be suited for each other?" she once argued with him. "On principle I never marry a man I haven't slept with before marriage."

"I'm sorry, Sally," he said softly, "but I have my principles, too."

"You're the strangest man I ever met," she said, frustrated, annoyed, but still determined to get him.

In the end she did, of course, but not until they were on their honeymoon, and by then all the fight had been taken out of her and she was a licked woman. To all outward appearances they were a happily married couple, but knowing Sally as you do now, you know that by being brought from the open range of life into its harness room she had been defeated.

There was an ironic chuckle in the subdued laughter of her ex-husbands, her ex-lovers and even those who only satisfied her for one night, but to those of us who believe that motherhood is woman's highest purpose in life it would have been a shame if Sally hadn't got her legitimate daughter.

I don't know if even Sally could have had a greater thrill than I did when the news came from the Montpelier Mountain Lying Inn that an eight-pound daughter had been born to the Marquis Henri Dupont, and that father and child were doing well, too.

The hospital was proud evidently, the Chief Obstetrician saying, "We wanted to keep our record clear. After all, we never lost a father yet."

"What will you call the baby?" the Bureau of Vital Statistics wanted to know.

"The Beaut of Montana," said Sally.

"*C'est un joli nom*," the chief said.

"A nice name! You're telling me!" Sally laughed, pulling him into her bed.

The man wriggled himself free. "*Quelle dame!*" What a lady! he cried. "In labor pains, even!"

But it really was her last try. After that she settled down in a château on the Riviera, curbed her roving eye and soon that look of lust disappeared altogether.

I violate no confidence when I say, once that happened she and Henri and the Little Beaut from Montana lived happily ever after. ▲

Trapped

(continued from page 41)

tear with their teeth, they are such formidable antagonists that even leopards fear them. Generally, baboons give way before men — although they do so defiantly and with reluctance.

Degani stared again at the semicircle of baboons. While his head had been beneath the hood, they had approached still closer. He'd seen troops of baboons many times during his trips about the country. He'd shot at them and killed one or two. But baboons are tough to kill and wounded ones are almost impossible to recover; their unwounded companions return to help them escape. Baboons with bullet holes through their stomachs have been seen to stuff grass into the wound to keep their insides from falling out.

In the wild state, Hamadryas are perhaps the largest and strongest of the baboons, more fearsome even than the Chacma. There are tales told in Eritrea of hunters and farmers who had shot at baboons and had the animals turn and come at them in vengeful, determined mass charges. One or two men were reported to have been killed by Hamadryas, although Degani, of his own experience, did not know of such a happening.

Instead of concentrating on his repair job, Degani thought of such things. When he had his head under the hood it was as if he could feel the baboons coming down closer and closer. But when he jerked his head out to look, they seemed in about the same position as a few moments before.

Even without the menace of the baboons it was a fearsome place in which to be stuck. The thin, man-made scar which was the road zigzagged down the precipitous, cactus-studded side of the mountain in short, uneven lengths. Where each straight length ended abruptly, as if about to shoot off the cliff, the road curled back upon itself like a gigantic serpent slithering its way upward, or downward, to join with the next straight segment.

The "ladder," as such mountain climbing zigzags are called, was just one of many built by Italian engineers so that military transports could traverse the craggy mountains in Eritrea and Ethiopia. On every side, rocky, debris-strewn peaks, ancient volcanic cones and thin, nasty ridges of solid stone towered as high as 13,000 feet toward the sky.

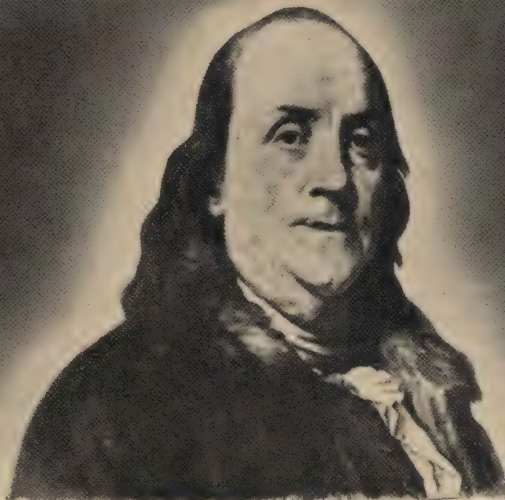
It was a land of high, whistling winds, cold, damp mists and burning heat.

Coming from the plateau country behind the mountains, trucks plunged over the edge of the escarpment, their drivers guiding them down through masses of dead white, billowing cumulus clouds. The moisture in the clouds wet the windshields so that wipers had to be switched on. Without them to clear the glass, drivers could all too easily miss a hairpin turn and drive over the edge to hurtle to the narrow ravines 1,000, 2,000 feet below.

THE sun sank behind the top of the escarpment and shadows were beginning to clothe the side of the mountain in deep purples and violets. Degani knew that he had little time left during which he could see to work. If he couldn't get the Diesel started he would have to curl up in the cab for the night. He'd done this before, and in anticipation he always carried a blanket, water and a few tins of food. Except for the baboons, the prospect didn't worry him. With a whole day of sunshine in which to work he was sure he could complete his repairs tomorrow.

That is, if the baboons would let him.

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He knew that particular troop of Hamadryas was notorious for their belligerence. There were nearly a hundred of them, powerful, agile males with canine teeth longer and more destructive than those of leopards, females less spectacular because they had no manes but fierce in defense of the young which they carried, or which accompanied the troop.

The side of the mountain up which the ladder had been cut and blasted had been the special domain of that troop of baboons for generations. In spite of the fact that men shot at them at every opportunity, chased them with cars when they caught them on the road and generally made their lives as miserable as possible, the baboons would not leave. As years passed they became fiercer, more cunning and harder to frighten away.

Degani looked out from the hood to see a huge male baboon stroll insolently across the road, 30 yards distant. Without stopping to think, he straightened up, yanked the Beretta from his belt and fired. He saw the bullet hit the road several feet to his side of the baboon, heard the lethal whine as it ricocheted off the rocks.

Instantly, a terrifying series of barks and screams burst from the cliffside. The Hamadryas at which Degani had fired leaped into the air and, grunting furiously, scuttled over the edge of the road. Stones and pebbles showered down from above, peppering the truck and bouncing with metallic clangs off the hood. Degani dodged behind the body of the truck, then peered around to see the troop racing backwards and forwards among the rocks above and coming down closer and closer, shrieking in their excitement and anger.

One male, fiercer than the others, leaped from crag to crag down the cliff, barking defiance and showing its great teeth. It came to within 20 yards and Degani almost fired again but thought better of it and stood, his neck cold with fear at the savage uproar and sweat popping in the palms of his hands. After a few minutes the pandemonium stopped. Looking around and over the cab Degani saw that the baboons were much closer than before. Several sat watching with their small, malignant eyes, less than 40 yards away.

Hearing a sudden noise behind him, Degani whirled. He saw three baboons scamper across the road and disappear over the side. Counting the one at which he had fired, there were at least four animals on that side. It increased his nervousness to feel that he was surrounded. Although he couldn't see the baboons below the road he could hear them as they grunted and chattered to their companions above.

Degani thrust the Beretta into his belt and, forcing himself, stepped from behind the truck and approached the engine. At the sight of him, the baboons burst into another uproar. Then, as Degani stuck his head under the hood, a stone rolled down the cliff and landed with a bang on the hood. The noise nearly deafened Degani and the suddenness of the sound caused him to jerk his head up, smashing it against the hood. For a few seconds all that he could see was a shower of stars. The sharp blow made his head ache.

HE swore loudly, and standing beside the engine, shouted and shook his fist at the baboons, who chattered back at him and dislodged more pebbles so that a veritable cascade came tumbling down the cliff.

Whipping themselves into frenzies of anger at the truck squatting in their domain, and at the man shouting at them from beside it, the baboons raced across the mountain, leaping from rock to rock,

grunting, barking and uttering piercing shrieks of fury. Those below the road answered and Degani could hear stones crashing downward as the baboons he could not see scurried among the rocks below the edge. Emboldened by their own noise and fury, the baboons descended lower and lower. A skinny, elderly female raced across the rocks less than 10 yards from where Degani stood. He pulled the Beretta from his belt and held it ready in his hand.

The skinny female came leaping back. Degani fired at her and, purely by accident, for he was a lousy shot with a pistol, hit her. As the 6.35 slug tore into her body, the female screamed in agony, flipped and slithered down the cliff. She wasn't dead. The slug had caught her in the hips but she was nearly powerless to move. Landing in the road a few feet in front of the truck, she squirmed and struggled—screaming and screaming.

AMID a shower of small stones, bits of cactus, thorns and dirt, the baboons came down in a horde to try a rescue. Leaping, barking, grunting, screeching their fury, they poured down the cliff. Dozens jumped to the roadbed and galloped clumsily toward the female and the truck. Degani heard several alight on the tarpaulin which covered the load on the truck and, glancing upward, saw them sliding down the sides and staring at him, their manes ruffed out and teeth bared. Alarmed, he fired again and again.

The four baboons which had gone over the edge swarmed back. They came at Degani from the rear as others bounded around the back of the truck. A huge male landed on top of the cab with a dull thump, snarled at Degani, and then leaped to the cliff.

Realizing he couldn't reload his Beretta and that he had only one or two shots left, the truck driver tried to make his way along the fender to the cab to open the door and get inside. A baboon, seeing the man turn his back, raced by on the road and slashed at Degani's legs as it passed. A searing pain ran up his leg and he felt hot blood run down his flesh.

Smelling the blood and sensing that the hated man was retreating, another baboon tore in and, seizing Degani's left leg, almost yanked it out from under him as he fought to get the cab door open. Pulling with all its strength, the Hamadryas ripped off the bottom of Degani's trouser leg and sank its teeth deep, just above the ankle. Degani screamed with the pain and pulled desperately on the door handle.

Another baboon, leaping from the cliff, landed on the cab and slid, clawing at the metal for a foothold, over the edge. It fell on Degani's back as he pulled open the door of the cab. Sliding down his spine, the baboon tore off his shirt, dug its claws rakingly into Degani's back and bit him severely on the upper right arm. Blood spurted from the wounds and the taste and scent of the crimson stream sent the baboons into renewed paroxysms of fury.

Hollering with pain and fear, Degani shook off the baboon and tried to fire downward and backward at it. He nearly shot off part of his foot. But the blast of the gun, so close to them, frightened the baboons for a moment and they held back their attack.

Wrenching open the door, Degani climbed into the cab. His bitten leg nearly gave way under him as he pushed to get his body up onto the high seat, but he made it. The running board was a pool of blood where he had placed his foot.

He hooked the bleeding, injured foot under the steering column and, half lying

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on the seat, reached out and succeeded in pulling the door shut. Outside the baboons jabbered as they ran along the road. Degani could hear them climbing onto the tarpaulin at the back of the cab but, in spite of the fact that there was only half a glass in one door and none in the other, he felt fairly safe. He doubted that the baboons would try to climb into the cab. One passed along the cliff, six feet from the cab, and leered at Degani. He could smell the hot, fetid breath. But the baboon made no attempt to get at him and passed from view.

Degani's problem changed from that of how to escape the baboons to how to stay alive and stop up his wounds so he wouldn't bleed to death.

His shirt hung in ribbons from his belt. The bites on his legs were the worst and most painful. Blood flowed from the deep wounds in a steady trickle. Tearing some pieces of shirt he made a rough bandage and twisted this around his left leg just below the knee. He turned this as tight as he could and saw some of the flow of blood ease. But the leg throbbed unbearably and Degani groaned with the pain as he tore up more shirt for bandages.

Twisting like a contortionist and sitting on the end of his spine, Degani managed to get his feet up onto the dashboard so that they were higher than the rest of his body. The blood flowed less strongly. His back ached like fire where the blunt, dirty claws of the baboon had raked through his flesh. The muscles in the bicep on his arm felt as if red-hot poker were thrust through them, but he had to use his right hand to get the bandages onto his legs and tie them tight.

Sweat stood out on Degani's forehead and trickled down his face, which was contorted beyond recognition by pain and

the concentration of effort. It was only a grim determination to survive that kept him from lapsing into unconsciousness. So intent was he on his efforts to stop the bleeding, he paid no heed to the baboons and noticed neither that the cab was becoming shrouded in darkness nor that the shrieking and grunting of the beasts had ceased.

It is probable that, during the terrible night which followed, Degani did lose consciousness several times. The throbbing pain in his left leg would become unbearable and, a deep moan flowing from his lips, the man would come awake and ease the grip of the tourniquet to allow blood to circulate again into his left leg. The returning flow was almost as painful as the throbbing.

THE sweet, sickly scent of blood mingled with the acrid odor of sweat to fill the cab with a horrible stench. Fever mounted in Degani as the poisoning from the dirty claws and teeth of the baboons began to boil in his blood. He felt a terrible thirst and his tongue protruded from his mouth, but during his conscious moments, he dared not twist and move as he would have to do to reach the bottle of water behind him in a sling above the back of the seat.

Cramped, his bones and muscles in awkward, unaccustomed positions, his entire body ached as if he had been beaten with clubs. His right shoulder and arm had stiffened and he could hardly wiggle the fingers on his hand. He dreamed, or had horrible hallucinations, and cried out wildly.

If he hadn't been tough as nails from years of driving and working heavy trucks, Degani would have been dead when another truck, making an unexpected trip to

Dongollo, creaked slowly around the hairpin turn beyond Degani and stopped to see if help was needed.

The two men in the new truck were aghast when they peered into the cab and found the incoherent, babbling, contorted Degani. Putrefaction was beginning and the cab was rank with a fearful smell. Dried blood was smeared everywhere and Degani's feet, legs, arms, hands and back were black with the dried fluid; and flies crawled all over him.

Hurrying frantically, the two men unloaded packages from their truck. As they worked, the baboons, high on the cliff, barked and shrieked at them but the men paid them no attention. Piling the crates and boxes on the road beside Degani's truck, they cleared a narrow area and formed a pad of blankets and a spare tarpaulin and carefully laid Degani on this. He moaned when he was lifted and his head wobbled horribly from side to side as they moved the injured man.

With one man beside him to pour water over his face, bathe his wrists and wet his mouth, the other climbed into the cab and started down the ladder. He drove as fast as he could but it was impossible to make good time.

The driver didn't stop in the tiny settlement at the foot of the ladder. There was no doctor there. Instead he pushed the truck as fast as he dared along the winding valley road to Embarcado and the doctor attached to the military outpost there.

It was a miracle, many said, that Degani lived. It was months before he could walk without the support of canes, and he was never able to drive a truck again. He eventually got a job as barkeep in the restaurant at the crossroads settlement of Nefasit.

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Train Robbery

(continued from page 36)

christen this train The CSS *Alabama II*. My sailors will serve as her crew if your men won't. And when I'm finished with the locomotive and cars, you're welcome to take them back. Now if you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I'll see about setting sail for Danville."

Semmes dismissed the officials with a wave of his arm and strode off down the tracks.

"I'll bring charges of grand larceny," the paunchy one stormed after him. "I'll have you called up on the carpet before Jeff Davis! You can be a pirate on the high seas, but you'll not get away with stealing one of our trains!"

"Put your backs against these cars and push!" Semmes ordered his men, ignoring the outraged railroaders. "And, hurry! Shove those cars together over there and couple 'em."

Nudging the coaches together by hand proved no more difficult for Semmes' beefy seamen than running 'round the capstan while bringing up the *Alabama's* anchor. Semmes loaded his men aboard and posted guards with orders to shoot. He wasn't going to tolerate any more desertions. Then he hurried across the yard to the switch engine.

"How's that teakettle perking?" Semmes called out to his marine engineers.

"Fine, sir. We think we could build a good head of steam if only we could find some firewood."

"There!" said Semmes, pointing to a picket fence around a shack beyond the roundhouse. "What's wrong with that?"

"That's not firewood, Admiral. At least not the kind we need."

"It'll do until we get to a wood station," Semmes argued. "There must be a dozen of them between here and Danville."

The sailors hurriedly kicked the fence down, smashed the wood into small pieces and, in bucket-brigade fashion, tossed the kindling into the tender. The naval engineers soon built a fire and steam hissed from the boiler. Semmes climbed up into the grimy cab. The engineer shoved the throttle forward and the locomotive inched ahead, creaking and cranking, its wheels squealing their protest against being awakened from their long sleep.

How Semmes figured out the maze of switches in the R&D yards will forever remain one of the war's mysteries. In 30 minutes he managed to push, pull, and coax the grunting locomotive into assembling all the cars into one train.

Semmes' face was caked with soot as he tugged on the whistle cord. Two hoots brought a hundred civilians scurrying across the yards and aboard the already crowded train. Others clawed themselves up onto the roofs of the coaches.

"CAST off!" Semmes told the engineer, "I mean, let's highball!"

The engineer eased the throttle forward. The dinky engine coughed and gasped and a jet of smoke and cinders shot from the grotesque stack. Its bell clanged importantly and steam spewed from the cylinders as the drivers inched the wheels ahead. They spun when the slack ran out and the train threatened to stop, but continued to move slowly forward. A cheer went up from inside the coaches as the *Alabama II* started down the ways of the Richmond & Danville yards and crept west along the

James River bank. The train was barely out of the yards when the engineer gasped.

"Admiral Semmes! Look!"

Semmes leaned out of the cab window. Ahead loomed a slight hill.

"We'll never make it up that grade, Admiral, not with this old goat feeding on busted fence boards for fuel!"

The train slowed.

"Give her all you've got!" Semmes urged.

"I am, sir. I've got the throttle all the way forward now!"

The train clanked to a crawl, then stopped. Black smoke and cinders spewed from her stack and the wheels spun desperately as the engine strained.

"Try sand!"

The engineer tugged at the lever. Sand spurted onto the rails. Still the wheels refused to take hold. Sparks flew.

"Shake those grates!"

The fireman did as Semmes ordered, and the squat locomotive balled, struggled, panted, and screamed. No use.

Semmes looked across the James River at the enormous cloud of charcoal grey smoke hovering over Richmond and wreathing the city's seven hills. The skyline was etched with sheets of flame as black after block of homes was swallowed by the inferno. The Tredegar Iron Works, center of the Confederacy's munitions supply, was aflame and the hubbub from the city was punctured by shattering blasts from bursting shells and boxes of fixed ammunition. The flashes from the explosives streaked through the sky like lightning in a thundercloud.

Off to Semmes' right drifted the blazing hulks of his wooden gunboats and he solemnly watched the flaming finish of the Confederate Navy—ships he, himself, had put the torch to only hours before so Grant could not turn them upon the South. The spouting flames touched off the magazine of one gunboat and the shattering blast threw huge chunks of timbers and bits of iron high into the sky.

SEMMEs studied the center of Richmond through his telescope. Hordes of Union troops were winding through the streets like long blue serpents and converging upon Capitol Square. Flanking them were slender lines of cavalry. Behind, rumbled the horse-drawn Union artillery.

"I'm afraid we're done for, Admiral," said the engineer. "They'll catch us for sure!"

"Why don't we do the next best thing," suggested the fireman. "If we cut the train in two, I'm sure we can get up this hill. Better that some of us get away to continue the war, than none of us."

Semmes allowed as how the fireman had a good point and he would have a hard time justifying his failure to take such action if they all were captured. He looked over toward Richmond again. The artillery had now taken up positions and Semmes wondered why in thunder they weren't firing upon the train. The Yankee cannons were in point-blank range and even the most unskilled artilleryman could wipe out the *Alabama II* at that short distance. Surely they must have spotted them. Could it be that, in their victorious occupation of the Confederate capital, they were blinded to the obvious prize of a trainload of Johnny Rebs?

"Back up! Take up slack! Then give her full throttle!" Semmes ordered. The engineer pulled back the lever. The coaches bumped harshly into each other.

Then the engineer eased the bar forward again. The train jerked, yanking the cars viciously, and stopped after picking up only three feet. Semmes helped the fireman-master's mate and the boat-swain's mate-brakeman pitch more fence wood into the firebox. The crotchety locomotive strained to do its damndest, but the added steam did no good. *Alabama II* was aground before she got out of town, and the 172-mile run to Danville seemed like halfway 'round the world.

Semmes looked at his watch. It was going on nine o'clock. If he didn't do something fast, Sheridan would get to Burkeville before he so much as got out of Richmond.

A sense of desperation and hopelessness gripped everyone aboard the train. Semmes could almost feel the Yankee hangman's noose tightening around his neck. It wasn't that he had committed a single act of piracy, but rather his astonishing degree of success in twisting the Union nose out of joint.

IT'S been said that some Southerners didn't have the foggiest notion of what they were fighting for. Not Semmes. If ever there was a rebel with a cause, it was Semmes. He was always ready to expound the reasons for his hatred of the "money-hungry Northern mercantile interests" and power hungry Federalists who forced, so he argued, the South to fight. Slavery was a secondary issue as far as he was concerned. Consequently, he wasn't one whit sorry to see so many American flag ships go to Davy Jones'.

Semmes had traveled north as a Confederate representative and bought munitions for the South, although the manufacturers themselves knew the arms might be used against their own sons. Afterwards Semmes took a ship, a converted excursion steamer nobody wanted, and sailed it out of New Orleans, past the flustered *USS Brooklyn*, and promptly made prizes of 18 New England merchant ships, most of which he burned to the waterline.

Union cruisers chased Semmes across the Atlantic and, after securely bottling him at Gibraltar, assured alarmed ship-owners that they had heard the last of "Old Beeswax," whose jaunty mustache was a symbol of Semmes' contempt for the Yankee Navy. But Semmes slipped away to London, then back-tracked down to the Azores where he took command of the sleek new *Alabama*, a steam and sailing barkentine.

During the next 22 months Semmes wiped out a fleet of New England whalers, blasted the *USS Hatteras* to the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico in a 13-minute battle, and racked up a whopping total of 87 captured ships, an \$8,000,000 blow to Northern shipping, to say nothing of the loss of prestige suffered by the Union Navy. The North saved partial face when the *USS Kearsarge* finally caught up with Semmes off Cherbourg, France, and pounded the *Alabama* to the bottom. But the Yankees were denied their final pound of flesh when Semmes escaped to Southampton, and was smuggled back to the Confederacy where he took command of the James River fleet guarding Richmond.

Semmes was sitting down to dinner at 4 o'clock Sunday aboard his flagship, the ironclad *Virginia*, anchored in the James, when a messenger arrived from Navy Secretary Steve Mallory's office.

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Two-Eyelet With Cushioned Comfort

ville before Sheridan's cavalry of between 10,000 and 12,000 men cut off retreat. Richmond was to be abandoned and Semmes was to destroy his fleet. "You will then join General Lee in the field with all your forces," Malory ordered.

In short, Semmes, the Confederacy's top seadog, was to become amphibious and turn his sailors into infantrymen.

"I'll do it, too, if ever I can get this confounded train the hell out of here," Semmes raged. The clamor from Richmond grew louder as the sun tried to dissolve the ugly haze over the city. The only thing in Semmes' favor was the fact that the bridges between Richmond and the Manchester section of the city across the James were down. The additional hour it would take the Yankees to bridge the river might give Semmes enough time to escape if he cut his train in half.

"I'll not do it," he finally said, pounding his fist in his hand. "I'll not leave a single one of my men behind!" Semmes leaped down from the cab and bounded across the cinders toward the R&D Repair Shops at the other side of the yards.

"Let's have one last look over here. Maybe we can piece together another engine."

In a gloomy corner of the barn-like building stood a locomotive, a much newer one than the engine Semmes had stolen, designed for high speed passenger service.

"Hey!" shouted the shop superintendent, running toward Semmes, "You can't take that engine! We're saving her..."

"For what?" Semmes interrupted, "Grant's victory train?"

"No, to get out of here ourselves..."

"The Confederate Navy needs her a helluva lot worse than you ever will," Semmes shot back.

"What right have you..."

"I've got a trainload of sailors who say I've got all the right in the world!"

Semmes turned to his engineers. "Get some steam up in her and we'll hook her onto the train."

IN a few minutes steam was pulsating through her highly polished green boiler, banded with shiny copper. Semmes stepped back and admired her four high red-rimmed driving wheels and her small pilot truck. The engine's crowning glory was her huge diamond stack. Semmes climbed up into the red-and-blue trimmed cab and felt the cheery glow of the fire roaring in her box. This, more befitting the style to which a rear admiral is accustomed, seemed as comfortable as the *Alabama's* gleaming quarterdeck.

The locomotive was backed down the track, its huge brass bell clanging impatiently, and softly kissed the coupling of the old switch engine. The links joined and the pin dropped into place. "OK!" shouted Semmes. "Let's get rolling!"

The two engines tugged and the train slowly gathered speed as the Mutt and Jeff locomotives teamed to pull the *Alabama II* out of the Richmond yards. Fearfully, Semmes looked at his watch. Ten o'clock. He had two hours to get past Burkeville ahead of Sheridan, unless the Yankee cavalry had arrived ahead of schedule.

"With two engines doubleheading us out of here we ought to make it to Burkeville in half the time!" Semmes shouted over the pounding exhaust of the locomotive as it tried to smother the screeching protests of the switch engine clanking bravely behind. The train chugged west along the James for sev-

eral miles, then followed the rails and bent southwesterly toward Burkeville, midway to Danville.

"Can't you push her any more?" Semmes shouted.

"No, sir," said the engineer. "Not without pulling a bar, and especially not with this fence wood for fuel."

"There's a fueling station up ahead!" the fireman called out. The engineer put on the brakes and the coaches lurched forward as the train slowed, nearly pitching Semmes against the firebox door. Clearly, the naval engineer at the throttle had a lot to learn before he mastered smooth stops. Semmes himself, was beside his men as they swarmed over the wood pile and heaved chunks of firewood until both tenders were filled.

FIVE minutes later the train was zipping through the Virginia countryside, jet black smoke spewing from the two locomotives and showering the rattling cars behind with sparks and cinders. Telegraph poles flicked past like fence pickets. It was after 11 o'clock and the sun was standing high in the sky, but they hadn't even reached Amelia Court House or Jetersville, and between there and Burkeville lay a long stretch of track.

Semmes yanked the whistle cord as the train swished past way stations. Baffled farmers looked at the grotesque train pulled by the fancy high-stepper and the nondescript bucket of bolts.

"Any more speed in this teakettle?" Semmes called out.

"I don't dare try, sir," shouted the engineer, without pulling his head in the cab window. "I'm pushing her over the limit now. If Sheridan's advance patrols got here first and loosened the rails I'd never stop her. We'd fly a hundred yards before we hit the ditch."

Semmes looked anxiously from the cab for some sign of guerrillas or Yankee cavalry up ahead. He saw a flimsy trestle rushing toward him. Suppose it had been dynamited and set to blow when the *Alabama II* chugged onto the middle of it? The train clattered over the bridge and the hollow clinkety-clack of the spinning wheels echoed in the cab as Semmes braced himself for a splitting boom and a sickening plunge.

But nothing happened.

The *Alabama II* stopped briefly at Amelia Court House, an hour's run from Burkeville, where General Lee had waited for supplies that never came. There was no sign of the bustling activity of a few days earlier, but plenty of Rebel stragglers. Semmes hated to waste time, but he refused to leave any fighting man behind if there was the faintest chance of putting him back in the field again.

In five minutes the train was puffing out of the cluster of buildings after picking up as many Confederate officers and soldiers as it could. Semmes looked back over the swaying cars and wondered how in the name of Jefferson Davis the refugees managed to stay on top of the jiggling coach roofs.

The train paused at Jetersville, half an hour from Burkeville, for more firewood and water. Semmes saw two black-frocked railroad officials hurrying toward the front end of the train.

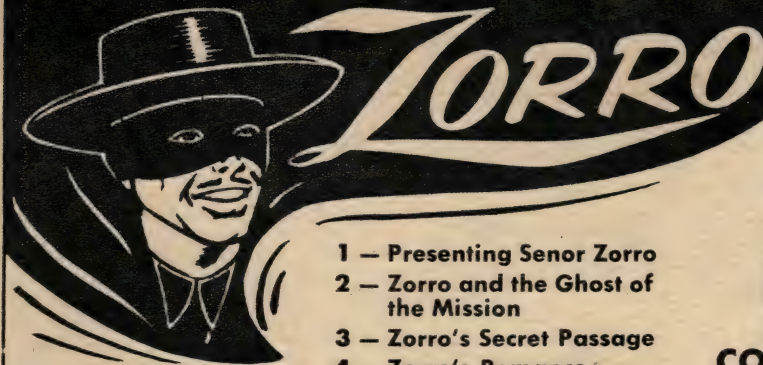
"Looks like word of our cruise has preceded us," said Semmes. "Must be the wires aren't down yet."

The lankier of the two greeted Semmes with a toothy grin.

"We'll be much obliged if you'll give us back our train. We can take you the rest of the way to Danville. You've still got a husky ways to go, you know."

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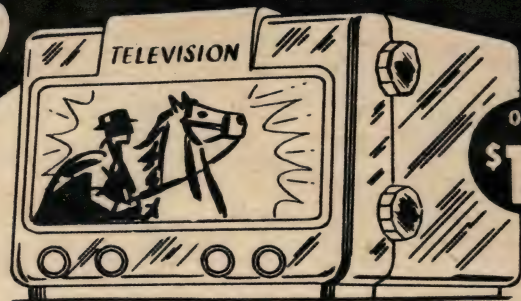
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"We seem to be doing right well for ourselves," Semmes replied. "It couldn't be that you hope to save your skins from Sheridan, could it? If so, you're welcome aboard, but I'll do the navigating."

"That's absurd. You don't know the first thing about railroading. You're a navy . . ."

"I seem to have managed quite well up to now, no thanks to you people."

"You're a robber!" snapped the other with the beady eyes. "You're stealing our locomotives, our cars, and helping yourselves to our wood and our track, everything." He started up into the cab.

Semmes stepped forward, his eyes blazing and his mustache twitching.

"This is my ship! And I'll thank you to get the hell off my quarterdeck, before I throw you off!"

The startled railroader backed down the steps and stood aghast on the ballast as Semmes swept his arm upwards and the train rumbled out of Jetersville. Semmes looked back over the saffron-colored coaches and wondered how a dozen more passengers had managed to get up onto the sloping roofs, and whether the tops of the crackerbox cars would support their added weight. Even the open vestibules were crowded.

Alabama II hurtled down the tracks as it streaked through the open Virginia countryside. Burkeville Junction was only a few miles ahead and Semmes leaned out from the window of the cab to sweep the area ahead with his telescope for some outline of the rail center's buildings. All he saw was the sun shining brightly upon the fields, green with early grass and gay spring flowers.

Farmers paused at their plowing of corn and tobacco fields to gaze at the

weird train with the overflowing load of passengers streaking past them. Even the R&D Dixie Flyer didn't zip as fast as this one did.

"Burkeville Junction ahead," called out the fireman as the sign board flashed past. Semmes swept the countryside with his telescope and then put it down because he didn't need it. A distant cloud of dust, plainly visible to the naked eye, was bearing toward them.

"Sheridan's cavalry!" gasped Semmes. "Give her all you've got!"

"I am, sir," said the engineer, not daring to take his eyes off the winding track ahead. Semmes refused to look, for fear he might see another train coming round the bend toward them, a fear which had haunted him all day.

Burkeville Junction's shacks and shanties and bridges and culverts and switches and crossovers flashed past as the *Alabama II* rocked and clattered through the town. A dumfounded telegrapher looked up at the odd doubleheader train with the crazy admiral hanging half way out of the lead locomotive cab, gun in hand.

"We're running low on wood again, Admiral."

"Can't stop!" Semmes told the fireman, "Sheridan's nipping at our heels."

In a few minutes Burkeville and the Yankee cavalry were a speck far behind the *Alabama II*.

Throughout the day the train hampered along the R&D's main line, pausing only twice to take on water while the seamen tossed as many chunks of firewood as they could into the tenders. The instant the tanks were filled the train highballed off again into the dusk.

Semmes was hardly aware of nightfall as the train hooted through towns and villages, and in a little while its box-like headlight bored into the darkness. The brilliance made the rails glisten. Semmes peered out into the night, hoping the headlight would not silhouette a barricade of broken rails, ties, or tree stumps piled by guerrillas.

"There she be, Admiral!" said the engineer, settling back in his seat.

Semmes looked from the cab window. A few miles ahead twinkled the lights of Danville. The *Alabama II* puffed into the city, its whistle shrieking victoriously and its bell clanging in celebration. Semmes, first off the train, hurried to the temporary headquarters of the Confederate Government. He reported his arrival to Navy Secretary Mallory, but word of the great train robbery of the Civil War had preceded him. President Davis was already fending off angry protests from the R&D's president.

Davis shrugged off the railroad's complaints while Semmes saw to it that his men pitched their hammocks aboard the *Alabama II*, because there was no barracks for them at Danville. Jeff Davis cited Semmes' daring by promoting him to brigadier general and placing him in charge of artillery guarding the city, a singularly empty honor as it turned out.

History well records what a hell-for-leather sea raider Semmes was, but we can only speculate what he might have done in command of a rebel army. Rear Admiral and Brigadier General Raphael Semmes was in a muddy trench when word reached him, four days later, that Lee had met a cigar-smoking Yankee named Grant at a place called Appomattox Court House.

Mistreated Mistress

(continued from page 14)

Jo'burg—Johannesburg, that is. Made a fortune." He regaled them with stories of the *veldt* and the diamond *mynteers*, but didn't mention a thing about the forged medical certificate or the fact that he was wanted by the Pretoria police for a 6,000-pound swindle. Gold bricks, you know.

When next Arthur broached the subject of Clara's hand, Old John was all fingers and very much on the defensive. His Fifth Avenue suit—Old John realized—looked like a sack beside Arthur's, while the worldly young man made a face over the port wine and eyed the cigar Peck gave him suspiciously.

"You've gone far, my boy," John Peck stammered, opening with an uneasy, solicitous gambit. Arthur said thank you and waited. They sipped their port and looked at their cigars. Peck coughed. He fingered his grizzled moustache. Finally he said, "About Clara. You—you've come for her hand in marriage." It was almost a question.

Arthur contemplated the wine he swished slowly in his glass, flicked a speck from his patent leather pumps, then looked at Old John with eyebrow arched.

"Her hand? In Europe..." He shrugged and didn't finish, but there was no mistaking his meaning.

Peck leaned forward hastily. "Oh, there'll be a dowry, of course," he assured Arthur. "Er—where do you plan to live?"

"In a nice part of New York City, where I'll have my practice. I've selected a flat on Riverside Drive. The rent is reasonable—\$2,000 a year."

Peck, impressed, said, "Fine. Tell you what I'll do. I'll pay the rent, and as a wedding gift, I'll give you a check for \$18,000." Any sacrifice for his only daughter.

Arthur stood up, all smiles. "Let's drink to that." Peck grunted his way out of his big easy chair and joined Arthur by the fireplace. They downed their drinks and shook hands, sealing the package deal by which Old John unloaded a spinster daughter and gained a son of a b-----.

The wedding was the biggest wingding to hit Grand Rapids in years, and immediately afterwards the happy couple entrained for New York. As the train sped out of the station the steaming locomotive seemed to chuff out to the bride's parents, "At last! At last!" and to Clara, "A MAN! A MAN!" and to Arthur, "The Dough! The Dough!"

Clara was enthralled with the luxurious flat in the Colosseum Apartments, at 116th Street and the Drive, though she was a little miffed when she found that Arthur had a bedroom of his own. After all, she'd been waiting a long time.

THAT evening Arthur took her to dinner, got himself well loaded, and later that night, Clara became Mrs. Waite in more than name.

The nice thing about the medical profession is that doctors' emergency calls at any hour of day or night go unquestioned. On the very next day Arthur was busy, scurrying around like a beaver "to the hospital," "to the lab" and "to see a new patient." The honeymoon ended almost before it had begun. But there were so many things Clara wanted to find out—only Arthur was rarely around at night any more.

Actually Arthur was cashing his check from Old John, buying some stocks, putting up money for membership in some

good clubs, and visiting Clara's wealthy aunt, Katherine Peck, on Park Avenue.

Waite turned his full charm on her, ingratiating himself by asking advice about servants for his apartment. She recommended a few "treasures," whom Arthur then went around to interview. The housemaid had to be pretty, and willing, while the cook had to be lousy, for the schemes Arthur had in mind. He found them. But he really struck a gold mine when he interviewed Charlie Masters as the man to buy and care for Clara's horses and also double as butler.

Charlie was at the stables in Central Park, a dignified smooth-talking Irishman who looked like both horseman and butler. Charlie was available, and as they were dickering over wages, Arthur heard the sound of hooves and a gorgeous redhead on a big bay stallion came cantering up. Waite's eyes popped as Charlie said, "I want you to meet my daughter, Dorothy, Dr. Waite."

Dorothy eyed him coolly from her seat. Part of Waite's surprise was due to the fact that the girl wore man's breeches, not a skirt, and she forked the horse instead of riding sidesaddle. Being utterly unconventional, Doty, for some years, had no good reason for riding sidesaddle, as so many young ladies did. She slid from her horse to shake hands with her father's new employer. As Charlie led the horse off, Arthur just stood staring at her.

DOTTIE laughed, and coyly buttoned the top of her shirtwaist. "Please, Mr. Waite. You fluster me. Say something!"

Arthur shook his head to clear it and, his poise returned, coughed delicately. "Very well," he said, "what are you doing tonight?"

After three evenings of seeing the town, the lovebirds nested in a downtown hotel. And within a month Arthur was paying the rent for her convenient Greenwich Village apartment.

It was an ideal setup. At the stables where Clara went for her riding lessons, she got to know Doty and took to her immediately. They became friends, and Doty steered Clara around town, showing her the best places to dine, shop and have her hair done. Doty improved Clara's taste in clothes considerably, took her to vaudeville and Broadway shows, and introduced her to the latest rage, the "movies," in the nickelodeons off Times Square. She became Clara's confidante and was told all sorts of secrets, which seemed kind of pathetic when Doty herself reveled with Clara's husband at night.

Doty was virtually Clara's sole companion for weeks, until Mama arrived. Unknown to Clara, Arthur had written an endearing invitation that the bilious old bat couldn't resist. "I'm so busy with my new practice I can't give dear Clara the attention I should," he wrote. "Won't you please come for a visit? Your jolly presence would do Clara so much good."

Clara wasn't exactly doing cartwheels to see Mama, since she'd be one more added obstacle to seeing Arthur alone. She loved Mama and all that, but—However, when Clara saw what an act of welcome Arthur put on, she chided herself and made the best of things. For a few days Mama had a ball, seeing the town with Doty and Clara, and eating at all sorts of "funny foreign places."

During these hectic days Arthur closeted himself in his study, thumbing through his fine collection of books on toxicology. He dwelt a long time on pages 324-5 of Wood's *Therapeutics and Pharmacology*, a section that dealt with arsenical poisoning and its effects. He had also been collecting from various laboratories cultures

of diphtheria, tuberculosis, influenza, typhus and streptococcus bacilli, having long had the idea that bacteriological murder would result in the perfect crime.

Mama's only complaint, the first days of her stay, was the wretched meals that the cook served. Arthur had kept Clara from firing this servant time and again, because this was the moment he was waiting for. Now he would try out his bacteriological theory.

The old lady invariably had breakfast, and sometimes lunch, served in bed: a huge tray of porridge, fruit, eggs, bacon, toast, and jams and jellies which she tucked away with only a mild burp. She was a great one for condiments, taking cinnamon on her oatmeal, salt, pepper and paprika on her eggs, and all sorts of things in soups and souffles.

"WITH the cook you've got," Mama groused, "I've got to spice the food twice as much as usual to kill the taste."

Arthur managed to get to Mama's breakfast tray as it rested on the hot-plate in the butler's pantry, ready for delivery when the old lady awoke. With a few quick movements he doused the porridge with globs of streptococcus bacilli, and dropped typhus into the coffee. The scrambled eggs he laced with influenza germs.

Some time after she presumably wolfed down her breakfast, Arthur dropped in to see Mama. He didn't know what agonies to expect, but surprisingly found her sitting up in bed, reading.

"How was breakfast, Mother Peck?" he asked.

Mama smiled, and gave the tips of her fingers a fat kiss. "Perfect. The cook's improving. This morning, the eggs were really piquant—such a subtle spicing. And the coffee had a nice Turkish flavor." She looked at him oddly. "What's the matter, boy? You ill?"

Mama was voracious, and indestructible. Arthur put enough germs in her food to start a Black Plague throughout the city, but her only reaction was an appreciative belch. When he put ground glass in her marmalade, she later commented, "I certainly like that marmalade of yours. Gritty. You know you're getting the preserved skins and not a mess of wishy-washy artificial flavoring. Nothing like the real thing."

Arthur, furious, grew desperate. He had to get Mama out of the way, and then Old John, so Clara would inherit half the fortune with her brother, Percy. Later he could dispose of Percy. But right now he needed money because he'd been playing with \$50,000 Aunt Kate had given him to invest in the market. He hadn't invested it, but had given her back a few thousand of the principal, saying they were profits from her stocks. The rest he'd spent, paying off old gambling debts, and buying frippery for females. Aunt Kate wondered, after a decent interval, why there weren't more payments, and Arthur had no answer.

He had to shoot the works now and risk using the arsenic he considered an amateur's weapon. One rainy night he drove to the other side of town and, in a Lexington Avenue pharmacy, he bought arsenic. He kept his rain hat down and his collar up, and after giving the clerk a quick look at his phony credentials, scribbled "A. Walters, M.D." in the poison register. He dropped the package on the seat of the car and drove to Greenwich Village to pick up Doty.

One end of the bag had gotten wet, and when Waite dropped it, the bag unknown to him, broke open. Doty and he drove off to see a show, and when they

returned to the car Dotty noticed the white powder. Women didn't have compacts in those days, but carried their powder in decorative little boxes. And so her remark, "Oh, dear, I've spilled my powder and messed up your car," was only natural. A thrifty soul, Dotty quickly opened her bag and started to brush some of the powder into the box.

Arthur barely managed to stop her, shouting, "Don't. That's poison—that's poisonous stuff." He swallowed. "That's not your powder. It's some stuff I was carrying—used it in some experiments on mice in the lab."

Dotty thought she'd forgotten the whole thing, it was so trivial, but a few days later she read of Mrs. Peck's death and called Clara to extend her condolences. When Clara sobbed, "It was so sudden. Mama was so healthy and then all of a sudden she got stomach cramps and a pain in her kidneys—like ptomaine poisoning or something—and passed away." When she hung up a fleeting, traitorous thought struck Dotty as she recalled the incident of the powder, but she quickly dismissed it. Her Arthur wouldn't do a thing like that.

But Arthur had, of course, and seemed delighted with the smooth efficiency of the arsenic, which produced effects so like other stomach disorder attacks Mama had experienced back home. Clara told the consulting physician, Dr. William A. Porter, how Mama overate and sometimes suffered for it, and he certified the cause of death as a kidney disorder.

The Waites accompanied Mama's body back to Grand Rapids, where Arthur convinced the gathered relatives that one of Mama's last requests had been to be cremated. After the body had been ured in the family vault at Oak Hill Cemetery, Arthur and Clara insisted that John Peck return to New York with them.

"You'll just brood, Papa," said Clara, "alone here in this big house with all its memories."

"Sure, Father Peck," Arthur said, putting a comforting arm around the old man's shoulders, "we'll give you something—er—we'll make you comfortable—and it'll be such a consolation to Clara having you near."

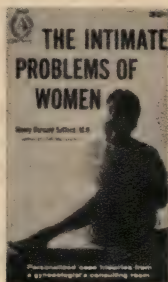
JOHN Peck saw his lawyer, altered his will in favor of Percy and Clara, then went East with the Waites. With remarkable forbearance, Arthur kept his hands off the germs and poisons while they tried to show Papa a good time, taking him to famous restaurants, shows, and social gatherings. Arthur was bored, usually, but one night at a musicale in a rich friend's home he met Destiny, in the key of D major.

The girl couldn't have been more than 18, and she played the piano without genius, but competently. She completely captivated her audience, however, because her face seemed so alive, so reflective of every mood in the music, so ethereal. She was also beautiful, with an almost Oriental mold to her face: high cheekbones, a wide sensuous mouth and a pert nose. But her eyes were not Oriental, for they were large, lustrous, and purple-brown—"like pansies," as Clara commented. Arthur, on his part, couldn't take his eyes off her. Roaming over her dainty, perfectly proportioned body, his imagination carried him far beyond. He flipped.

Clara, delighted with her for other reasons, guided Papa and Arthur over to meet her. He remembered her name—Mary Addison—and idly asked what school she attended. Clara asked questions, so did other men and women, and Arthur made a mental note of all the pertinent answers. Once she caught him

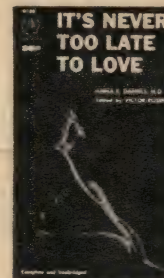
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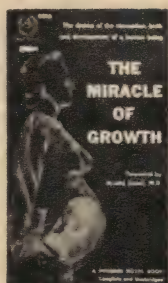
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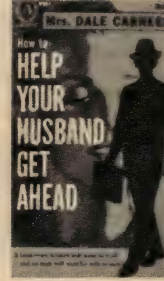
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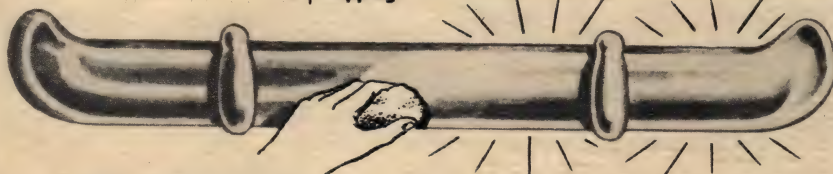
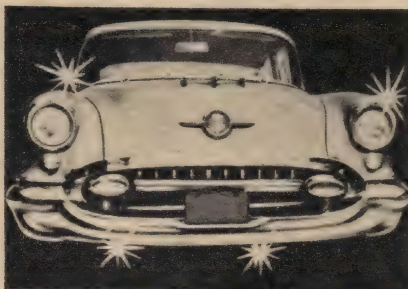
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staring, and she gave him a slow, enigmatic smile. If he hadn't already decided to track her down, he'd have had to find out what that smile meant anyhow.

He was waiting for her next day outside the music school, and she greeted him without surprise, almost as though she'd been expecting him. Their hellos were brief, she got into the car and they drove off. Riding aimlessly, Arthur went across town. There didn't seem to be much need for talk. His palms were moist, his mouth was dry and his heart pounded like a wine presser's feet first thing in the morning.

"Where would you like to go, Mary?" he asked at last.

She turned and flashed him that smile again, a conspirator's smile. As though she knew something no one else knew, perhaps not even Arthur. "I think we'd better find some place Mrs. Waite isn't likely to be, don't you, Doctor?"

Arthur gripped the wheel tighter and compressed his lips. "I wish there was no Mrs. Waite!" he bit out.

"So do I," Mary said matter-of-factly.

Over some wine in Westchester she told him that she was going to have to quit school at the end of this winter session and go back home to Chicago. Her parents just couldn't afford to keep her there.

"When will you leave?" Arthur asked, all shook up.

"Around the first of March," Mary said.

It was now almost the last day of January, 1916. He'd have to work fast, for he couldn't afford to let this girl get away from him. After more wine, he asked, "Suppose you had enough money to pay your spring tuition, could you stay on?"

Mary smiled. "I'd still have to have money for rent, food and clothes."

Arthur's hand trembled a bit as he sipped more wine. "Suppose you had that, too?"

"I'd stay," Mary said.

Thus, Arthur Waite—who all his life had been an Art for Art's saker—became a patron of music, and Mary Addison, his protégé. She knew what she wanted and so did he; they damn well wanted each other. A week later he moved her into a suite in a small, out-of-the-way hotel, and through some trick of his unconscious, signed the register "Dr. and Mrs. A. Walters." It was the same alias he'd used to sign the poison register in the drug-store that rainy night.

ARTHUR, at this point, was in deep.

He had to maintain the apartment he shared with Clara on Riverside Drive, Dotty's place, and, now, Mary's hotel suite. Also, with two passionate women treating him as though he were the last man on earth, and a third continually reminding him of his husbandly duties, Arthur was having a rough time all around. He was in love with Mary, who was far more imaginative when it came to sex than any woman he'd ever known, but he knew there'd be hell to pay if he tried to get rid of Dotty. Besides, the urgent need right now was for money. Those other problems could be worked out in time.

Arthur proceeded to give Papa the same treatment, with some added touches, that he'd given Mama. The germ diet started things off. He intended to use arsenic only as a last resort. Papa, however, proved an equally tough old bird and the 1916 version of germ warfare didn't seem to work on him either.

It was Old John's habit to go for long walks, rain or shine, and this winter was bitter cold. So Arthur would wet the insides of his father-in-law's overshoes,

dampen the sheets of his bed, and take him riding in the open car on blustery days. In addition to this "treatment," Papa received liberal dosages of pneumonia bacilli in his food to hasten things.

One day Arthur took Old John for a long, fast-paced walk in a snow flurry, hoping to bring on a heart attack. The only result of this was that he himself came down with a cold.

"WANT to watch yourself, son," Papa said, paying him a bedside visit. "You're apt to overdo things."

When he got back on his feet, Arthur forgot about knocking off Papa for a few days. Clara had been concerned at Arthur's illness and almost made a disastrous goof by calling up the Methodist Hospital and asking for one of Arthur's "confreres." She was also curious as to why none of his "patients" had called.

Arthur had to resume his masquerade fast. The way he kept up his pretense of being a legitimate doctor was to take Clara with him from time to time on "calls," letting her wait in the car while he went into St. Luke's or the Methodist Hospital, or called on a "patient" in some apartment house. Inside, he'd wander around the lobby to kill time, or go through a side door and hoist a few at a tavern. Then he'd come back to Clara and ad lib the details of the "case" he was supposed to be working on.

At home he forbade her to answer the phone first when he was around. He had arranged for a public stenographer downtown to ring him at certain times and these calls, he'd pretend, for Clara's benefit, were from patients. They gave him a perpetual excuse for going out.

As soon as he'd taken Clara on a few calls and reestablished his grand illusion, he got around to Papa again. Time was a-wastin', but Papa wasn't. He never looked heartier. And so, once again, as a last resort, Arthur applied the arsenic treatment, and John Peck died. Arthur, playing the role of dutiful son-in-law, was properly remorseful.

A few days later the Waites were in Grand Rapids once more, busily making funeral arrangements. Arthur persuaded brother-in-law Percy that Papa wanted to be cremated, and everything was set when Percy received a mysterious telegram from New York:

SUSPICION AROUSED STOP DEMAND
AUTOPSY STOP KEEP TELEGRAM SECRET
K ADAMS.

Percy, baffled, almost went to Arthur with the message, but decided to talk things over with his lawyer, the minister and the family doctor. The Rev. Wishart had thought it odd that the Pecks, who'd always been set against it, had requested cremation; the lawyer thought it a queer coincidence, now that he came to think of it, that the Pecks should die so suddenly and quickly; the doctor, a practical man, said simply that an autopsy wouldn't do any harm. Peck's body was taken to the laboratories at Ann Arbor, where Dr. Victor Vaughan, dean of the Michigan medical school, found enough arsenic in the old man's stomach to have killed a platoon.

This report sent Percy and Dr. Perry Shuritz, the family physician, on a quick, secret trip to New York. They checked with the undertaker who'd embalmed John Peck and found that the fluid he used contained no arsenic whatsoever. Then, their suspicions confirmed, they went to see the district attorney.

Assistant D.A. Frank X. Mancuso assigned detectives Barney Flood and John Cuniffe to investigate the mystery, while Percy and the doctor returned to Grand Rapids to attend the funeral ceremony.

When Percy refused to let his father be cremated Arthur began to worry: Could Percy's change of heart and his mysterious absence have anything to do with each other?

New York detectives moved fast, focusing their investigation on Dr. Waite, in whose study they found well-thumbed books on poisons, though he'd disposed of the bacilli cultures. In no time at all they discovered he was a phony, that his Glasgow degree was a fake, and that he was wanted in South Africa by the police. But this still did not make him the murderer.

They found out, too, that he was fiddling with pianist Mary, and they noted the name he'd used on the hotel register. It gave detective Flood a hunch, and perhaps explained why they'd been unable to trace any purchases of poison to the suspect. Once again officers pored through the poison registers of drugstores throughout the city, and this time they came up with the name "A. Walters, M.D." Though an apparent professional scribble such as doctors use on prescriptions, it was found by handwriting experts to be Waite's writing.

That did it.

When police came to arrest him, the handsome charlatan, acting amused and contemptuous, came along quietly for questioning. This had to be his biggest swindle, in which he would try to con competent investigators out of their belief in established evidence. It didn't work, and Waite was quickly charged with murder.

HE played smart at his trial by laughing, joking, ranting and confessing to everything down to the most lurid detail, trying to convince people he was crazy. He gave a wild, grisly account of how he introduced the germs in their food, and told how he reveled in their death throes. The jury was most impressed, but not in the way Arthur expected. They drew swift conclusions about the ranting defendant.

A sadistic murderer, yes. But crazy? No, not by a long shot.

So the ambitious Dr. Waite was found guilty and sentenced to die, and at 11:10 P.M. on May 24, in the electric chair at Sing Sing, he got the jolt of his life.

The police never did clear up the mystery of the telegram. There was simply no way to trace the mysterious sender, "K. Adams." But months later, Dotty was having tea with Clara and revealed that she had seen Arthur at Delmonico's and other spots with this "Certain Other Woman" and, following Mrs. Peck's death, she became suspicious. She was sure Arthur was up to no good when Mr. Peck suddenly died, and so she sent the telegram, signing it "K. Adams."

But that was all she revealed. She never did say how much it hurt to be supplanted in her lover's esteem by a younger woman, nor did Clara ever know that Arthur and Dotty had been mister and mistress. When Clara informed police how she'd found out about the telegram, they checked up on Dotty as a matter of routine and curiosity.

They soon had the whole story, and it wasn't really anything to be curious about. Just another case of a guy being careless about mixing his poisons—as if one mistress isn't poison enough. ▲

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Lost on the Sahara

(continued from page 17)

sorts, covering most of the globe.

After attending Columbia Military Academy in Columbia, Tennessee, and Mississippi State, I flew as a war-time radioman. I knocked around the South Pacific and foraged through the jungles of Guatemala. I raced quarter horses in Texas, fought tarpon in Florida and cringed in Alaska's arctic winter. Then I signed on as a practical engineer with a United Geophysical Corporation survey team, knowing it meant a trip to Africa. Here was a land I'd never seen. A new experience. A new challenge.

Had I known how great a challenge, I might have hesitated. But when the gleaming Pan American airliner dipped down over the sun-bathed buildings of Tripoli on November 19 last year, I felt no apprehension, only exhilaration. Once in Libya we had organized our exploration party and set out for Fezzan Province and the Algerian border, 1,000 miles to the southwest. After 10 days of surveying for a big U.S. oil company, we flew back to Tripoli, fitted out a convoy and pushed on to Agedabia, on the Gulf of Sirte 200 kilometers south of Bengasi. We replenished our provisions and then I got my first real taste of the Sahara.

We pointed our laden Landrovers south into the open desert, bouncing over endless white dunes, across stretches of rocky wasteland and in and out of the tricky wadies, those low-lying gorges where scrubby vegetation feeds on moisture left every 20 or 30 years by flash floods. (We drove lumbering Landrovers rather than U.S. jeeps, incidentally, because jeeps are manufactured in Israel, too, and are therefore forbidden by the Israeli-hating Arabs.)

THE road led 164 kilometers south of Agedabia to our camp, stuck in the middle of an end-of-the-world wasteland which, nevertheless, is the greatest surveying country in the world. We swung routinely into operation, with disaster only days away. It began with a case of dysentery, that scourge of humanity which sooner or later strikes everyone in the desert.

"Willie!"

The shout rang in the dry, clear air and I looked up from my transit.

"Hi, Jimmy, what's up?"

The young interpreter trotted up to me. "Naffati's dysentery is worse," he panted. "Can you take him to Bengasi for treatment?"

"Sure," I replied. "We need some chow and beer anyway."

We picked up the 19-year-old laundry boy and began the 364-kilometer journey that same Saturday afternoon, January fourth.

"Don't forget the beer," one of the men shouted as we pulled out. I didn't forget. If I had I'd be dead today.

Three dust-caked desert rats rolled into the city on the Mediterranean late that afternoon, and while doctors at the native hospital set about plugging up our young Arab friend, Jimmy and I bought supplies.

The camp cupboard was almost bare. We picked up 20 kilos of fresh mutton, 25 pounds of native tea, two cases of condensed milk, 100 loaves of Italian bread, 12 dozen oranges and apples, two pounds of hot peppers and, with my personal funds, six cases of Dutch Amstel beer and a bottle of Spanish sherry.

"That ought to do it, Jimmy," I said, checking the last item off my list. "We'd

better bed down. It'll be a rough go tomorrow."

Just how rough I didn't dream.

Sunday morning we collected our provisions and a much happier Naffati and headed home. By 2 P.M. we were in Agedabia, drinking delicious, syrupy Arabian tea with members of two other geophysical crews. Had any of them suggested that I was never again to set foot in our camp, I'd have called him a lunatic. Hours later, when we found ourselves floundering in totally unfamiliar terrain and facing the prospect of slow desert death, I'd have taken no bets that we'd enjoy the warmth of camp that night, or the next, or ever.

AFTER three cups of tea with our friends, Naffati, Jimmy and I scrambled back into the Landrover, set the mileage indicator at zero, and blasted off toward camp, 164 kilometers away. The poorly defined road wove through thousands of tracks and trails, gouged out by vehicles of World War II and Bedouin shepherds of ages past. Some of the trails were almost a kilometer wide, for once the desert crust is broken, prudent travelers skirt the treacherously softened ruts.

Through this maze our road cut due south to camp. Veering off to the east was the road to Kuffa, an ancient path of the Bedouins leading to the market places of Egypt. Another angled off to the west. After our mileage dial had clicked past 100 kilometers, I knew something was wrong. I scanned the horizon, then turned to Jimmy.

"This area look familiar to you?"

"No, Willie, but all of the desert is foreign to me."

A twinge of apprehension played on my nerve ends and I craned my neck, looking for some familiar terrain feature. The mileage dial clicked past 115 and the road narrowed and finally disappeared.

"Jimmy," I said, apprehension turning to fear, "we're way off base. I think I should have taken that fork to the west." Jimmy said nothing, but his brow knotted and he twisted in his seat, looking for some recognizable feature in the void of scrub, rock and sand.

A thick dust-haze had obscured the sun, so my directional calculations had been sheer guesswork. And I'd guessed wrong. Instead of turning west, I had somehow veered onto the road to Kuffa, then out into the open desert. We were not west of camp, as I'd suspected, but east.

When I tried to adjust, I didn't head back toward the road to Agedabia, but steered instead a false course deeper into the desert.

There is nothing quite so lost, I reflected with disgust, as a lost surveyor. I proved it later by thinking that a due north course would take us to the Tripoli-Bengasi highway ringing the Gulf of Sirte. It took us, instead, deeper into the little-traveled barrenness of the vast peninsula which juts out into the Mediterranean east of Bengasi.

When the motor finally died the mileage indicator read 240 kilometers, 76 more than the distance from Agedabia, our starting point, to camp. But in what direction? East? Impossible, I thought. I couldn't have been 100 per cent wrong in my navigation. West then? Apparently not. My mind was a jumble of mixed-up terrain, a crazy mental map on which all roads led nowhere.

For a time the three of us just sat, subdued by the crushing desert silence. The chattering of our teeth broke the silence and the spell. The bitter cold of the winter night knifed through us, and

the issue changed from one of figuring out which way was camp to merely keeping warm.

"They'll have missed us by now," I said with more confidence than I felt. "They'll have every plane in North Africa out looking for us in the morning."

Jimmy pulled his light jacket tightly around him. "Then we'll stay with the vehicle?"

"Right. So all we've got to do until morning is find a way to keep from freezing to death."

We huddled together in the Landrover while the desert night dragged on interminably, its cold blotting out all thought except futile longing for comfort and sleep, which never came. And one other thought which even the cold could not blot out: Three infinitesimal men swallowed up in the vastness of the Sahara. How could a plane spot us? How could a pilot pick our lone vehicle out of the thousands abandoned during the war and still dotting the arid landscape? It suddenly occurred to me with blazing clarity that chances were we'd rot on this God-forsaken spot.

A lifetime later I sat petrified with numbness and watched the black sky melt into day. It meant two things: We could at last thaw out, and we knew for sure now, hours too late, which direction was east.

To the people at camp daylight meant that we were definitely lost, and while the three of us took stock of our situation, search planes began their massive task and radios crackled with the news:

"An American engineer and two Arab companions are reported more than 12 hours overdue on a motor trip from Agedabia to their survey camp, 164 kilometers south. It is not known what provisions they carried, but search planes are already combing the area . . ."

We, of course, heard no radio report—heard nothing but the rustling of the gentle breeze puffing in from the north.

I scanned the bell-clear sky and the expanse of wild solitude which surrounded us. "As long as the good weather holds we're all right," I said. "We have food and plenty of beer to drink. With the Landrover we should be easy to spot from the air."

But while I talked an old Arab proverb kept crowding my thoughts: "Three days in the summer, six in the winter."

That's how long a man can survive in the desert once provisions are gone.

"I don't believe we've much to worry about," I lied. "We just sit tight, eat and drink like kings and when they come for us we'll be fat and sun tanned."

My feigned optimism was not wasted on Jimmy. With a smile he repeated my speech to Naffati in Arabic. But the laundry boy sat morosely, not replying. We'll have trouble with the kid, I thought.

I poked him gently in the ribs and said, "I could use a beer, Naffati, how about you?" I broke open three cans, gave one to Jimmy and held another under the kid's nose.

"Here, boy, make you feel better."

He turned his head away.

"You don't like my brand?" I said, puzzled.

Naffati turned to Jimmy and unleashed a stream of Arabic. Jimmy nodded his understanding and then let me in on the conversation.

"Naffati is a devout Moslem," he said. "Just before leaving Bengasi he was married. One of his wedding vows was never to touch alcohol in any form. In his faith, to violate such a vow is to dissolve the marriage. He won't drink the beer."

"Mama Mia," I mumbled. "Tell him, Jimmy," I said. "Tell him he drinks or he won't live to see his bride again. Tell him he'll dry up and rot right here on this Allah-forsaken spot."

Jimmy shook his head. "It's no use, Willie," he said softly.

I poured half my beer down my throat in one gulp, and stared down at the sand. Bad beginning. Troubles compounding already. But the kid would weaken. He'd have to. Just sweat him out.

I got an orange out of the vehicle and tossed it to the boy.

"Suck it," I said, exchanging worried glances with Jimmy.

In the hours that followed, Naffati sucked two more oranges. By nightfall, dysentery again ravaged his insides. He was as sick as he'd been when we first left camp. In the gathering gloom I leaned over him with an opened beer.

"Here, son, it'll settle your stomach." He wouldn't touch it.

Jimmy shrugged, and we split the beer between us—then set about preparing for the night. We had buried our perishables in the sand to protect them from the heat of day. Now we dug up a little mutton and some fruit.

Our Landrover had conked out in an area completely devoid of vegetation. There was no wood to burn, but I wasn't hungry enough yet to eat the meat raw. Jimmy and I stripped the cardboard containers off the tea and built a fire that burned briefly. We ate our half-cooked meal, then viewed the prospect of spending another miserable night. We could not sleep on the ground. Nothing is quite so cold as Sahara sand on winter nights—fine for preserving food and keeping beer cold but lousy for sleeping.

We piled back into the vehicle and began tearing newspapers into strips and rolling them into compact balls. As long as they lasted, we lighted them and held our trembling hands close to the pitifully small blaze. Then we settled down into a frigid half-stupor, longing for sleep which would not come.

On the second day I stripped a tire off the Landrover, sprinkled it with a few drops of gasoline I'd squeezed from the empty tank, and set it afire. Soon a healthy column of dark smoke curled skyward, but still there was no sign of a plane.

Our eyes smarted from scanning the vacant skies and the silence was maddening. Jimmy and I were still in fair physical shape, thanks to the beer and the mutton, but the unbearable silence began to creep under my skin. I forced myself to accept the instructions we'd been given before coming into the desert: "If you get lost, stick with your vehicle. Repeat, stick with your vehicle. And wait for help to come."

THEY didn't say what to do about the silence or the infuriating lack of activity. They didn't tell us how to overcome the natural urge to help ourselves by walking to civilization. They didn't mention what to do when the waiting eats at you until you either do something on your own or go nuts.

I stood it as long as I could. Then I blurted, "Jimmy, I'm going to walk out a piece and look around. This waiting's getting me down."

I stuffed a can of beer into my pocket and struck out into the desolation to the north. After walking 10 or 15 kilometers, finding nothing, I followed my tracks back to the vehicle, sprawled on the ground and lay there exhausted.

Naffati, by this time, was very sick. His

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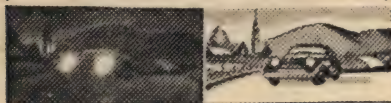
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dysentery had worsened. Still he refused to drink the beer, and none of us could keep the canned milk on our stomachs. A ghostly pallor had replaced the boy's rich brown coloring, and the skin hung slack on his slight frame.

On the morning of the third day I slouched in the vehicle, listening to the kid's intermittent moans.

"Is there no water in this whole lousy desert?" I muttered to Jimmy, shielding my eyes as the sun glinted off the Land-rover's hood. Suddenly, it dawned on me. "Water? Hell, Jimmy, we got water! The radiator!"

I jumped down and set about draining the stuff. If it was portable perhaps we could save this stubborn young Arab who seemed bent on committing suicide.

I gulped down a big slug of the tepid liquid; my innards churned and wrenched in protest. Then it came right back up, along with everything else in my stomach, and for half a day I was as sick as the boy.

"Try straining it through a loaf of bread," I said weakly to Jimmy. But it was no use; the water was too foul to salvage.

By nightfall I began to feel alive again, but Naffati was sinking fast. The shadows played on his drawn face, a death mask now. His moaning was continuous now, and pitiful.

"He's got to drink, Jimmy," I said. "He's just got to drink."

I bent over the inert form. "You drink," I yelled. "You drink or you'll die. Do you understand?"

I'm not sure what else I shouted before Jimmy stopped me. He spoke to Naffati in Arabic and the boy mumbled a reply. Jimmy spoke again. Naffati rose on one elbow, his face twisted with emotion as he answered. Then he sagged back to the ground, spent.

"He'll drink," Jimmy said tiredly, "if you'll promise to swear in writing that he did so only as an alternative to death. If it is proved to be a case of self-preservation, perhaps he can be remarried if we get back to the city."

"Self-preservation? Of course it's self-preservation. Look at him. Hell yes, I'll swear to it."

We sloshed a can of beer through the lad's cracked lips. He sipped it weakly at first, then greedily. I withdrew the can before he could overdo it, and the boy sagged back into his hole and fell into a deep sleep. For the first time in hours his moans ceased.

"I would say we have passed a crisis," Jimmy smiled. He was right, but almost immediately we faced another. When we dug up the mutton that night we found it spoiled. The fruit had long since been eaten. That left the beer, the rock-hard bread and canned milk which we couldn't drink.

The fourth day dawned . . . the fifth . . . the sixth, and still we saw nothing—no plane, no living thing. Naffati had regained some physical strength, but he'd never recovered his will to fight back at the Sahara, our sizzling, silent enemy. And with only beer and bread to sustain us, Jimmy and I were weakening. I could see it in Jimmy's face, the mounting hopelessness, the gnawing hunger. Our ribs stood out in bold relief. Our stomachs ached for food.

And there was always the silence. Every day I walked out into the desert praying I'd blunder onto a road or a Bedouin shepherd. But it was useless. When I went out on the eighth day, I had no expectation of finding anything. I only wanted to get away so I could

think out a plan I had. When I returned I called Jimmy and Naffati together. I spoke to Jimmy, then paused while he translated.

"O.K.," I said, "we've followed the rules and it's got us nowhere. We've stayed with our vehicle for eight days. That's two days longer than they say a man can live in the desert. Of course we've had food and drink, but they're not even sure whether we had any. And if they're still looking for us, you can bet they're about to give up."

"We have two alternatives. We can stay here and pray somebody finds us, or we can strike out and try to help ourselves. If we stay, I'll lay odds that, when and if we're found, there won't be a thing left but bones. I'm for taking everything we can carry and walking out of here. We may not make it, but at least we'll die trying. We won't sit here and rot."

Jimmy nodded grimly. "Where do you think we are, Willie?"

"I think if we walk due north we'll hit the Tripoli-Bengasi road and the Gulf of Sirte. If the *gibli* (murderous south winds carrying sand and dust) stay away we should make it in five days."

As I said before, these were city Arabs. A desert Arab could have led us unflinchingly out of this no-man's-land. But these two could rely only on my judgment and calculations, which of course, were wrong. I could lead us northward all right, but we were much too far west ever to hit the highway or the Gulf.

Jimmy turned to his hollow-eyed countryman and mumbled something in Arabic. Naffati nodded and pulled himself erect.

"Naffati will need help," Jimmy said. "But you are right. We have no desire to die here without trying to save ourselves."

I stripped wire from the reinforced Landrover tire which I'd burned, fastened it to a burlap bag and filled the improvised pack with beer cans. Each of us took two loaves of bread. Then we cast a long last look at the Landrover and trudged away to the north, not realizing that there was no road or Gulf ahead of us, only the barren peninsula which juts far out into the Mediterranean. Nothing but more desert, and the debris of war.

Thousands of jerry cans dotted the forbidding landscape. Left there by Allied tankers and Rommel's Afrika Korps, the cans were strewn everywhere, along with gutted tanks and trucks and, ominously, countless mines still capable of blowing us to bits. Some of the mines had surfaced in the shifting sands. But others lay hidden, just waiting to be stepped on. We scrupulously avoided the heavier concentrations of jerry cans, for I remembered reading once that, when the tankers stopped to refuel, they often ringed their position with mines. Most of the cans and vehicle hulks were rustless, preserved by the dry, hot climate. And so were the mines.

We took no chances at this stage of the game. Two days later I might have preferred being blasted to bits. At least it would have been quick and clean.

EARLY in the day I maintained a northerly course by picking out a terrain feature on the northern horizon, then walking toward it. Soon I was able to stay on course by watching the angle of my shadow—a trick I'd picked up during my daily treks from the Landrover into the desert.

My big hope was that we'd encounter a Bedouin shepherd headed for the Egyptian market places or grazing his camels in the scrub-filled wadies. But even if we met no one, I figured we

would hit the sea in five days. If we could stay alive that long.

*"Till the sands are old
And the sun grows cold,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold . . ."*

The old Bedouin rhyme raced through my mind in cadence with our plodding steps. All day Jimmy followed me confidently, and fairly strongly, but Naffati was dragging. I slowed my pace until Jimmy drew abreast.

"How about the kid, Jimmy. He's a plenty sick boy."

Jimmy squinted straight ahead. "He will have to make it. We must see that he makes it."

"Yeah," I said. "Yeah."

At dusk the cold moved in, permeating everything, and we had to stop. I buried six of the beers in the sand, and while they cooled, we scooped out another hole large enough to hold the three of us. We built a small fire from the meager supply of twigs and dried camel dung we'd gathered along the way, then hovered around the tiny blaze, munching the hard bread and savoring the delicious wetness of the beer. The brew of course meant life or death, but we could only drink it at night and in the early morning. After we set out the stuff warmed up fast and the continuous jostling made it spew when opened. We couldn't risk wasting a drop.

After eating and drinking, we huddled together in the icy hole and spent the long night listening to our teeth rattle. We were too cold to talk. And what was there to say? Only the chattering and the Arabs' frequent appeals to Allah and their piteous mumbling of "*ana saagar*" (I'm cold) broke the hideous silence.

On the second day we deteriorated fast. Jimmy still kept pace with me but Naffati was about through. Only our tongue-lashings kept him going.

The wire handles attached to the bag of beer sliced into my shoulder. My shoes, already worn thin by my daily forays from the Landrover into the desert, flapped and scuffed through the sand and rocks. Our feet blistered and the blisters broke and the fluid dried and stuck our socks to our feet. Before noon we stopped and threw away the ragged socks.

This was our second day afoot, our tenth day in the desert.

In Bengasi a company official was flashing the word to discontinue the search for us. Another was cabling my mother in New Orleans and the Arabs' families in Tripoli that we were lost and presumed dead. Now it was us against the desert. And the desert, in all its silent, forbidding majesty, began to look like a sure thing.

WHEN we staggered to a halt that night

I took inventory. Nine beers left. One each for that night, another in the morning, a third for the following night. After that we were finished. I looked at the sprawled bodies of Jimmy and Naffati, and for the first time I really knew the utter horror of slow, agonizing desert death. Their eyes sank into great dark caverns and the skin stretched tautly over protruding cheek bones. A layer of grime encrusted their flaring nostrils and mouths. I could almost see the blood pumping through the bulging veins in their necks.

The dawn brought nothing but warmth. It would have been so easy to lie there, to give protesting muscles and bleeding feet a reprieve, to allow our chilled bones to soak up the warmth. But I wasn't ready to die. I forced myself upright, roused Jimmy from his fitful doze, and we helped Naffati to his feet. Despite their youth, I was still the strongest somehow, thanks—I suppose—to my outdoor living.

After we drank our next-to-last beers, I stumbled again into the lead and Jimmy followed, half dragging Naffati.

The fireball in the west climbed higher in an empty sky and beer sweat oozed from our every pore. Heat and cold. Heat and cold. For 11 days now. . . .

The sun glistened off the white dunes and the landscape flowed into a shimmering sea of sand. I could no longer trust my eyes. A rocky crag became a hut. A gutted truck, it seemed certain, was a camel grazing on scrub. My hopes soared, then plummeted, again and again. I stumbled and sprawled in the sand. Lie here, I told myself. What's the use? Give up. Sleep. Die easy.

I got up and lurched ahead, not bothering about mines now. Jimmy and Naffati trailed 300 yards behind, moving slowly.

"Come on!" I yelled. It came out a feeble croak. I turned back on course and stumbled again. The sharp stones cut my hands and they bled. I got up. The bag slipped from my shoulder. I bent over to pick it up and a thousand hammers smashed in my head. After a minute I could see again. Another camel up ahead. Ha! Still another. A bitter chuckle bubbled up in my throat. I looked away, then back again. Still there. Another camel. And another. It got funnier and funnier. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Still there. About a kilometer ahead, as sure as I was standing there, I saw a whole herd of the beasts. I shouted to the others and reeled ahead. Just another mirage, something inside me cautioned. A bunch of burned-out tanks.

THEN I stopped thinking and moved mechanically until I fell exhausted into the arms of a tall, bearded, white-robed miracle named Ali Benfalah of Taieb.

"You are the lost American," the heaven-sent Bedouin shepherd said in excellent English after I'd recovered my senses. "I have heard of you," but I did not imagine I would find you.

"Neither did I," I said through a mouthful of wonderful native rice. With our hands we scooped up the rice which the old Arab had cooked for us. We washed it down with a little water and a lot of strong tea. Ali bathed our mangled feet and, after a few hours rest, I began to think we'd survive after all.

"Are there oil wells in this area?" Ali asked when we had returned to some degree of normalcy. We had no idea.

"I have heard motors running to the north. My destination is Egypt, but we shall investigate first. If there is nothing there, you may go with me to Egypt."

We investigated and there were motors there all right, in a survey camp not five miles from where we'd met Ali! He led us there without a wasted step, unerringly.

"Willie!" they greeted me at the end of the flight to Bengasi. "You've been reported dead three days!" Later they said that we were the only men known to have been lost for 11 days in the Sahara—who lived to tell about it.

I was hospitalized for a time and then flown back to the States, carrying inside me a deep conviction that henceforth the desert would have to do without Williams, and carrying with me as well the memory of my savior's parting words:

"I am happy to have found you, my friend. But I will tell you something. Men who do not know the desert do not survive in it. Obviously you do not know it. It is only by the grace of Allah that you are alive."

I smiled and said, "You are so right, Ali. You are so right." ▲

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Rossellini

(continued from page 39)

enter into all kinds of strange deals in order to get money to keep going. Electric current was stolen from a nearby printing shop that had been taken over by the Allies. Rossellini drove himself like a demon—inventing scenes and methods on the spot—using actors who were untrained but full of intuitive skill, ideal for a director like himself.

When "Open City" appeared, it had the impact of a dramatic explosion. When "Paisan" followed, Rossellini's position as founder of the new school was assured.

In the summer of 1948 Ingrid Bergman, from London, cabled Rossellini to come to London if he wanted to meet her. Rossellini was busy but they finally met, if briefly, later that year in Paris.

In February, 1949, Rossellini made his first visit to America, principally to receive the Critics' Award for "Paisan." All Hollywood wanted to meet the man who turned down their lucrative offers, who refused to change his ideas, who told the biggest tycoons in the business exactly what he thought of them, who stood up against the sacred idols of the film capital.

In what was surely an unusual arrangement, Rossellini lived in the Beverly Hills home of Ingrid Bergman and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom. There was obviously nothing in his conduct then for which he could be condemned. However, at the first big party given for Rossellini, Ingrid wore, unusual for her, an extremely low-cut red gown and appeared breathless every time she eyed the Italian.

A woman who meets a man with a reputation for being a great lover, if she is so inclined, will by a kind of psychic transference let him know that she can be his. Rossellini was surely not insensitive to this. From the start he must have seen in her not an actress, but an unhappy woman who only *appeared* to have everything. He sensed, under her serenity, inner turmoil and confused desires.

When Rossellini returned to Italy, the die was cast. Over and beyond the director's undoubted charm, Ingrid Bergman felt that she had to make a change or, as she put it, "Even if I break my neck, I want to do something new."

On a windy night in March, 1949, Ingrid stepped off a plane at Ciampino, Rome's airport. "*Je suis ici*," she said. "I am here." Rossellini greeted her, whispering in her ear the magic phrase, "*Ti amo*." "I love you." Then he accompanied her in his flame-red Cisitalia sports car to the Excelsior Hotel. The fact that his idyll with Anna Magnani had also taken place there seemed not to enter his mind. Entranced by the Swedish actress, his rhapsodies bounced off walls which had, not long before, echoed Magnani's sulphurous remarks as he phoned her from America to tell her of his feelings for Bergman. Magnani had not even known at first that he had gone to America.

ONE night he said, "I'm taking the dog for a walk," but once downstairs he gave the dog to the bell captain and took a taxi to the airport. He had known only too well Anna's stormy character. When Bergman came, Magnani, a proud woman, was wandering desperately around Europe, trying to cover her humiliation.

Ingrid's suite at the Excelsior had been decorated with drawings of the Colosseum and the Roman Forum and was so full of flowers that some had to be moved out to make room for the guests. That night Rossellini gave her the first of a series of

parties at which the elite of Italy greeted the actress. Ingrid was enchanted.

By May, 1949, when Rossellini and Bergman headed for the Mediterranean, their affair was in full bloom. They held hands in public and looked into each other's eyes as Rossellini took time out from work to show Ingrid the picturesque villages of southern Italy. Ingrid was charmed. Rossellini proved a superb guide, informed, intelligent and impulsive.

She was not the first Nordic woman to come to Italy and be caught up in the amalgam of sun, sea and sex. It was everything her northern soul had dreamed of. And for this, she was to throw away her reputation, her husband, her daughter, her comfortable home and secure position.

The two of them then set off for the volcanic isle of Stromboli. What followed was cataclysmic! Although millions of words have been written and hundreds of moral judgments passed, what happened to the pair was as direct and simple as a stroke of lightning during a summer storm.

The village of Stromboli must have appeared to Ingrid like a set built in the night especially for her, with its rustic little houses perched between the restless sea and the island's volcanic rocks. Spring on the island already had the heat of summer and the sun swamped the beach with violent light. Rossellini assumed the guise of a benevolent dictator; he even brought electricity to Stromboli while Ingrid taught the inhabitants how to use the switches. The picture was made slowly, according to Rossellini's usual, haphazard schedule. He took time off for deep-sea fishing (at which he is an acknowledged expert) and disappeared for hours at a time with Ingrid.

RUMORS began seeping to the mainland that relations between the Swedish actress and the Italian director had gone far beyond those of artistic collaboration. When the first photos from Stromboli were published, captions were added: "Black Magic on the Black Island."

Now voices were heard which said Ingrid had mistaken passion for love, that she was a helpless victim in the hands of Rossellini. It was here the hatred of Rossellini began.

Movie moguls in Hollywood were furious. Bergman, one of the country's top box-office attractions, was losing value before their very eyes. At first they thought that she was having a holiday from work and her family. But then the scandal became too open. Afraid of seeing their investment in the Swedish actress completely disappear, they sent Eve Bennett Browne as a personal emissary to bring Bergman back to her senses. "Divorce," the actress was told, "is all right, but have it done in an American court and wait a year." This proposal was turned down and Ingrid Bergman's husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, was then persuaded to fly to Italy and do his best to bring her back. He, too, failed.

Not until later was the letter Ingrid had written him made public. "Peter," she wrote, "you saw my enthusiasm for Rossellini begin. You know how alike he and I are. We like the same things, the same kind of work, and we have the same outlook on life. I believed, and I hoped, that all would finish when I had seen Roberto in his own surroundings, but the contrary happened."

The late Humphrey Bogart, on a trip to Italy, stopped by to see what he could do. "What's got into you, Ingrid! In Hollywood you were queen—don't you realize what you are now?" Ingrid retained her regal bearing. "Here, Humphrey," she said, "I am a happy woman. I see

no reason to regret what I've done. I began to live the day I met Rossellini."

From Ingrid Bergman's point of view, it was a world well lost for love. But, after the first wave of indignation directed at her, female ire turned on Rossellini. Here was the home-breaker, the man who destroyed the image of the perfect wife and mother. Men, too, were bitter. From the point of view of many, Rossellini had taken the woman that they, at least subconsciously, wanted themselves. Virtually everyone wanted to see the liaison fail.

"STROMBOLI" completed, Rossellini and Ingrid lived in Rome in virtual seclusion. In December, 1949, the big question of the day was whether Ingrid Bergman, the star of "Saint Joan," was expecting a child by a man who was not her husband—who was himself in fact still married to another woman!

On February 2, 1950, before her divorce from Lindstrom came through, Ingrid gave birth to a son, Robertino. Now cries of "Shame" filled the air. Wives and mothers in America rose in puritanical fury against this model of conjugal bliss who had shown herself capable of heated passion. Ingrid was called a "Vestal of Degradation," but once again, possibly even more subtly, the core of hate was turned on Rossellini. "He's hypnotized poor Ingrid," they said. And when, a few months later, Peter Lindstrom secured a divorce from the actress, he asked for custody of their daughter. Pia, if she met Rossellini, might be "bewitched" by him also.

When the couple were married by proxy in Mexico, while they rocked their three-month-old son to sleep in Rome, Ingrid's films were picketed in America and Rossellini was painted as the blackest of characters. He was accused of having been an active Fascist, although everyone in Italy knew he had never been motivated by political ideology.

Most of the other accusations were equally untrue. He had never been an inmate of an insane asylum, nor had he taken narcotics, and his personal life—particularly in view of later disclosures by a smear magazine—never loomed as lusty as when compared with the libidinous careers of his Hollywood counterparts.

However, his attitude toward the press did not help matters. Rossellini was a man in control of himself. He could say, "I never discuss my personal affairs with the press," and stick to that policy. But, naturally, this angered some newshen nabobs. One famous Hollywood columnist flew to Stromboli to learn the truth from Ingrid, who was still Mrs. Lindstrom. Ingrid said there was no love affair, and the woman columnist printed this. When Robertino was born, Ingrid and Rossellini were put on the blacklist, partly because the female chatterer applied pressure.

The couple, in what seemed to be a genuine love affair, went on their way more or less heedless of outside criticism. Their life at first took the same carefree, unplanned path that Rossellini had been following since childhood.

Born of a wealthy family—Rossellini's father had been a building contractor, one of the richest in Rome; and Roberto had never felt the need to earn a living. At the age of 18 he had come into a huge inheritance, and by the time he was 30 he had spent it all.

Rossellini not only didn't understand the value of money, he never knew how much he had or hadn't. "Stromboli" was not a financial success nor were his later films, but the Rossellis lived as before: an ultra-modern apartment in the heart of Rome's swank Parioli section; a large villa by the sea at Italy's Malibu, Santa

Marinella, and custom built sports cars. But Ingrid couldn't adjust to this nonchalant way of life. It was a basic reason for their quarrels and, if not the greatest cause of the breakup, at least one of the most continuous. The very quality of improvidence which had attracted her before they were married upset her once they were a menage. One evening at dinner Rossellini turned to his secretary, who was dining with them. "How many cars do we have?" he asked.

"Four," came the reply. "Well," said Rossellini, as if a great idea had just come to him, "Why don't we sell one of them?"

The secretary smiled, "Good idea — then we can make payments on the others."

Rossellini roared with laughter but Ingrid left and shut herself in her room.

Regardless of the state of his finances, Rossellini was capable of generous, costly gestures towards those he loved. Such an occasion arose on Christmas night, 1949. Ingrid had telephoned to her former home, asking to talk with her daughter Pia. Lindstrom, at the other end of the line, refused. With tears in her eyes, Ingrid pleaded. Rossellini grabbed the phone from her and shouted, "Lindstrom, I have here a film called 'Stromboli.' I own the rights for Italy. I will give you everything the movie earns here if you will send Pia to the phone. I am not fooling. Just as long as you will let a mother say Merry Christmas to her daughter."

Rossellini meant what he said, but Lindstrom hung up. This was the Rossellini who had been so fascinating to Ingrid — someone capable of making a present of 50 or 100,000,000 *lire* (no one knew what "Stromboli" would earn at that time) for a minute's phone conversation. Although much has been said about Ingrid's paying Roberto's debts, it is highly unlikely that he ever asked her to, or even suggested that she work because he needed money.

However, the problem must have hung between them like a time-bomb. His pictures with her, though frequently accepted as artistic achievements, didn't make money. "Stromboli," then "Europe, 1951," "Fear" and "Voyage in Italy" — each one proved worse than the others. The financial situation was torture to someone like Ingrid. Debts, promissory notes, loans, notes falling due, all piled up. The actress had lived too long in an atmosphere where the idea of a woman's success is largely measured by the size of her husband's bank account. It was all very well for Rossellini to tell her not to worry, that something would turn up. But what about the future?

In her anxiety she appeared to ignore Rossellini's conduct as a father. Even though his initial marriage had broken up in 1943, his first wife has said publicly that never since has she or her children wanted for a single thing. Roberto had always provided — and amply. To make "Open City," Rossellini sold everything he had, even the furniture in his house. He lost 50 pounds through not eating, but meanwhile saw that his children had as much to eat as they wanted. He was even known to tremble every time one of the children ran a slight temperature.

BUT in 1956, when not a single film Rossellini made with his Swedish wife had been a success, Ingrid took matters into her own hands. This was very likely the first real break between the couple. French director Jean Renoir said he would like to use her in "Eliana and the Men." The film world waited with bated breath to see if Rossellini would consent but there was no hesitation. For one thing, Renoir was an old friend.

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But when Ingrid told her husband of the proposed part in "Anastasia," he was furious. "Don't you understand?" he stormed. "It is the most Hollywoodian film ever written. It is everything I am against, false all the way through." Instead of discussing the artistic values Ingrid pointed out the payment she would receive—\$65,000—and the argument was dropped.

Later Ingrid told her husband that she was returning to America in person to accept the Critics' Award. Rossellini flew into a rage. It seemed to him that this would sanction his defeat, that it was a capitulation to Hollywood.

By the time Ingrid got the chance to act in "Tea and Sympathy" in Paris, she was convinced that her husband merely wanted to prevent her from working with other directors. But this was unfair to Rossellini's intellectual honesty. He really believed what he said about mediocre scripts. Rossellini called the play "rubbish for twopenny intellectuals; a combination psychology textbook and Kinsey Report explained to Sunday supplement readers in the jargon of popular songs."

However, Ingrid insisted on doing the play. Rossellini sulked and brooded, then had an idea of doing a movie about India, that fascinating country. He threw himself into plans, working intensively. This was his chance for a real comeback, to do something he knew how to do well.

But if new horizons were opening for Rossellini artistically, the gulf between him and Ingrid began to widen. Here he was worked up to a tremendous pitch, and his lovely, gifted wife was gently but mockingly teasing him about the great project! She treated Rossellini almost as if he were a small boy with a new toy.

Though there may have been an element of truth in this, it was no way to handle a man with such a strong male ego. It so happened that, at this time, Prime Minister Nehru of India was visiting Italy. Rossellini went to see him and sold him completely on his film project. Friends were pleased, but were also shocked when they noted Ingrid's reaction—she was upset!

In January, Rossellini left for the Orient. He arrived in India full of energy. Then, at a party, he was told by a fortune teller, "You are doomed to fall in love while in India—there is no way out of it." Like many Italians, Rossellini is superstitious and the fortune teller's prediction sounded like an irrevocable prophecy to him. His first meeting with the lovely Sonali das Gupta seemed like destiny. When her husband introduced Sonali to Rossellini, she raised her eyes, stared meaningfully into his face and then turned her eyes down again. Rossellini looked at her nervously, intently. As she moved, her red and black sari revealed a slim, well-formed body underneath.

THERE he was, thousands of miles from home, thrown into frequent proximity with an attractive young woman who made no secret of her feelings for him. In Rome, he had been harassed by Ingrid's desire for serenity and tormented by the feelings of inferiority which his wife had, intentionally or not, engendered. Here was his chance to prove to himself again that he was a man.

However, things got out of hand. Rossellini is not—despite the gossip—the type who indulges in casual affairs. He has always given his women every bit of his attention, regardless of the consequences—a form of flattery few females can resist.

First he tried to make Sonali an actress. Then he convinced himself that he had to have her as a script-writer. In any event,

they were brought into constant contact. Sonali's husband, aware of what was happening, took her away from Bombay on trips. Rossellini himself fought against the allure of the Indian girl. He kept surrounding himself with pictures of Ingrid and their children.

Rossellini still had the old touch. Some of the work he did in India, according to those who have seen it, was magnificent. Here again the master of improvisation proved himself. But then his work suffered as he started chasing all over India to "consult" with Sonali.

Meanwhile, Rossellini found his position changing. On his arrival, he had been ceremoniously received by Nehru, and they travelled together to the country's largest cities. But later, clouds appeared on the horizon.

INDIAN producers were annoyed because Rossellini was going to sell his documentaries to the Indian government for less than half the money they had been getting. Hari das Gupta, himself a documentary producer, was impressed by the fact that his family and friends were shocked at the close collaboration between his wife and Rossellini. They finally convinced him there was more to it than art and work. He was, oddly enough, in the same position as Peter Lindstrom eight years earlier. However, the Indian took a definite tack. He went to Bombay's Taj Mahal Hotel and said to Rossellini, "Dear friend, my wife is in love with you and wants to work with you. Keep her if you like, but I don't want her in my house."

This made the biggest headlines in India since Nehru had come to power. Indeed, newspapers filled their front pages with the affairs of Roberto, demanding that he be expelled from India. One paper, *Blitz*, said: "We have had enough of the international activities of the tired Italian Don Juan." Other papers were almost as merciless, too, for India's press is as sensational as any in the world. Not unnaturally, they took the side of Hari das Gupta.

The world's newspapers took up the cry until "Rossellini in India" sounded like a cross between "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Life and Times of Casanova." Rossellini began feeling the pressure. He was, after all, in a strange land caught off balance by events. He himself insisted to friends that the relationship was platonic, on a business level, that his feelings for Sonali were entirely different from those he felt for the mother of his children.

Yet, according to his cameraman, Aldo Tonti, Rossellini in India said: "I am fascinated by Sonali. She is the most intelligent woman I have met in my life. If you like, I am in love with her, but it is not an ordinary love; it is our minds that are attracted."

Meanwhile, the duo lived at the Taj Mahal Hotel, but in separate suites. Many believed this was just a polite fiction.

"Are you sleeping with Sonali?" a member of India's parliament asked the Italian.

"N-no," Rossellini replied, hesitantly.

The official persisted, "Brother and sister, sort of?"

"I wouldn't say that, either."

Sonali's husband, by this time, was beside himself with rage. He denounced Rossellini in the strongest of terms and formally asked the Indian government to expel the Italian from the country. Rossellini's visa renewal was denied, and the director sadly left the county he had triumphantly entered less than a year earlier.

In Paris, October 21, 1957, Roberto Rossellini greeted his wife. The greeting was affectionate, but that night the couple sat down to analyze their marriage.

Hitherto they had avoided facing the facts, asking themselves, "What will people say?" The frank attitude taken by Ingrid very likely induced Rossellini to depart from the usual Italian habit of softening the truth to make it less painful. If there is anyone else besides the two persons concerned who knows the whole story of the Indian adventure, it is certainly Ingrid.

The announcement of the decision to separate sent a tremor of excitement around the world. Even those who had been convinced that a split was inevitable were surprised when the event actually took place.

With their too-carefully stage-managed final scene, Rossellini again succeeded in angering the world's press. Somehow, no one resented the fact that Ingrid had played a part too. All the ire was directed toward the Italian. Besides, this fitted the picture they presented to the outside world. Ingrid was the wronged mother, maintaining her dignity and serenity despite all. Rossellini looked harassed, aged and tired.

Then, slowly, the new wave of hate began—directed this time in full force against Rossellini and now emanating more from Italy than America. Where many Italian men had first been angry at him for winning Bergman, now they were angry with him for losing her! It was a loss to the nation, they said.

Roberto was even condemned by Italians who were notorious for their own extramarital affairs. When this was pointed out, they said: "Ah, but when a man has someone like Ingrid—!"

FEW have pardoned the director or offered words of comfort or good wishes to him. Everyone, in turn, has felt sorry for Ingrid Bergman. One Italian editor wrote as follows: "Perfect wife and loving mother, still a great and talented actress, Ingrid Bergman yesterday separated from her husband, director Roberto Rossellini. We Italians were happy to call her 'ours' . . . one more magnificent Italian citizen . . . an exemplary woman . . . who never gave the slightest sign of impatience or intolerance towards a man whom we hope will take Indian citizenship as soon as he can. We hope the fascination of the Orient will remove him from our midst."

About the only people who had anything good to say for Rossellini were the women in his life. According to his first wife, "his ability to give something of himself to everyone and inducing others to do the same is incomprehensible to those who don't know him. He has always had a talent for bringing together the most disparate elements in life."

Anna Magnani remains convinced that Rossellini has great potentials for filmmaking left in him, and that he can still make fine movies "if he weren't so involved in family questions."

Ingrid Bergman maintains, "People have been unjust to him possibly because some people liked me better, but we are great friends still and he is a marvellous and worthy person. If he came into the room at this moment, I would throw my arms around his neck."

When Rossellini spent Christmas, 1957, with Ingrid and his children, the day passed amidst affection and peace, but late in the afternoon he quietly left and drove off alone, without telling anyone his destination.

And so, almost nine years after it began, ended one of the most colorful love stories of the century. No tears—no screams—no threats. Just a fortyish actress going on to new triumphs, and a 52-year-old film director wondering in which direction his next move would be. ▲

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Hijacking

(continued from page 13)

She shouldn't have been thrown over so hard. I didn't swerve that much . . .

"Help, please!" she screamed, and the cab door was partly open. The electronic siren whined. A hidden horn growled as "contact" was made with the burglar system. With a curse, Bart quickly shut off the alarm and slowed down. "Easy kid," he breathed. "You'll be okay. Let me shut that door—"

But it was never shut.

"Look out!" screamed Eleanor.

Directly ahead the black limousine was slowing down. Bart slammed down on the air brakes. Disconcerted by the sight of the girl now crumpled on the floor of his cab, he reached for her and when he next looked up, clutching a slender left arm, he stared directly into the muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun.

"One move and you're full of holes!" A thin man in a neat chesterfield coat stood on the runningboard. On the opposite side, he saw another man with a second gun.

"Get out of the cab!"

"Don't hurt him too much," Eleanor said—all the sexiness gone from her voice. She stood on the side of the road, smiling coldly at Bart's wrathful expression. Her night's work is done, Bart thought ruefully, and so is the work of lots of other characters who had known the route and cargo of his truck.

Swiftly he was stuffed into the back of the limousine, where he was blindfolded and expertly tied by two other men who had been waiting back there. The first man with the shotgun hopped into the cab, slashed all cables attached to the burglar system and resumed traveling—still in the same direction. The second man returned to the wheel of the limousine and Eleanor jumped in beside him.

Bart, choking on a gag abruptly jammed into his mouth, sat helplessly between his captors and wondered how in hell they could "disappear" with his trailer and all that priceless cargo before his despatchers, and police, were alerted to trouble.

The limousine drove for almost 30 minutes. Finally, it roared down a cobbled road behind some old frame houses. There the men unceremoniously hauled Bart into a basement and dropped him, like a sack of meal, on a damp floor. "Figure. It's possible," muttered a voice, "that he might work loose from the gag and ropes. We can't lose any time on our schedule . . ."

Heavy fists smashed against his jaw, and a piercing scream of pain rose in Bart's throat. Then, mercifully, he felt nothing more as a blunt instrument cracked against the side of his ear.

"Just enough, that's all!" warned another panting voice. "We don't want to kill . . ."

Bart lay still, a trickle of blood oozing from his lips.

IT was 7:30 A.M., August 23, 1957. At 9:55 A.M., less than five miles from where Bart lay senseless, his giant trailer was found on a back street—empty! Its entire \$60,000 cargo of negotiable merchandise had vanished, had been swallowed up by America's multi-million dollar hijacking racket.

Early this year J. Edgar Hoover, director of the F.B.I., said succinctly: "Hijacking today is the nation's softest touch in crime."

Last year, records show, more than \$95,000,000 worth of goods were stolen from America's trucks. Hijackings are on the increase, say the insurance companies, and they will probably be more extensive this year.

A top insurance investigator for one of the largest and smartest anti-hijacking sleuthing agencies in the world, told MAN'S MAGAZINE:

"This is no racket today for the dope or the average criminal. It is highly organized. Smooth-operating mobs—composed of anywhere from four to 20 members—have their own hijacking 'firms.' Many of these firms use waitresses in roadside diners frequented by truckers. It is this 'finger' operation that triggers off the actual hijacking.

"But this is only the beginning . . .

"Also involved are crooked garage owners, brokers, union bosses, wholesalers, so-called discount houses specializing in TV set and appliances, shady manufacturers who need raw materials, black market whiskey sellers and certain organizations devoted to selling 'hot' goods to unsuspecting jobbers and retailers who often don't know where the stuff comes from. All they know is that it's a bargain in today's cut-throat, competitive market.

"Truck hijacking is not confined to certain areas of the nation. In New York City, for example, our records show that \$375,000 worth of cargo vanished in six days! And in Los Angeles, the police reported 16,500 truck thefts in a single year. That means there was a truck hijacking in Los Angeles on the average of one every 35 minutes!"

There is a happy ending to the story of Bart Wilson and his vanishing cargo. Remarkable sleuthing and swift action by the F.B.I. and agents of the Cargo Protection Bureau cornered the gang—and recovered most of the \$60,000 worth of the stolen materials.

But in solving the robbery, and capturing most of the gang, investigators learned the frightening truth about how amazingly well-organized today's hijacking racket can be—and still is.

One of the top sleuths, financially supported by the major insurance companies, revealed:

"What the public does not know—and it is the public who ultimately must pay for the shakedown—is that we have a rapidly growing chain of illegal warehouses across the continent.

"FENCES who move the stolen goods, operate with 'offices' in a dozen cities. Through mutual cooperation, they see to it that the stuff is disposed of rapidly and profitably.

"Today it's a matter of demand. Television sets, automobile tires, household appliances and women's clothing are the prime targets.

"Many of the commodities sold at bargain rates in certain discount houses are truck robbery loot. Cigarettes and booze, almost impossible to trace once they pop up on a cut-rate counter, remain outstanding favorites for hijacking operators.

"There is also a heavy demand for canned goods. Recently, there was a wave of meat truck robberies in Chicago . . ."

Less than two hours after Bart Wilson's cleaned-out trailer truck had been found by the cops, F.B.I. agents swarmed over that empty vehicle like human bees. Probing with delicate electronic instruments and making chemical tests, the investigators came up with these elusive but important clues:

• The top of the truck cab showed six faint new scratches. These indicated that, before the trailer was abandoned, the front section of the massive vehicle had been driven under a shed, or a garage door roof. It was there—and the shed or garage could not be too far—the cargo had been unloaded, or at least partly unloaded.

• For that fast-traveling trailer, with the hijackers aboard, had made another

stop. Along the sides of the trailer, sharp-eyed experts detected another scraping, leaving a faint residue of plant fiber. This substance, rushed to botanists at Southern Methodist University, came from red cedar and redbud trees. Such trees are not too common in Texas neighborhoods.

• In the tire treads were found the usual fragments of rock, mud and oil. Also something else: chunks of red clay. "That clay," predicted one investigator, "is going to be our best bet!"

• At the hospital, where Bart Wilson still lay in a coma brought on by his savage beating, the agents confiscated all his discarded clothing. On the rear of his windbreaker, and on the seat of his trousers, they found streaks of cheap red paint.

BART didn't get those streaks in the basement where he had been found. Nor from the cab of his own truck. Therefore, the probers rationalized, the streaks came from the interior of the limousine used in the hijacking operation.

• Record books in the glove compartment of the truck cab, neatly kept by Bart Wilson, showed how much gasoline he had available when he made his last refueling stop 67 miles east of Dallas.

• Owners of the truck, at the terminal where it never arrived, showed investigators the fuel performance records of trailer 579—Bart's vehicle. "About four miles to the gallon . . . constantly," a mechanic informed the agents.

Now F.B.I. agents and the Cargo Protection Bureau had facts to work with concerning the movement of trailer 579. They knew where it had refueled and knew the approximate mileage consumed from the exact point of the hijacking and spot where it had been found, stripped of cargo.

It was less than 21 miles.

Far into the night, over steaming cups of coffee and sandwiches, the sleuths examined maps of Dallas and its inner suburbs. They drew an "orbit" around the street where the truck had been abandoned. Then they calculated, with precise mathematics, how far out the hijackers could have driven to unload the cargo—and then finally to the place of abandonment.

The next morning, a clear, sun-swept day, a dozen investigators fanned out in that "orbit" to check, patiently, all commercial garages and warehouses and possible storage areas.

Meanwhile, to help matters along, the abandoned limousine was found on a main thoroughfare—almost five miles directly north of where the trailer was found. The limousine license plates, of course, had been stolen, but its interior was all black! A careful examination showed that the leather seats had been freshly painted black. A flake of the new paint was rushed to an F.B.I. laboratory, where technicians discovered that the paint under the black had been red. And prior to that, tests showed, the original color of the leather had been blue. As had been the original outside metal finish.

Swiftly, the investigators calculated that the red over the blue on the seats—and the black over the original outside blue metal finish—meant that the car had first been used for another hijacking, but had not been abandoned. Only after this second job did the hijackers "release" the stolen limousine, and this time with the new all black inside and outside paint. This meant, too, that the ingenious job had been done in less than 24 hours by criminal experts who knew how to "hot dry" freshly applied paint.

While agents and F.B.I. men hunted down all the nearby auto paint shops, other sleuths found a warehouse-and-garage setup approximately six miles from where

the empty trailer had been abandoned. The top of the warehouse door bore scratches of paint that matched exactly with that of Bart Wilson's cab!

The owner of the warehouse, a reputable man long in legitimate business, cried, "Impossible! This warehouse has been locked all night—and all other nights. Besides you won't find any of the cargo here—"

"Not now," replied one of the F.B.I. men. "But this warehouse was the original 'drop' for the mob. This is the first place they hit in order to unload the heavily-laden trailer!"

On the floor of the warehouse, in an unused storage area, the investigators found a broken part of a new auto fuel pump—part of Bart's cargo, they assumed. And when their electronic "sniffers" also picked up the smell of raw rubber, they were positive that the hijacking gang had unloaded the bulk of the loot at this warehouse. The remainder of Bart's cargo was hurried off, still in the trailer, to that unknown "drop" where the sides of the trailer picked up the scrapings from the red cedar and redbud trees.

Agents wondered why the gang used two "drops" and why the stuff had not remained long at the warehouse. Smaller trucks had apparently carted that portion off to another location.

In the tiny warehouse office, confronted with this maze of elusive clues, the F.B.I. and the Cargo Protection Bureau put its collective brains together, and, as a matter of fact, the investigators were optimistic. Thanks to the assistance of criminologists and the botanists at Southern Methodist University, the pursuers were closing in. The No. 1 "drop" of the hijackers had been found, even if it was only the "drop" from which the cargo had been further distributed.

Soon more breaks came in favor of the law . . .

Two night watchmen at the respectable warehouse had been hired three weeks ago. Both had master keys to the warehouse, and both had suddenly resigned a few days before—on August 20, 1957.

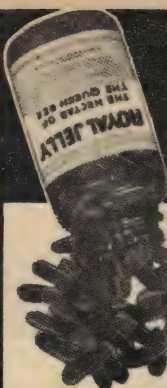
"You got your keys back all right," said an F.B.I. man, smiling ruefully. "But not until those two birds had made duplicates. And being familiar with this place, they knew that your present night watchman left the premises at 7 A.M."

DID the watchmen who vanished—obviously members of the hijacking mob—leave behind a single clue?

Although they had used phony names and addresses—and even falsified Social Security cards—they had handled new cards made out in their names for punching in on the electric time clock used by all warehouse employees. These were dusted for fingerprints, and their true identities came back from F.B.I. histories in Washington, D.C.

"Hilbert Smith" was actually Theodore (Big Buster) Boller, 48, a convicted labor extortioner from Chicago. "Tony Manero" was Anthony DiNigris, 45, twice convicted for armed holdups of trailer trucks in California.

Further checking showed that Boller and DiNigris had always been workers on the lower echelon level for organized hijacking "firms" and that both men launched their careers back in 1945 with rough, tough and clever Kingdon William DeNormand, a henchman of the late Dutch Schultz. No ordinary hoodlum, DeNormand bossed a multi-million dollar hijacking mob along the eastern seaboard, a specialist in liquor shipments and raw materials. Before he was caught and sent to jail by a Federal court, DeNormand managed to awe even the F.B.I. He posed



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as an F.B.I. agent and came fully equipped with credentials!

"The faked Social Security cards are a hangover from DeNormand's training," one of the investigators announced, recalling with considerable admiration how DeNormand wrote to the F.B.I. asking for the return of his fingerprints, which were on file for an earlier crime.

Director J. Edgar Hoover replied negatively (by stamped signature) to this ridiculous demand, using regular F.B.I. stationery. DeNormand cut out the letterhead, the F.B.I. shield and Mr. Hoover's signature. From these he fashioned a bogus F.B.I. identification card bearing the name "Tim Longworth."

IF Boller and DiNigris worked for a "splinter" group of the old DeNormand mob now functioning in Texas and the Southwest, who were the masterminds of the mob? These two hoodlums seldom rose above the job category of "plants"—like watchmen, garage mechanics or phony freight handlers—yet it was obvious that both men belonged to the same operation that used the strawberry blonde waitress (also gone from her place of employment) and Eleanor, the planted hitchhiker.

In every instance, the clever hijackers had used techniques to confuse—and delay—the "chase" launched by enforcement authorities. The painted and repainted limousine . . . the use of the innocent warehouse to empty the trailer quickly—but only a segment of the cargo . . . the transfer of the stuff from the innocent warehouse to some other smaller vehicles which rushed the contraband to another "drop."

But the double clamp of F.B.I. and insurance sleuths' ingenuity was tightening!

"As smart as the gang was," one investigator said, "it was not smart enough to reckon with scientific criminology. Why, they never figured we would find that innocent warehouse. And then we got the real break—the red clay on the tires."

Dogged agents, equipped with their rough map of the 21-mile "orbit," had visited city and county highway departments. Poring over countless and boring re-paving or road re-finishing assignments, they found nothing. Then they turned to private road re-surfacing permits. There were nine permits for paving jobs in the area which possibly might not have hardened, especially if the fresh red clay had been mixed with crushed rock—also found imbedded in those tire treads.

All of these re-surfacing jobs had to be visited, with still another process of elimination in mind: look for houses on such clay-and-rock road which have red cedar and redbud trees on driveways.

One morning the phone jangled in the local F.B.I. headquarters.

"Get ready to hit!" the enthusiastic voice said. "We've got the red clay, the crushed rock and a house with six of those assorted trees on a driveway leading to a quonset hut behind the house!"

"And the occupants?"

"Checked 'em all out—with interesting results," the agent went on, rapidly. "The dame in the house, directly at the dead end of a newly surfaced farm lane, has a police record. She was a material witness in a robbery case six years ago. And we've trailed one guy, who looks like Boller from pictures in the rogue's gallery, to and from the house on three occasions. *Protect yourselves*. Right now, there's two big cars in the driveway and five guys have gone into the house in the past hour!"

Shortly before noon a nondescript station wagon rolled to a stop on a quiet suburban

street. Five men got out and, with a businesslike air, began to walk slowly from the station wagon. They might have been salesmen about to launch a door-to-door campaign among housewives. All five, of course, were F.B.I. and insurance company sleuths, and each man carried under his well-tailored jacket a loaded automatic and several tear gas bombs.

They spread out casually.

The target was the neat frame house at the end of the clay-and-rock lane.

It stood on bare, flat ground with a little garden in the back. There was a high board fence around three sides of it, painted white with large flower designs in yellow and a fantastic huge green vine. The nearest habitation was another frame house, almost a block away. On the open side, where the oddly quaint fence did not extend, there was a driveway and a battered quonset hut.

On both sides, neatly planted, were the red cedar and redbud trees.

The two big cars, ominous looking and parked near the door of the quonset hut, had their rear doors swung open wide—and there were no seats in the rear.

Four of the agents vanished below a dip in the hill. The fifth man—from the F.B.I.—carried a brush salesman's valise and, whistling a loud tune, sauntered up the driveway.

Suddenly, a beefy man in overalls emerged from the quonset hut lugging two wooden boxes. He stiffened at the sight of the stranger coming up the driveway and growled, "Not today, Mac."

The F.B.I. man walked faster, still smiling. "Certainly, sir," he purred. "But I do want to leave a free sample for the lady of the house . . ." He moved even faster, sensing his advantage over the man clutching the two stacked boxes, teetering uncertainly at the open door. Opening his brush salesman's valise, the agent yanked out the automatic. "Back inside!" he snapped. "Not a word out of you!"

Half-stumbling, his face contorted in panic and wrath, the beefy man retreated into the quonset hut. In the dim light, the agent saw all he needed to see . . .

THE interior of the quonset hut was neatly stacked with rayon and nylon cartons. Another brief glance showed that the hijackers had stored boxes of men's suits, shoes, hats and sweaters, even china and toys. To this "drop," it was clear, the trailer brought its domestic wares—like the nylons and rayons.

Without warning, the beefy man slammed into a packing case, dropped his stacked boxes and let out a howl of pain. It was an obvious feint to arouse the occupants of the house.

It worked! . . . A rear door leading from a kitchen slammed open, and a man and a woman appeared briefly—the man with a drawn revolver who had the drop on the F.B.I. agent.

A short-lived one, however. A tear gas bomb spluttered and then fumed upward into the startled faces of the man and woman. As they staggered backward in a choking fog, the other F.B.I. men hurtled over the high board fence, prepared to lob another bomb. But it was unnecessary. In less than 10 minutes the gang had been rounded up and handcuffed.

For the investigators, the Case of the Tree-Marked Trailer was a remarkable example of how smoothly organized hijackers function. In a few hours the whole case, like an abstract jig-saw puzzle, emerged in its own neat pattern:

- Twenty-two men, including the one woman who owned the "domestic drop," had been involved in the heist.

- Working on a breathtaking schedule,

the trailer had first roared into the warehouse. There, with the help of the phony watchmen and four other "handlers," the raw rubber and auto parts had been unloaded. This stuff had come out of the side doors in less than 35 minutes. Simultaneously, four "switch" trucks had arrived and the rubber and auto parts were stowed aboard these—in another 35 minutes.

● The switch trucks zoomed off to a phony "cinder block" warehouse where, presumably, a jobber was in the legitimate business of selling cinder blocks to builders. Not one block had been sold there in months, it was soon discovered; but the warehouse served as the storage area for non-domestic "hot" goods like the rubber and auto parts, and tv sets, washing machines, floor waxers, bolts of woollens and silks and other basic commodities to be moved through "fences" into the channels of legitimate distribution.

● As for the trailer, it then roared off to the little house on the tree-lined drive-way where the gang stowed its "domestic" lines, such as the rayon and nylon goods, plus all assorted wearing apparel. Shortly thereafter the trailer was abandoned.

● The hijackers knew as much about Bart Wilson's shipment as the shippers themselves. With the help of the waitress, crooked warehouse men at the original shipping point and a half-dozen other informers, the gang knew everything:

Nature of merchandise aboard; value; exact route to be taken; fences even knew what merchandise was in demand; where and at what price.

● Top leaders of the hijacking mob maintained "floating" headquarters in gin-mills and shady hotels. Also involved at one ginmill was a private, unlisted telephone number where the leaders directed the operation via remote control. Members of the gang also frequented this ginmill (owned by a friend of the hijackers), and it was here that orders were placed, pay-offs made, and even contacts maintained with crooked lawyers and bail bondsmen if lesser hirelings made an "error" and were picked up by local police.

Lastly, of course, there was an additional tie-in with crooked auto paint shops, stolen car "dealers," dishonest union leaders and freight handlers.

The F.B.I. points, with grim annoyance, to the first-rate infiltration techniques of hijacking mobsters inside legitimate shipping organizations.

"They're almost as good as Communists," one F.B.I. man commented wryly, then cited the following case:

One snowy, wind-whistling December night a truck of the Overnight Transportation Company set out from Baltimore with 500 cases of bonded rye whiskey aboard. The snow was thin and occasional, but the highways were a bit sticky. Because of weather conditions, the truck owners expected a slight delay as the vehicle rumbled northward toward New York.

But the shipment never left Baltimore.

EARLY next morning the trailer was stripped of the whiskey—worth exactly \$12,614.70 wholesale. The driver also, had vanished like the melting snow.

While certain investigators were off on the chase of the invisible whiskey, the insurance company agents and Baltimore police investigated the missing driver.

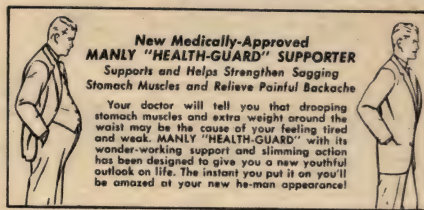
A mild-mannered, bespectacled man in his 40s, he had signed himself in as Ralph Williams on the company's payroll. He was known, occupationally, as a "shaper"—a driver taking work when he could get it.

Executives of the company were baffled by the fact that Ralph Williams, a mere "shaper," had been assigned Tractor 275—

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Neatly kept records by lesser officials showed that Williams had arrived at the Baltimore terminal and signed a tax-withholding slip. He had drawn \$6.75 for incidental expenses and had been told to "shape up" (or load) whiskey cartons on tractor-trailer No. 275. Somewhere along the way Ralph Williams had acquired - and flashed - a union card, but he never did show it to the union shop steward.

F.B.I. agents examined the tax-withholding slip. Study by experts soon revealed that the handwriting of "Ralph Williams" belonged to one Edward R. Linthicum, seven times in prison for embezzlement and fraud.

THE agents chatted pleasantly with executives and "approved" boses around the terminal. Sights were narrowed down on John C. Rood, a kindly, well-regarded dispatcher who had hired Linthicum.

"Gosh, I might have used bad judgment," Rood said apologetically. "You know how scarce men are this time of the year. I took this guy's application by telephone and told him to come around with a union card and his personal history."

Under polite questioning, Rood would never admit to more than poor judgment and offered many abject apologies for yielding to "help scarcity" in hiring the so-called Ralph Williams.

Then the roof fell in on the smartly planned infiltration scheme. By the mere mistake of "celebrating" after the delivery of the stolen booze to various "drops," Linthicum became careless and was suddenly arrested in New Jersey.

Linthicum's confession was a shocker. He said the deal was set up with William N. Bedsworth, an assistant business agent of the freight drivers' union.

Bedsworth, tired of the second-rate pleasures in life, could not help but read in the newspapers that hijacking was a spectacular and reasonable enterprise. No investments. No holdups. No extreme danger to life and limb. Besides, as a business agent, he had heard about the troubles of shippers with these sly and highly successful hijackers.

Working on the theory that he could not crash the supermarket-type of hijacking mob, Bedsworth launched his one little independent business.

Two things he had to accomplish: infiltrate the shipping firm and hire himself at least one experienced criminal. Linthicum was that man.

In his confession to authorities, Linthicum put it this way:

Bedsworth, always on the prowl of warehouses as a union business agent, spotted trailer 275 and soon learned that its ultimate contents would be worth \$12,641.70. The shipping waybills were easy to look at and evaluate. Having made his contact with "fences," Bedsworth learned he could pick up \$7,000 for the shipment in the criminal market. Using a "loan" made by the underworld merchants, Bedsworth wrote out certified checks for his various "employees." According to Linthicum, Bedsworth first paid dispatcher Rood \$880 to make sure that Linthicum would be hired and given the trailer.

In subsequent probing, the investigators found that Bedsworth & Co. included a fascinating cast of amateurs: Excluding the professional, Linthicum, Bedsworth had used a druggist, grocer, factory worker, a wayward brother of a trucking company official and an electrical contractor whose home provided the "drop." In the final split Bedsworth and Linthicum got \$2,680 each for the hijacking.

Because of the increasing boldness -

and finesse - of modern hijacking mobs, the big truckers and shippers are improving their techniques to catch the mobs.

In Philadelphia, for example, the Pennsylvania Motor Truck Association has used unmarked cars equipped with radios on all-night patrol. These cars, manned by smart private detectives, prowl all the major highways leading from the city and also keep an eye on the terminals.

In New Jersey and Illinois, some trucking firms are so respectful of the "administrators" of hijacking mobs that they spend a lot of money employing agents who do little else but keep these men under constant surveillance.

Another bit of progress is the growing invulnerability of alarm systems installed aboard trailers. Although one mob found a way to outwit Bart Wilson and his "wired" trailer, by planting the sexy Eleanor aboard to force him into a shut-off of the alarm system, the present suppliers of these systems have gone a step ahead: the code-controlled alarm.

In this setup, the driver is taught how to operate a series of buttons near his ignition key - like the combination of a safe. Each truck in a fleet has its own code for turning on and off the sirens, bells and horns. Some have another gadget called the "parker" alarm, which will scream if the trailer is even moved one inch while the driver is out of the cab. The psychology of the code-controlled alarm is to make the driver pause and think when an emergency arises.

"Yet," one investigator said, "the smartest protection will be outwitted by brazen cleverness. Take the guy in the hijacking mob who thought up this one:

"KNOWING the trailers were sealed with impregnable alarm systems, he trained a 'plant' to post himself on a street favored by loaded trucks. This 'plant' carried a false identification badge, a counterfeit piece of shipping company correspondence and a stack of forged credentials which established his connection with the shipping company.

"As the truck slowed down for a traffic light, this character stepped out of a shiny coupe - with lettering of the shipping company painted on its side - and hopped on the running board.

"He said to the startled driver, 'I'm the new solicitor for the company,' flashing all his credentials. 'Make an emergency pickup at 1262 F - Street, will you? Fifth floor in the rear. Thanks, pal.'

"Then he left before the driver could beef and ask questions. But the driver had seen the credentials and the impressive-looking coupe; and he knew better than argue with the boss.

"F - Street being narrow and congested, the truck driver had to park a block away. So he got out - first setting all his alarms - and discovered there is a 1262 and also a fifth floor loft with his own company's name pasted on a door.

"A pleasant-looking man was even waiting outside the door, pointing to four small cases. 'Get your hand truck and put these aboard with the rest of the shipment,' he ordered. The driver nodded, returned to this parked trailer, dialed all the alarm buttons to 'shut-off' and removed a hand truck from his trailer. While he was gone, picking up the trash-stuffed packing cases, the hijackers drove off with his \$45,000 cargo!"

Not every hijacker gets away so easily. Thanks to alert sleuthing by law enforcement agencies, a good many of these highway robbers are rotting in jail. Unfortunately, many more are combing the highways, looking for a fast buck in a vicious racket. ▲

Gay Men

(continued from page 33)

emotional disorder.

"It is to aid us in our work . . ."

This key phrase, reported by Arthur B in a psychiatric interview on file at the New York Neurological Institute, has startling and chilling implications. It means, under the pressures of a hostile and contemptuous world, thousands of America's hidden homosexuals—as distinct from the minority which publicly flaunts its "queerness"—are now seeking help and satisfaction from carefully organized underground societies.

"Keep in mind that Arthur B— is a respectable, outwardly normal church-going American who has developed his abnormal conflict and cannot pay the price of having the world know it," a Neurological Institute psychiatrist told this writer.

"He must turn to a secret society. A defense association. They are springing up in big cities all over the nation. Through his first contact with the television writer, Arthur B— was "lucky" enough, if that's the correct word, to make contact with an intelligently-run, secret group that made it possible for him to meet another hidden deviate, a professional man like himself, who would share his sexual company and secret with him."

In the U.S. today, according to the distinguished sociologist and sexual expert, Dr. Donald Webster Cory, "untold numbers" of hidden homosexuals have joined a semi-secret order called the Mattachine Society. The society has a monthly magazine called ONE which may be purchased, openly, on hundreds of newsstands in New York, Chicago, Hollywood, St. Louis and other major cities.

Anti-obscenity laws and various police departments have not cracked down on the magazine, nor on the Mattachine. Too many distinguished doctors, writers and intellectuals are writing for ONE.

Its pages are not filled with gay, or even pornographic material, but with clinical information. In many states no enforcement agency is able to move against the magazine because it actually deals with homosexuality as a medical and psychiatric fact. As for the Mattachine Society, little is known as to how it precisely operates. But it is known that it serves countless numbers of hidden homosexuals.

As for Arthur B—, he is not a gay by his own choice. The beginning of his tragic story is innocent enough. Innocent in the sense that he did not recognize its beginning.

LIKE thousands of gays, Arthur was once a normally-sexed young man. In October, 1947 he married Helen F—, a talented fashion designer. During the first six years of their marriage Arthur and Helen had two children, a boy and a girl. Their sexual life, according to Arthur's interviews with his own doctor and those at the New York Neurological Institute, bloomed into a healthy, passionate relationship. The couple also seemed highly compatible.

At the time of their marriage Arthur was already moving upward in his advertising agency and Helen, a strong-minded, aggressive woman, supplied the extra psychological "push" that greatly accelerated Arthur's zest for his job and his career.

In 1953, with remarkable speed, Arthur was promoted to his \$50,000-a-year vice-presidency and there seemed no stopping him.

Then something happened to their mar-

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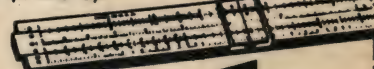
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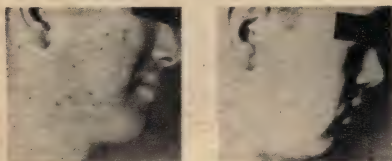
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riage: A large oak tree on a Long Island golf course. The tree, in stopping Helen as she whirled off a highway at 70-miles-an-hour in a new \$5,000 convertible, flung her 75 feet from the demolished car, smashed both her limbs and turned her into a long-term invalid . . . and a monstrous new personality.

In File 228-R at the Neurological Center, where Arthur was later treated for sexual deviation and mild schizophrenia—an occasional "mental side effect" of the involuntary homosexuality—Arthur's own words tell his lonely, frustrating story:

" . . . We couldn't sleep with each other for a long time because of her broken legs. Hell, I was ready to put up with that discipline. The doctors said it would take months and months, perhaps a year or more, before she would even get on her feet with crutches.

"She used to let me fondle her. I even had orgasms making love to her breasts and things like that. She didn't seem to mind, at first. I was always gentle. After all, she was crippled.

" . . . But it wasn't enough. And she began to change—even pushing off my kisses. She started to complain about how she could not run her household from a wheelchair. I hired a full-time nurse and a second housekeeper, but it made no difference.

"It was what happened to her—as a woman.

"She wanted a more luxurious home in a better suburb. So I bought it. Next, she wanted a butler, maid, cook, a chauffeur for her rides in the country, and a handyman.

"If she had any loving left in her, she gave it to the kids. She moved to a big room in the new house and wouldn't even let me see her take her clothes off . . .

"After a time she was like a prima donna in that luxuriously furnished invalid's bedroom. Although she was now on two canes, she spent most of the day screaming orders into intercommunication systems, and a two-way Bell radio-telephone system enabling her to call the chauffeur or handyman while they were out in their respective cars on other errands. Then she got a full-time governess to take over the kids.

"Let's get it straight: I suffered lack of love and affection—and I began to need love, or sex, and I didn't know how to get it.

"As fast as I could lay my hands on money and more property, Helen found some way to take them over. Because I had a deeply religious background and a sense of guilt, I stayed away from other women. Maybe that was my mistake. I could have slept with my secretary.

"BUT I was afraid and guilt-ridden.

Then I drank a bit more than usual. It was during one of those mild "benders," traveling around some boardwalk taverns in Atlantic City while at a convention, that I got my first awful feeling about a man's body.

"One afternoon in July I saw a bunch of male teen-agers playing some game down on the sand. They were all wearing shorts. A little drunk, I was suddenly overwhelmed by the beauty and strength of their practically bare figures. Honest to God, that's all I thought of . . . at first. I even thought of my own kids back home, soon to grow up, and I hoped they would develop fine bodies like those I was admiring on the beach.

"Suddenly, I began to sweat and tremble. I couldn't take my eyes off one youth—maybe he was about 20—who seemed so muscular and strong . . . and strangely desirable. I just leaned over the

boardwalk rail and shook, and I said to myself: 'All that is good about living is lost.' I don't know what I meant. But I looked at that wonderful boy and his body and thought THAT . . . and then I felt myself having an erection.

"There was no leaving the sight of him. "Later, these kids left the beach and drifted down to some beer joint wearing their sweat shirts and sneakers. I followed them into the place, staying on the opposite end of the bar, drinking double Scotchies and watching him. I became more excited.

"It was inevitable that I should get more than drunk. When I joined the noisy kids, uninvited, they didn't mind. Nor did that one 20-year-old—at first. I remembered babbling to him how he looked just like my own son that age, a damned lie of course, and sometime later, in a kind of burning fog, I remember reaching out and stroking his bare arm.

"He hit me. Why the hell not?

"It was the first time. I was an amateur. I didn't know what really was eating at me. Those kids nearly tore me to pieces. Luckily, nothing happened in the way of police . . .

"When I got home my wife looked at me for the first time in months and months. I saw the panic and revulsion in her eyes. Not that she knew. She thought I got my black eye in a drunken brawl and now she was frightened that I might be losing my grip, had finally become an irresponsible alcoholic.

"She was also frightened and revolted by another experience. Maybe in a burst of pity, or just left-over love, she let me take her to bed for the first time since the terrible accident. But I was helpless. I could not develop enough sexual drive to copulate with her.

"THEN, some time later, she got a few mysterious phone calls. They probably came from a couple of teen-age boys with whom I became involved homosexually. One was a messenger whom I actually picked up in Pennsylvania Station. I went to his rooming house and had abnormal relations with him. I was so drunk that time he got my name, address and business. He blackmailed me for nearly \$2,000 and had telephoned when I stopped seeing him.

"So Helen found out . . . And I started going to a psychiatrist. He talked about my homosexuality being bred out of abnormal environmental influences and frustrations. So what?

"He didn't seem to help. I had started to read up on homosexuality and I learned that a lot of psychiatrists considered it an incurable disease. When I learned that, I blew my top one night, actually stripped my wife nude in the bedroom and beat her with a wooden ruler. I hardly remember anything after that.

"Somehow they got the doctor. And then I found myself at the Institute . . .

Doctors at the Institute observed that Arthur, like some other involuntary gays, drifted into mild schizophrenia (a split personality) because of the intolerable social and emotional pressures brought to bear on his personality. In one sense, his wife had developed a neurosis through her own physical injury and this, too, was inflicted on Arthur.

A deep sense of guilt, the need for secrecy and the overwhelming sense of shame combined to intensify Arthur's conflict and to further encourage his homosexual tendencies.

In America today there are more than six million known homosexuals. This figure has been challenged, but seldom refuted. The late Dr. Albert Kinsey arrived at that

total after years of painstaking and exacting research with a skilled staff of statisticians and experts. Dozens of other psychiatrists, researchers, mental hospital and mental hygiene authorities have agreed with the 6,000,000 calculation, either in full or at least partially.

The British Medical Association, Britain's leading medical group, has flatly declared "the number of known homosexuals amounts to two or three percent of the total male population of Britain."

In the nightmare world of the hidden homosexual, the emotional ogre that stalks him is his overpowering sense of guilt.

One of the tragic, almost ludicrous, attitudes of the concealed male deviate toward his problem is that he shrinks from "harsh" words that identify him as a "queer."

YET, in New York, San Francisco and Chicago where queer bars, fraternities and summer colonies openly admit their homosexuality, the words "homo," "fairy," "fag," "nance," "fruit" and "pansy" are boldly used and exploited.

"It is bitter irony, indeed," one psychiatrist told this writer, "for it is the public or avowed homosexual who stands a better chance of being returned to normalcy by his frank admission that he is one. That he attends—without qualms and with defiance—the public haunts, dives and parties of the outspoken 'queers.' If he wants to escape, he often stands a better chance under intelligent treatment to get out of that world and return to the world of normal manhood where he belongs."

"On the other hand, the secret homosexual, even in his secret love life and his secret groups, cringes before the contempt of such terms as 'pansy' or 'fag.'"

"So he calls himself a gay, labels heterosexuals the 'straights,' and the 'fag ball' in his parlance turns up as a 'drag'—the very term used by normal college students. And when he admits to 'cruising' or 'night-prowling' for an abnormal partner, this activity emerges—in his language—as the 'social stroll.'"

"As a result, living in this dark and terrible world of concealment, he tends to create greater tensions and a greater homosexuality."

Listen to the haunted, twisted suffering of John T—, a Detroit book salesman, who (married) concealed his gay aberration for more than three years before he cracked up without warning. And this cracking up manifested itself with a brutal sexual assault in broad daylight on an 11-year-old boy. Prior to this senseless attack John had been successfully carrying on abnormal relationships with men of his own age—through secret groups, through careful leads and contacts that permitted him to enjoy another gay without detection.

Yet John T—, under a hypnotic drug in a psychiatric clinic, spoke like this:

"I walk along the street. This fine-looking fellow passes me. I know you, his eyes say as he strolls by. God, it is not only the glance of recognition, but also the glance of contempt."

"He waits at the traffic light. He does not cross with the pedestrian traffic. I turn and slowly approach him, but not directly. We give each other the male-to-male stare. Not man-to-man. We do not have any telltale walk. We do not have the light voice, nor the pansy type of haircut, nor do we even extend to each other the lingering handshake. Yet we exchange the 'gay reflex'—the automatic turning to notice an attractive man passing by."

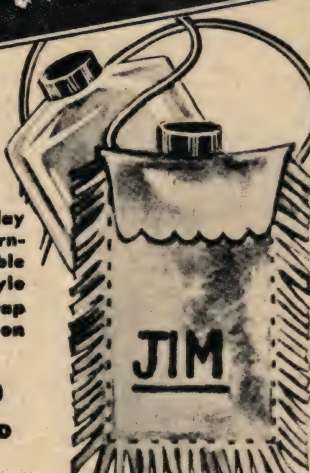
"This is dangerous business. We both know we are 'secrets' (hidden homosexuals), and now we are faced with the

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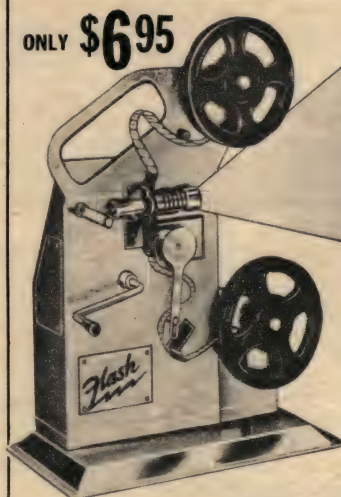
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"I answer him, controlling my voice, 'Yes, but not with me.'"

"He lights a cigarette and moves closer, saying, 'Perhaps we should go somewhere and look at your map of the world.'"

"We stand there, oblivious to the world of normal men and women. Nobody looks at us. We are two good-looking, normal and decent-appearing men . . . on the outside."

"I detect the slight flush in his cheeks. It is the first time for him to be openly solicited and recognized by another secret. How do I know? *The flush.*"

"This is the mistake he has made. Because he is the virgin gay on the brink of his first seduction, he believes he doesn't really know what is wrong with him."

"I must get him."

"But I make a terrible mistake here. I have never tried publicly before. I have always worked through the organization. I went to my previous rendezvous with a secret on a pre-arranged guarantee. It made all the difference in the world. *Now I was challenged to carry through a seduction all by myself. It meant that I had to come up to the surface and tell a stranger publicly that I was a gay!*"

"I shook from head to foot. This handsome man smiling at me, his face tormented with lust, is a secret all right—but he has had no previous contacts. He is about to announce that he is ready to be a public homosexual!"

"Without warning, with no control over myself, I strike him hard across the mouth. He staggers backward and almost falls into the path of an oncoming taxicab. A few passing people stop and look at us curiously. He does nothing, though. Simply touches his mouth in horror and vanishes into the crowds."

"NOW I'm lost. I want to escape from all of it. But I can't. Everything seems to slip away. It's like being drunk and knowing that you are and knowing you don't care what you do. So I see the 11-year-old boy in the abandoned hallway of my own apartment house and I embrace him and he screams and I cannot stop myself . . ."

Commenting on the stark tragedy of John T——'s collapse, his toppling from the brink of homosexuality into the abyss of sexual psychopath, Dr. Edmund Bergler, America's leading spokesman for the psychoanalytic point of view on homosexuality, stressed—emphatically—that thousands of U.S. males living in a "psychic chamber of horrors" with homosexuality find nothing "glamorous" about their predicament. They need and want help, he says. These are the men, he argues, who are sick people. They really want to be cured and are caught up in the paroxysm of guilt and self-imposed secrecy."

Dr. Bergler, author of a challenging and thoughtful book for laymen, "Homosexuality: Disease or Way of Life?" rejects the viewpoint of the brazen, or public homosexual, that he is a fascinating "third sex" created by nature and that his desire for other males should be dignified as a way of life.

"Homosexuality is NOT a biologically determined destiny," writes Dr. Bergler. "It is NOT incomprehensible ill luck. What is it? It is an unconscious solution of a terrible conflict that nearly always has its roots somewhere back in the darkness of childhood."

Seldom has the childhood trauma been

more dramatically illustrated than the case of Robert V——, 27, a brilliant accountant who is currently responding to treatment and diagnosis from top psychiatrists at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City.

Robert's grim story begins on the rainy evening of August 14, 1956 in a quiet, respectable neighborhood of Manhattan's upper East Side. Actually, his story of the unconscious drift into the gay pattern had started long before August 1956. But the sudden and violent climax to his secret contacts with other gays erupted shortly before 9:30 p. m. on that fateful night.

Robert was on his way back to his lonely bachelor apartment after stopping off for some groceries and a few glasses of beer in a nearby tavern. As he told sympathetic doctors later, he felt vaguely troubled by "the feeling coming back." He wasn't too sure that he would get to his accounting office job the following day because of "sexual uneasiness" which demanded that he seek out a contact through a homosexual underground organization.

"ALL of a sudden," he told doctors, "I saw him as he rounded the corner and stooped to look at the display in the drugstore window. The plate-glass windows of the drugstore and the green neon lights illuminated his rounded form. From somewhere out of my childhood I seemed to recognize him."

"He was no more than 15. He was almost fat. He had a heavy lumbering walk that matched his ungainly body. But the vision of him struck me like a blow out of the past. I said to myself, 'Dear God, don't let this happen to me!' I wanted to run. I wanted to throw away the groceries and simply fly up the street, away from the sight of him. But I could not."

"Why should a fat boy of 15 overwhelm me like this? I tried to ask myself this question, even as I stood there shaking with frightful desires. But my mind veered away as though fearful of finding the answer . . ."

"I let him go that night. I managed to fight off the urge to follow him and speak to him."

"The next day I did get to the job. But I felt some kind of a frenzy coming on—all on account of the sight of that boy. I didn't even have enough sense, or foresight, to make a contact with a secret through the group."

"On the following night I saw the boy again. He was walking on the opposite side of the street. After that I saw him almost every night. I discovered that he lived only a block from my apartment house and that he seemed to be coming from a late class. Anyway, I worked it all out so we always passed the drugstore between 9:20 and 9:30 p.m."

"I found any insane excuse to leave the flat and go to a store nearby. Sometimes I got there around nine because I was so afraid that I would miss seeing him."

"He was never aware of me. Occasionally, I would watch him from some vantage point where I could see him coming from a distance and then see him going by. In this manner I was able to experience the terrible joy of watching his every physical movement and contour. I got to know his clothes, the swing of his arms, the gait of his ungainly walk."

"Then I began to follow him. Always at a discreet distance. I got to know the bus stop where he got off. I followed him until he went into his own apartment house."

"All these subsequent nights, tossing in my bed after each futile pursuit, I somehow understood that I was not truly attracted to this boy sexually. Like I

understood that I did not want the gay relations with older men.

"But in some way this boy held me in bondage."

"In my mixed-up feelings, I felt that only some act of his would free me of a long-forgotten danger which was beyond my comprehension. I had a feeling of guilt in relation to the boy. It had been vague at first—beyond the abnormal desire—but each night it grew stronger and stronger.

"On the night of August 26th, I decided that I could not wait any longer. I went home from the job and chose my clothes carefully. Dark ones. I even put on a 98-cent cap for the occasion; it was a ridiculous idea that somehow I would look like a different person. I fortified myself with three shots of Scotch . . . something I rarely do. The unaccustomed stimulant gave me a glow of desperation and a need to go to my kitchenette, where I found the small bread knife which I concealed in my inside jacket pocket. I don't know how I got the urge to do that because I had no intention to kill. No homicidal purpose.

"It was another damp, foggy night. 'I let him pass by. . . . He was almost at the stoop of his apartment house when I took off after him. My rubber-soled shoes made no sound as I ran. The boy had just entered the dimly lit vestibule when I reached out and grabbed the door so it wouldn't close me out. The poor kid swung around to face me, more aggressive than scared. I took out the knife, held it in front of me and said, 'Don't make any noise. Just listen to me'

"He swung around to face me. I figured he might scream and so I held the blade in front of his eyes and said, 'Please don't make any noise. Just listen to me'

"But he started backing off and shouting, 'Get out of here! I don't have any money! I'm just a kid!'

"Don't shout like that!' I heard my own voice screaming. 'Just be quiet. Then you will understand. You've got to forgive me.'

"I reached for the buttons on his outside jacket. I started to pull at his shirt . . . and then he knew

"You dirty —!" I heard him shout. "But he was no longer standing still. He came at me with the heavy book that he had been carrying and he shoved it in my face. My arm came up to ward off the book and the knife ripped his cheek.

"Lights came on everywhere. I threw the knife away, ran blindly to the corner and raced into the street, into the path of that car. It was only a glancing blow from the fender but it flung me to the curb and I don't even remember the ambulance picking me up"

ROBERT was not seriously hurt. In a few days he was able to appear in court. The parents of the 15-year-old boy were indignant and eager to testify that their son had been molested by a sexual degenerate. Probation officers and neighborhood police soon established that Robert V—— had no previous record, that he had respectable parents in Lynn, Massachusetts, that he was a college graduate with an excellent record at his downtown accounting firm.

A court psychiatrist, Dr. Wilbur Greene, watched Robert closely and asked the court for permission to talk to him—alone.

In a few hours Dr. Greene discovered that Robert was a hidden gay, and that the cause of his homosexuality lay in some traumatic experience in early childhood.

The dramatic clue to Robert's obsession for "the nice, young round boy" was found in the phrase which the boy remembered



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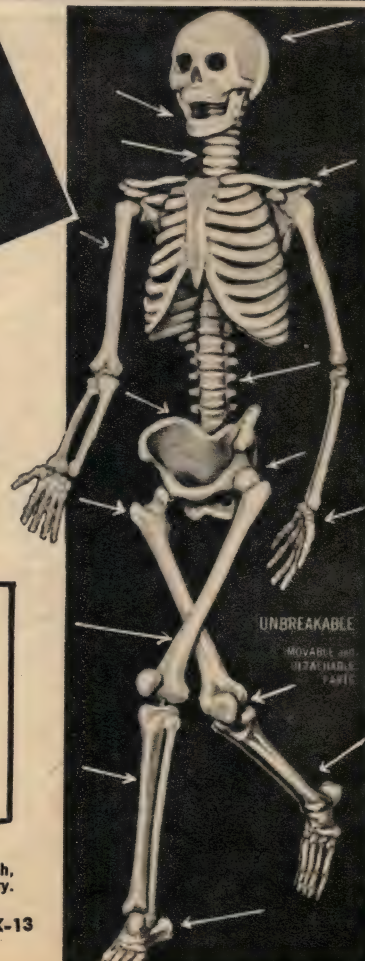
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and told investigating officers. "As this dirty — came at me, he kept saying, 'You've got to forgive me.'"

Dr. Greene's recommendations to the judge got Robert V — off with a suspended sentence, but only after the deviate agreed, with the approval of his own parents, to submit to psychiatric treatment for homosexuality.

At the hospital and various psychiatric clinics, Robert consented to the use of a hypnotic drug. Slowly, a tragic story was uncovered, an episode Robert had presumably erased from his memory years ago, but an episode which had plagued his subconscious thoughts over all those years.

ROBERT was about 11 at the time of this experience. His mother, a strict and well-meaning woman, kept her son from playing with the riffraff in the neighborhood and carefully chose his young friends and supervised his play time. It was clear that, after school, Robert stayed home a great deal and was left to amuse himself as best he could.

Across the street from Robert's home lived a stout, good-natured youth, about 21, whose general appearance was quite similar to that of the 15-year-old boy Robert was to "molest" many years later. Only careful psychiatric examinations and use of hypnotic drugs brought a total recall of this similarity to Robert.

The youth, Melvin, twice Robert's age, was actually a "place of refuge" (a doctor's phrase) for the befuddled and lonely Robert. An only child, Robert knew before he was 10 years old that his father drank heavily, had a fiery temper, and was seldom home because of his disintegrating marriage. His mother, meanwhile, developed a bitter hatred of the world in general, found her own refuge in religious fanaticism and ensnared her one offspring with a terrible possessive love.

In some way she approved of Melvin. The older youth was one of five children in a normal, ebullient family. Melvin, intelligent and compassionate, recognized the loneliness of the small boy across the street. Normal in every sense of the word, Melvin had several girl friends and traveled with a healthy crowd of teenagers. Yet he made something of a pet of Robert, teaching him how to whittle, supplying him with books and giving him whatever extra leisure time he had.

One bright spring afternoon, when he had finished his homework, Robert innocently decided to run across the street and "play detective," after reading a Sherlock Holmes book given to him by Melvin.

Robert climbed the roof of a small garage. From there he worked his way to an extended second-floor porch. One of the second-story windows was open and Robert peered in. He could hear Melvin humming to himself and moving about somewhere on the opposite side of his bedroom. Robert decided it would be fun to play the detective game by creeping into the room and startling Melvin with a dramatic "Hands up!"

But it was a horrible mistake. "... I remember lifting myself over the sill and creeping around a bunch of draperies," Robert told the doctors. "Melvin was there. He had just taken a shower, I guess, and he came out of the bathroom naked. My eyes riveted on his fat, round nakedness. I wanted to turn and run but I was paralyzed with fright and a strange thrill—even at that age.

"Then Melvin saw me in a mirror. He whirled around, grabbed me and slapped me repeatedly across the face, shouting, 'You filthy little bastard!'

"I really didn't know what he meant. I was nearly out of my mind with despair and shame. Melvin meant so much to me. Finally, I broke loose and ran from his house, but the matter did not end there. Melvin's family complained to my mother, who nearly beat me to a pulp. "As for Melvin's family—and Melvin—they cut us off completely. I never went there again. Two awful truths were driven home: I was a dirty boy and had done something terrible that I did not understand. It was the beginning of my obsession for the queer. As I grew up I shunned girls and was about 24 when I made my first homosexual contact with another male."

In the opinion of psychiatrists, who believe that Robert V— will soon be "returned" to normal sexual inclinations, it was the sight of the 15-year-old boy on August 14, 1956 that acted as a catalyst, bringing up from his unconscious the old feelings of guilt and confusion.

It is their belief that, in the last few hours of Robert's compulsion for the round 15-year-old, he was driven by a need to approach the boy in the hope of hearing the "wonderful words of forgiveness which would free him from his guilt. . . the guilt which went back into his childhood experience with the naked Melvin."

As one of the psychiatrists expressed it: "Having had a full re-evaluation of that traumatic nightmare of his childhood, we do believe that Robert will soon be ready to re-enter normal society with a realistic approach towards the problem of sex and the guilt neurosis which caused his homosexuality."

... Not all homosexual "drives" begin the same way as in the clinical histories of John T—, the Detroit book salesman, or that of Robert V—. But it is the consensus of opinion among trained experts in the field of homosexual medicine and psychiatry that the fundamental cause of the disorder is emotional.

A minority of specialists disagree. There are those who practice psycho-analytic techniques, arguing that homosexuality—public or hidden—evolves from genetics or a pre-disposed "biological condition." A good number of intelligent homosexuals support this position, claiming they should not be punished for this pre-disposition and, therefore, they should be recognized as "scientifically approved."

But the weight of profound, highly respectable psychiatry is against them.

The American Psychiatric Association, speaking for the most distinguished scholars in the homosexual diagnostic field, and the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine take the general position that homosexuality is a specific emotional disorder.

They also believe it can be cured.

Dr. Bergler himself states, for the record, that he has cured more than 100 difficult cases. Hundreds more have been cured by other patient, intelligent doctors.

And nearly all progressive doctors, educators, police officers and social agencies unanimously agree today on the most important factor: *taboos must be lifted from the subject.*

In a brilliant address before the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine, Dr. Bergler recently called for "the ending of the conspiracy of silence" directed at the homosexual.

"Our magazines, newspapers, radio and TV must do this," said Dr. Bergler. "The conspiracy of silence is harmful because, by puritanically avoiding discussion of a matter vital to millions of Americans, it is adding to the misery of the identical people the silence allegedly protects!"

For this is the paradox that causes the nightmare world of the gay men. ▲

Hurricane Jackson

(continued from page 21)

as he was outside.

Every day he shivered in the cold a full two hours before they opened the gym at noon. And he worked late into the afternoon, stopping only when Lou Stillman threw him out at five.

Whenever some tough heavyweight found it necessary to sharpen his heavy artillery, a rush call went out for Jackson. He thanked them for picking him. He was still thanking them as they bathed his wounds and pressed ice packs to the swollen welts covering his ribs.

His raw guts, his naiveté, his devout loyalty to those around him eventually captivated the phlegmatic fight mob. Those who once baited him now tried to help him. He learned to laugh along with them, to punch the bag, and to stick out his left hand when an opponent charged him. He learned that if he greased his body, punches would slide off and not tear his flesh. He learned also that this same grease would make his photographs vibrate with highlights and offset the natural drabness of his skin. So he was never without a huge bottle of baby oil, which he consumed by the case.

He loved to sit on Lou Stillman's high stool under the big clock and spoof with other fighters as they passed by on their way into the sparring ring.

"He works," Stillman said one day, pointing at Jackson. "Fighters don't work no more. This kid does. That's why I go for him. One day Terry Young comes in here. He says—get me out fast. I say—what's your hurry? Young says, I got to take my mother to the hairdresser. Fighters. . . You call them fighters! But Jackson. He's a fighter."

Jackson, asked when he decided to become a fighter, said: "When I seen Joe Louis lick Jersey Joe (Walcott) on tv I got the feelin' fer fightin'. So the next day I go to Frank Ushry (his barber in Far Rockaway, L. I.) and tell him I want to fight and ask him how I get started? He tells me he take me to a place."

The place turned out to be the Police Athletic League gymnasium in Jamaica, L. I. where Jackson was officially introduced to boxing. He went on to have 20 amateur fights, of which he lost only two. The man who guided him through those early bouts was bus driver Frankie Leonetti. He knew Tommy better than anybody else. It was in Leonetti's big green bus, which squeezed through Far Rockaway's narrow streets, where Tommy spent his days.

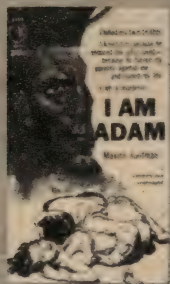
"**H**E used to run away from kids," Leonetti recalled. "So I figured he was yellow. But when I got to understand what it was all about, I knew he ran because he didn't want to get into trouble. It was the same way in school. He felt uneasy and alone there, thrown in with kids half his size."

When Leonetti turned Jackson into a professional in 1952, he brought in Lippe Breitbart, a furrier by trade with a passion to manage fighters. Cutting the pie still thinner, Lippe brought in Sam Golden, an experienced manager with half a century of experience to act as adviser and to supervise Hurricane's training. The cut was 11% each for Leonetti, Breitbart and Golden.

Golden, who died in 1955, hired Whitey Binstein and his partner, Freddy Brown, to train and teach Jackson. It proved the only move on which all three

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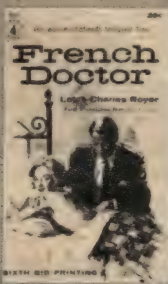


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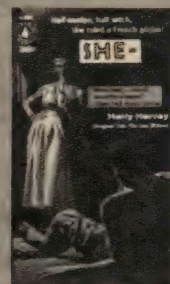


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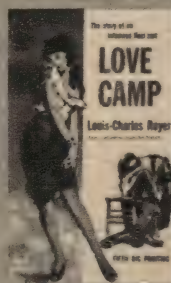


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masterminds fully agreed. The partnership survived Jackson's early fights, but when he stopped Dan Bucceroni for a \$3,500 purse, the three managers were either openly lunging at each other's throats or they weren't talking to each other. At Jackson's physical examination, two weeks before the Bucceroni bout, the managers broke into a violent public display of bitter scorn. Only after Robert Christenberry, New York's boxing czar, threatened to bar them all for life did they finally quiet down.

Jackson had a maze of managers and advisers trying to figure out the shortest route to fame and fortune; but it was Teddy Brenner, not on the payroll, who proved to be the real guiding light. Brenner, then promoting weekly fights at Eastern Parkway Arena in Brooklyn, saw a potential gold mine in Jackson. It was Brenner who hung the Hurricane tag on him. It was Brenner who first unveiled him to the material-starved boxing writers. And it was Brenner who rocketed him from preliminary billing to main-event status.

To appear in one of Brenner's main events was the ambition of every fighter who couldn't break through the International Boxing Club monopoly. For Brenner staged the only televised bouts in the country free of I. B. C. domination.

As often as Jackson was ready to fight, Brenner had him billed on top. After 14 professional bouts, most of them for Brenner, Jackson rocketed into national prominence on January 25, 1954, by stopping veteran Rex Layne in six rounds.

Although Jackson was winning fight after fight, he was still doing everything wrong.

"Jackson doesn't know what he's doing in there," said Harry Wiley, trainer of Ray Robinson, "but he does it perfect."

After watching Hurricane mutilate and frustrate Rex Layne, Red Smith, the *New York Herald Tribune's* expressive columnist, wrote: "Hurricane Jackson fights like a swarm of gnats, a cloud of mosquitoes, a visitation of wasps. He doesn't knock people out. He drives them mad."

It was beyond the understanding of ordinary people why efforts were not made to teach Jackson boxing's basic principles: never lead with a right, keep both feet on the ground, punch with one hand at a time, and never, never take your eyes off your opponent.

When the question was put to him during a television interview, manager Breitbart chuckled: "Maybe he ain't the kind critics go for. But he's the kind women and kids go for. He gives them a little jitterbug, a little hula, a little rumba—and he wins, too. Why should I try to change him? He's got it in him to drive the best of 'em nuts."

So they gave the Hurricane his head, so to speak, as they do a great race horse; and he built a reputation so impressive that people began to link his name with Marciano's—as the man who might eventually snap the Rock's unbeaten streak.

FOLLOWING the Layne massacre, Brenner paired Jackson with Clarence Henry, a savage puncher with vast experience. The smart money was riding on Henry to tear Jackson's head off with one of his right-hand explosions, but once again the amazing Hurricane stormed his way to another victory.

Next he stopped third-ranking Dan Bucceroni in six rounds and Lippe Breitbart immediately demanded a shot at the championship. Somehow the ludicrous clown, who still got his greatest pleasure from riding the big green bus through

Far Rockaway's narrow streets, was now boxing's hottest attraction.

But with new success came new problems. Jackson became extremely moody and sullen. When he stepped from the sparring ring there were crowds waiting to shake his hand and slap him on the back. One afternoon he ordered out of his dressing room one of the most respected sports writers in New York, Frank Graham of the *Journal-American*. He barred all photographers from his work-outs and actually tried to smash cameras when pointed at him on the slay.

Always tactful, trainer Freddy Brown had a stock story for barred newsmen. "This is a hard guy to live with. You can be his pal today and he wouldn't look at you tomorrow. You gotta suffer with him because he's sufferin' all the time. You got to sleep when he does, get up when he does, eat what he does. Then he feels he ain't sufferin' by himself. But don't get me wrong. 'The Animal' has got a heart of gold, see. Gold, solid gold."

But there was more to it, Brown confided to insiders. "He changed," Brown said sadly, "because he discovered girls."

Jackson enjoyed training at Stillman's because it was in the heart of New York City. But when they hauled him away to a country training camp he became unbearable. They took him to Ehsan's, a camp just outside Summit, New Jersey, and Jackson wound up with a bad case of claustrophobia.

"Ah can't stan' it here," he complained to Freddy Brown. "Ah gets the feelin' dat the whole world is cavin' in round my head here."

If he had to be out in the country, he preferred the camp at Greenwood Lake, New York, where Ray Robinson trains. What he liked best about Greenwood wasn't the people or the clear blue lake; the big rats that infest the area attracted him.

"Least there I could go mouse huntin'," Tommy said as his face lit up. "I gets my .22 and everywhere I shoots 'em. I shoots 'em in the tail. I shoots 'em on the foots. It's easy to shoots them cause they run straight. There's no place for 'em to jump."

BROWN said he didn't mind Jackson shooting rats around Greenwood, but there was too much else going on there. "Girls, for instance."

Another startling transformation began to take place in Tommy Jackson after he kayoed Bucceroni. His entire attitude toward fighting was changing from one of unyielding devotion to cold apathy. The most poignant illustration of this drastic metamorphosis occurred in Ezzard Charles' dressing room behind the Cleveland Arena in August, 1955.

Jackson had just severely beaten the former heavyweight champion, and now the victorious Hurricane was talking with Charles. The defeated man sat naked on a rubbing table, his body racked with exhaustion, his eye swollen tight. Jackson, a look of penitence on his sullen face, wrapped his arm around Charles' sweaty back and said something that was inaudible to others in the room. Charles mustered a smile and answered: "You take care of yourself, kid, and never stop trying. You've got worlds of ability that others don't have. Just put your whole self into it."

Jackson remained silent for a few moments, digesting Charles' words. Then he straightened up to his full six feet two inches and, tears in his eyes, said: "But I don't want to be a fighter no more. I fight... I fight because there ain't nothin' else I can do."

If the confused, untutored Jackson, who in his third year as a professional earned \$62,500 take home pay, found any real peace, it was in church. Since childhood the church had been his only refuge. More and more he visited St. John the Baptist Church in Far Rockaway, confessing his troubles to the sympathetic Rev. Joshua Jackson.

In the dressing room before every fight, Hurricane insisted that somebody read the Bible to him—usually, Whitey Bimstein or Lippe Breitbart. And when they called him to enter the ring, he knelt in prayer and asked forgiveness for what he was about to do.

"He drove me nuts in camp and I wanted to break his neck more times than I can remember," Bimstein recalls. "But when I sat there reading the Bible to him before a fight, many times he wanted to hold my hand—like I was a man of God—and I'd get a lump in my throat and I wanted to kiss him."

Jackson's first major setback, an indication of the calamity which lay ahead, occurred the evening of July 14, 1954, when he was bullied off his feet and stopped by the ferocious Cuban, Nino Valdez.

I saw Jackson a few days after the match was signed. "I'm gonna chase that man onto the roof," he bragged, "and then I'm gonna chase him back to the cellar."

They hauled him off to Greenwood Lake to train, and one morning he asked Freddy Brown if he could go horseback riding. Brown shouted, "Of course not. Wanna break your neck?"

Tommy walked away sulking. The next thing, Brown couldn't find him. He called New York and they located Jackson in Stillman's, working like a demon.

The day of the fight he threatened to walk out again. "We're in the hotel near the Garden," Brown said. "His nephew is there, too. They get into an argument and the nephew puts on his hat and starts to walk out. So Jackson puts on his hat and wants to leave with him. I tell him he can't walk out now, after all we've been through together. But I'm talking to the wall. I wind up handing the nephew a fin to stay. After that Jackson is all right."

Valdez never gave Tommy a chance to get started. Right off the bat he nailed him with a right to the head and kept bullying him all over the ring. In the second round Valdez dropped him twice, then he half punched, half shoved him out of the ring. It was declared a third knockdown by the referee who was then bound by the rules automatically to stop the fight.

In his dressing room the downhearted Hurricane blamed it all on his "lousy shoes. They kept slipping all over the place. I couldn't stand on my feet."

When he was held to a draw in his seventh professional fight by Shirley Pemberton, two years before, he blamed it on the steak Breitbart forced him to eat the afternoon of the fight. He never liked meat, although he did enjoy an occasional frankfurter. He blamed steak again when he dropped a decision to Bert Whitthurst. And when he booted a decision to Jimmy Slade in April of 1954, he put the blame on his mother.

"Slade didn't beat me," Hurricane complained after the fight. "My mother did. She kept on tellin' me what to eat and when to sleep. I tell her I'm gonna lose if she don't leave me alone, and I'm glad I did."

Tommy's mother, robust Mrs. Georgia Jackson, originally out of Sparta, Georgia, played no minor part in the handling of her son's business affairs. In fact, Lippe Breitbart insists that the basic cause of

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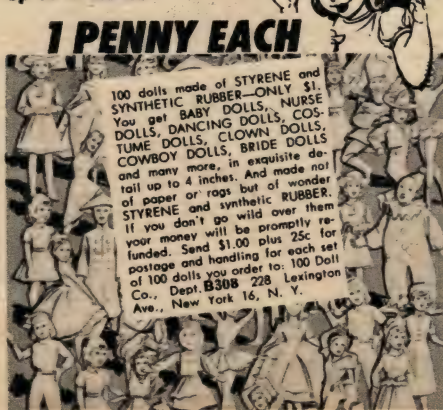


Here is the sensation-ally new 1959 scale-model Electric Greyhound Bus that captivates every child (and mommy and daddy, too). One flick of the magic gear lever and off it goes—forward or reverse. Runs for hours. Driven by an electric motor, powered by flashlight battery—safe, economical—easily replaced. Comes completely assembled with headlights, balloon-type rubber tires—durable metal body. Buy now for Xmas. Rush your order today. Remit with your **SEND NO MONEY** order and we pay postage or order C.O.D. plus postage and handling.

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REAL DOLLS

in exquisite detail
up to 4 inches



HANDS TIED?

—because you lack a
HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA

Many Finish in Spare Time at Home

If you did not finish high school, here is your opportunity. Go as fast as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work. Prepares for college exams. Standard texts supplied. Single subjects if desired. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE 61st Year Booklet. Get important facts at once.

American School, Dept HC44 Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

Be A Commander In The CONFEDERATE ROCKET CORPS

★ That's right, Son. JOIN NOW! And collect your enlistment bounty of \$1,000.00 in authentic reproductions of Confederate money. Fight those cotton-pickin' Martians. Command your own craft in the newest, most modern branch of the Confederate Armed Forces! Retreat? Man, we've just begun to fight.

★ If you're a true Son of the South, if y'all want gold, glamor, girls — then JOIN NOW. One Buck, Son. Ah said only ONE li'l ol' buck gets you your commission. It's perfect for framing, great for gags, the very most for gift-giving. If you ain't pleased, if'n you ain't wild about yo' commission, we'll shoot back your Dollar (Yankee, of course). ACT NOW, SON. Hear them space bugles blowin! The call is out.

★ Rush yo' buck to:

★ **CONFEDERATE ROCKET CORPS**
Squadron 5
★ 4 N. Third Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

his ulcer and Tommy's demise as a fighter of importance can be traced directly to the interference of Ma Jackson.

A match could not be closed without Georgia Jackson's stamp of approval. A payoff could not be made, and no one can blame her for that, without her presence. She attended most of his fights and banked all of Tommy's money. She argued with promoters and commissioners. She charted the Hurricane's training courses, gave orders to Bimstein and Brown and made Lippe's life unbearable. As for Tommy himself, he still hasn't quite figured out whether Mama was with him or against him. At times he confessed to Brown that his mother was driving him mad and that, when he runs away, it's because he "can't stand her naggin' no more."

In June, 1956, Jackson dropped a decision to Floyd Patterson before the latter became champion. Hurricane did surprisingly well though, and finished stronger than Patterson.

THEN he outscored mountainous Bob Baker in Pittsburgh, to the delight of the crowd. Waiting for the opening bell, Hurricane went into his famous jitterbug routine. He used his rollicking double uppercut, a sort of shovel delivery with both hands which he called his "kangaroo." It was about as effective a weapon as a model airplane against a battleship. But it looked good and it amused the crowds. Baker was so confused and frustrated going into the final round that he bit a hole through his rubber mouthpiece. With his victory over Baker, "The Animal" was once again in line for a shot at the title.

Meanwhile, however, he was having other tiffs—legal ones.

He bought a Cadillac and wrecked it before he had a chance to get the feel of it. So he bought another and wrecked it, too. Then he accidentally killed a man trying to cross the street at the very moment Tommy came riding around the corner. The judge took away his license for life, fined and verbally thrashed him.

One day he was hauled before another judge for brawling with a man over a woman. "What were you fighting about?" the judge asked.

"This guy was making a play at my wife," Jackson shot back.

"Your wife?" the other man screamed in amazement. "Why, your Honor, this jerk isn't even married."

Perhaps Hurricane Jackson's chance at the heavyweight championship came too late. There are many who still think that, had he received the opportunity in 1954 or 1955, his chances of winning would have been excellent. The chance, however, came on July 29, 1957, at New York's Polo Grounds. His opponent, once again, was Floyd Patterson.

Nobody gave Jackson a chance. Patterson was five to one to knock him out in five rounds. At his Columbia, New Jersey, training camp Hurricane told reporters: "Win or lose, I don't care. All I want is to give him a good beating; he can have the decision."

That statement was fed him by the ballyhoo boys. How did he really feel? Every day he would tell people that he didn't like fighting. "I don't care about the title or the money or nuttin! I'd rather be home riding the bus in Rockaway."

Also present at the training camp, to oversee the entire operation and to do the cooking, "personal like," was the imposing figure of Mrs. Georgia Jackson. She became enraged when Tommy said he didn't "like fighting no more."

"Don't you pay him no mind," she insisted. "The only thing I know he likes more than fightin' is going to church."

Jackson fought, however, as he spoke. Against Patterson he was a spiritless has-been who didn't seem to mind how often and how hard he was slugged. He made only spotty, feeble attempts to fight back. For nine and a half rounds the champ beat him like a drum. Then Referee Ruby Goldstein stopped it, to the relief of everybody in general and Jackson in particular.

The Hurricane had put up his greatest resistance between rounds, in his corner. There, in an agony of self-assertion, he bolted from side to side, or jumped up and down so hard that Freddy Brown could not find his face with the sponge. "Stop it!" Freddy snarled. "What the hell are you doing?"

The lopsided exhibition had a taint of immorality about it. Afterwards, in the depths of depression, Jackson himself saw the depravity of it, too. Self-pity—a natural reaction in an unschooled, childlike adult, full of dim, desperate whims—overwhelmed him. He noted a trace of blood in his urine the following morning and committed himself to Meadowbrook Hospital in Hempstead, Long Island.

Again he had an excuse. "They managed me wrong," he said from his hospital bed. "They rushed me along too quick. Thank God," he added as if relishing his deep gloom, "I'm still alive!"

The only spirit-booster to emerge from the Patterson debacle was the whopping \$61,929 check Georgia Jackson picked up, folded carefully and tucked deep down in her purse. "Don't you fret none about my Tommy," she said. "He's got many another good fight in him."

Lippe Breitbart, who overheard it, was next seen dashing for the water cooler.

It has always been one of the fight game's great paradoxes to see a washed-up pug like Jackson besieged with tempting offers for more work. The trade calls it "a fighter's second life." Men of conscience call it vicious sadism. Anxious to cash in on the reputation of ex-name stars, the managers of young prospects bid wildly for the "bones" of the wrecks.

Breitbart considered the deluge of offers and choose to throw his blown-out Hurricane into the ring with undefeated Eddie Machen for a \$20,000 guarantee. After absorbing a savage beating, Jackson, with his mother at his side, headed back home to New York. Georgia Jackson was as adamant as ever about Tommy's future.

"Do you want Tommy to continue to fight?" she was asked.

"I got nothing to say about what my boy do or don't do," she shot back. "But if Tommy wants to keep fighting, ain't nobody gonna stop him."

HER battered boy sat beside her, his face brooding, eyes staring at the blank wall before him. Georgia Jackson touched his swollen right eye tenderly and continued. "Tommy never really gets hurt in a fight. Maybe a swollen eye now and then, but never a real cut-up face like some fighters. They say he looked real bad fightin' that Machen feller on television. Well, I seen it real, and Tommy didn't do so bad. Maybe it just looked that way. Ain't that so, son?"

Hurricane managed what looked like a synthetic grin. Then he went back to staring at his blank wall.

Listening to her talk, made some writers, including this one, wonder what kind of a woman Georgia Jackson really was. Could it be that she was herself fighting the most important battle of her life—a battle to protect her lifeline to her new home, her car, her new conveniences? Did she speak like a mother? Did she have the best interests of her son at heart?

"Why those doctors looked all through

my boy with X-rays and fluoroscopes and they couldn't find nothing wrong with him. We go home together after every fight and he starts in dancing around like always. Then he says, 'Ma, kin I go out for a soda pop and a foots race with the boys?'"

It was pointed out to Georgia Jackson that her boy wasn't dancing around after Patterson knocked him out last July, that he wound up sucking milk through a straw in a hospital bed instead of soaking up soda pop with the boys.

"But he wasn't in the right frame of mind to fight Patterson," she snapped. "How you expect a boy like him to have peace of mind right after that poor man steps in front of his car and gets himself killed? Now with all that worry in his head, how can you expect him to fight good?"

As this story is being written, manager Breitbart has lucrative offers to show the remains of Tommy Jackson in Florida, Texas, Minnesota and in London and Paris, too. Lippe weighs each offer carefully, studies the records of each suggested opponent and tries to make up his mind.

Is he bothered about the morality of his work?

"If it wasn't for boxing he'd probably be doing life in Sing Sing," says Breitbart, "or he'd have been shot or knifed to death long ago. Boxing saved him from himself. Boxing made him!"

The chances are that Jackson again will stumble through the old routines—the double uppercuts, the funny shuffles, the weird grimaces. For as he told Ezzard Charles in Cincinnati years ago, "I fight because there ain't nothin' else I can do." ▲

Arctic Rescue

(continued from page 22)

the Arctic expedition, screamed orders at the panic-stricken passengers and crew members, but the thunderous roar of the exploding ice tossed his warning words back into his teeth.

Chief Engineer Toikin, his body scalded from steam and boiling water which had cascaded over him as the boilers exploded, wrestled with a young woman who was screaming hysterically and bundled her over the rail onto the ice floe.

"Get on the ice!" Schmidt shouted. "Everyone on the ice! The ship will blow up any minute!"

Voronin, revolver in hand to enforce orders, screamed futilely at the stampeding people. Then someone made a dive for the rail and everyone followed.

"The stores! The stores!" Schmidt yelled harshly and began tossing boxes of food and bales of blankets over the ship's side onto the ice floe. Seamen joined Schmidt, and Voronin stumbled forward with a frozen right hand to help unload as much as possible before the ship disappeared under the ice.

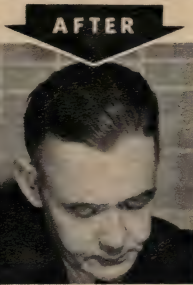
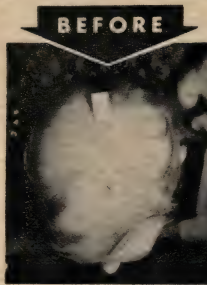
Fifteen minutes after the ice had exploded the *Chelyuskin* was gone; there remained only a few scraps of metal and part of her mainmast jutting above the ice, and 100 half-frozen, frightened people clustered together.

Miraculously only one man had died in the catastrophe: Boris Mogilyevitch, the ship's quartermaster, who hesitated between jumping onto the ice and remaining on board. He hesitated one second too long and 50 tons of ice from a towering

LOOK AT THESE PICTURES



Sign-writer Don Nagle, 8609 34th Ave. S. W., Seattle, Washington says "Just to have stopped losing hair and to have gained even a little more is wonderful. My hair filled in, too, where it had been thin."



Meeting the public every day in his store, Mr. Al Leifson of Tacoma, Wash., was probably overly conscious of his baldness. Now, after new hair growth, he looks years younger than before.



This young man was steadily losing his hair until he began using Brandenfels Home Plan, at his wife's urging. His "after" picture was taken two years later. New hope for baldness? This man will emphatically answer YES!

CARL BRANDENFELS' USERS

Have Grown Hair!

Carl Brandenfels PROVES Hair Roots CAN BE ALIVE on Bald Men and Women

CARL BRANDENFELS' remarkable research, and the experience of users of his Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage, have proved that hair roots (follicles) can be alive, even on totally bald people. No longer must you believe the fallacy that hair roots are dead just because no hair is grow-

ing from them. Take a look at the untouched pictures on this page. All these people THOUGHT their hair roots were dead. But their own before and after photos prove their hair follicles MUST HAVE BEEN ALIVE. Today, as you can see for yourself, hair is growing from former bald areas.

The only formulas and massage of their kind in the world

Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage have been nationally advertised for 13 years. They cannot be compared with anything else you have ever used, heard about or read about. You owe it to yourself to give this revolutionary development in hair care a thorough trial.

The two formulas, together with the unique Brandenfels pressure massage method, are designed to bring about a healthier condition of the scalp area, to soften the scalp and to increase the supply of blood to the entire scalp area. Carl Brandenfels believes that proper use of his HOME PLAN may, in many cases, produce a condition which will help nature allow hair to grow.

Carl Brandenfels does not class his product with the so-called "hair growers." While results may vary from individual to individual (as with any remedy) because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, here is real and tangible prospects of success in a substantial portion of cases. Carl Brandenfels believes that many bald people have roots that are still alive even though no hair is growing from them. And so long as your hair roots are alive there may be a possibility of getting them into production again.

So if you are losing your hair or have already become bald, send today for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Don't delay. Every day you wait may make your problem that much harder.



ELDON BEERBOWER of Portland, Oregon, was one of the early users of the Brandenfels Plan. He was then a totally bald teen-ager. Today, as a bank department manager, he is a most remarkable example of new hair growth following use of the Brandenfels Plan.



AFTER being almost bald for 20 years—with only a rim around his head and a few hairs down the middle—Roy Smith of Goble, Oregon, now looks like the right hand picture. His friends and relatives could hardly believe their eyes at the change on his scalp.

23,467 TESTIMONIALS OUR 13th Year!

THE Brandenfels Plan has been nationally advertised for 13 years. Carl Brandenfels has in his files 23,467 letters and reports (CPA audit) from users who tell of one or more of the following results: Renewed Hair Growth, No More Excessive Hair Fall, Relief from Dandruff Scale, Improved Scalp Conditions.

HE'S SEEN THEM!



THIS is Von Smith, St. Helens photographer, with just three of the men whose pictures he has taken—when they were bald and then after new hair growth following use of the Brandenfels Home Plan. He has seen how true it is that even on smooth, bald areas where there is no hair visible the hair roots may still be alive and in many cases lack only proper stimulation to grow hair again.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME

Use the Brandenfels Plan right in the privacy of your own home. No costly office treatments, no time lost from work, no embarrassment. A 5-week supply costs \$18 (includes Federal Tax and mailing). Send your orders to:

*Carl
Brandenfels
St. Helens,
Oregon*

USE THIS ORDER COUPON

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon

Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

- ☐ I enclose \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.
- ☐ I enclose \$20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).
- ☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman the \$18 plus postal charges.



Name _____

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Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid.

C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postal regulations).

MM88

GO AHEAD—MAIL YOUR ORDER NOW! YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID

pinnacle crashed down on him, crushing him to the steel plating of the deck.

"We are in the gravest danger," the German professor declared. Captain Voronin and I have been on the ice before, and we know the dangers."

Schmidt then swiftly sketched a plan of action, to enable the group to survive as long as possible.

"Shelter," he roared. "That's our immediate need. Another blizzard is coming and if we are caught in the open we will die. The temperature will fall to 60 or 70 degrees below zero. Every man and woman must work."

THE sky was changing color swiftly from its normal steel-gray to black as the survivors hurried to erect temporary shelters. They knew that they were on an ice floe but its size they could not even begin to guess.

Then, with the suddenness of a rifle blast, a fresh blizzard swept in from the west and engulfed them in complete blackness and freezing cold, the temperature dropping from 55 to 70 degrees below zero.

With fingers frozen stiff, the group struggled on until they were huddled together in an insecure shelter which offered a small measure of protection against the bitter cold and raging snow. No one spoke — simply because there was nothing to say. Everyone knew that it was just a matter of days, maybe hours, until they'd succumb to the frozen hell. Rescue seemed utterly impossible. No icebreaker existed which could get through that pack ice, and chances of a rescue dog team finding them seemed nil.

In the grim darkness, the blizzard howling around them, they heard Schmidt say, "One thing, you must not panic. Do not overexert yourselves. We know that the chances of rescue are slim but if we have to die, then at least we must die fighting for our lives."

Voronin asked in the dark, "Krenkel, where are you?"

"I'm here, Captain," Ernst Krenkel called out.

"Do you think you can get your radio transmitter to work?"

"I don't know, Captain. It will mean erecting a very tall mast and extending an aerial as far as we can in order to contact the outside world. The mast will have to be pegged right through the snow into the ice if it is to withstand the wind."

"How are the batteries?"

"The batteries should be powerful enough to get through all the distress signals we will want to send. It is a long chance, but our only hope lies through Wellen or Cape North. Both outposts are under 100 miles from us."

In the darkness someone grunted sarcastically, "It'll help us a lot whether it's 100 or 100,000 miles away; the Pacific Ocean's only six miles away, but it's impossible to reach it."

"Quiet, idiot," Schmidt snapped as a woman began to weep.

The lost expedition lapsed into silence as the blizzard tore at their rough shelter. Beneath them the ice floe stirred and heaved like a living thing, rising and falling with the continuous motion of an ocean wave.

Schmidt knew that the floe was being relentlessly driven northward, with ice floes piling up behind it and threatening to engulf it just as their ship had been engulfed. Schmidt also knew, but refused to admit, that the expedition, which had set out to prove a minor navigational point, was doomed.

When Schmidt had successfully guided

the Soviet icebreaker *Sibiriakov* through the Arctic's Northeast Passage in one season in 1932, he convinced the Russians that an ordinary freighter such as the *Chelyuskin* could make a round-trip voyage through the passage in one season; and to prove this contention, Schmidt took command of the *Chelyuskin*, which sailed August 8, 1933.

Although Schmidt was against it, he had to agree to a Russian proposal that the freighter make a detour to Wrangel Island to pick up a party of about 70 people, including women and children, who had been living there.

Five minutes after the *Chelyuskin* weighed anchor at Wrangel Island she ran head-on into a blizzard. From that moment, she was dogged by storms 14 hours daily as she headed for the open Pacific, barely 18 miles away, her 2400-horsepower engines scarcely able to keep her moving against the force of the wind piling up ice floes.

Voronin and Schmidt cursed their luck for having had to call at Wrangel Island. It had upset their carefully calculated plans and 80 valuable hours had been lost. From now on it would be a race against time to reach the Pacific. Neither man spoke the fear that gnawed at his heart: that the *Chelyuskin* would be caught between the ice floes and crushed like an eggshell.

Overnight the flat expanse of ice around the freighter swelled from below until the serrated peaks of ice hemmed her in on all sides and threatened with every motion the ship made, to come crashing down on her. From the crow's nest, Voronin himself directed her course; and when he saw an expanse of open water less than 50 yards ahead, he shouted with exultation; but before the shout died on his lips, one of the sudden blizzards whipped down on the freighter and blotted everything from sight so that she was forced to heave to.

WHEN the sullen, lead-gray dawn broke the freighter was frozen in solidly.

Chief Engineer Toikin kept up steam to prevent the screw from freezing up but the effort was dangerous because the freighter's coal and water supply was running extremely low. For eight days she lay frozen in while blizzards swept over her and then, on the ninth morning, a gap of water was visible about 50 yards ahead. Voronin immediately ordered full speed ahead to get to that patch.

Making as much speed as she could and pushing her way between the encroaching ice floes, the *Chelyuskin* headed for Kolyuchin Island while the weather held out. It was fifty below zero throughout the next two days.

Toikin broke the news that the ship's water supply was exhausted as they passed Kolyuchin Island, and Voronin ordered the men to melt down snow and pump the water into the ship's cisterns.

Time was running out on the freighter; she should long ago have been in the Pacific, and Schmidt could not understand how they had ever managed to make as much headway as they had. It was already late November and the long Polar night was closing in; navigating the ship in the semi-darkness which passed for daylight was becoming a nightmare.

By December 1 the freighter had progressed only three miles since passing Kolyuchin Island. Trapped in the icefield, she could make no headway.

The Polar day had shortened until there were only three hours between total darkness and the semi-darkness of daylight. With millions of tons of ice gripping the ship, Voronin and Schmidt finalized preparations

to abandon the freighter if the danger became imminent. On Christmas Day, 1933, the fiercest blizzard up to then struck the ship — the temperature dropping to 68 below zero.

When the blizzard cleared, Voronin wearily climbed into the crow's nest and almost at once saw an amazingly clear patch of water dead ahead. If he could make it, he thought, there'd be a vague chance that they might get through to the Pacific, which was at worst one hour's steaming away.

The *Chelyuskin's* screw bit into the icy water and she forged ahead slowly. Then the ice suddenly let up and she shot like a bullet into the clear water just as a large ice floe moved in to catch her a glancing blow on the portside. The impact swung the freighter almost completely around and buckled her starboard plates as she collided with a mammoth sharp-pointed floe on the opposite side. A steely shaft of ice drove clean through her plates, three inches above the water line.

As the badly listing freighter forged painfully ahead towards the Bering Strait, her crew struggled to patch up the hole before she reached the Pacific.

An eerie silence hovered over the frozen but peaceful Arctic as the limping freighter neared the Strait, six miles from the open sea. Then with incredible suddenness the white hell around her burst into wild destructive fury as a blizzard drove in from the seaward side and blotted out everything. Masses of ice piled up around the ship as her screw continued turning futilely.

The ice floes, gripping the ship, began a slow northward drift and for four hours — while the blizzard raged — the 101 people aboard the *Chelyuskin* knew terror at its worst. As the last gust of the blizzard swept northward and Voronin peered from the bridge house, he knew that they were finally doomed. The ship was hopelessly entrapped between towering mountains of ice which were slowly converging on her and already beginning to crush her.

The freighter had been crushed at the bows and had a 10-foot hole forward, just above the water line; her rudder had been torn off and her screw hung shattered by the impact of ice. In a temperature of 65 below zero the crew worked to effect some minor repairs, but on that day of January 13, 1934, it looked as if the *Chelyuskin* and all on board might well consign themselves to Arctic graves.

Schmidt took charge of preparations to abandon ship and all easily movable stores were piled on deck in readiness for putting them over the side onto the ice. As the ship drifted hopelessly northward, practice was held every day so that everyone knew exactly what to do in case of the order to abandon ship.

Krenkel tried unsuccessfully to reach the outside world until February 13, when the end came with dramatic and unexpected suddenness.

EVERYONE stood on deck as the end neared. The ice rose up in ridges. Gigantic icefields were crushed together and ice piled up in immense masses. Then a blizzard came raging over the horizon.

The ridge of ice-pack on the ship's port side shifted. The floes tumbled one over another, like crests of sea surf and the oncoming wave of ice towered 26 feet above the helpless people on the deck.

Suddenly the ship rocked and rivets tore out as the wave of ice struck and heeled her over. Plans to abandon ship in an orderly manner were forgotten as the *Chelyuskin* disintegrated.

The annihilation of the freighter was

SCIENCE EDITORIAL

Doctors Report "Miracle" Royal Jelly May Change Your Whole Life!

Here is the thrilling story of Royal Jelly...bringing new hope to countless thousands of men and women over 35...

by William Duval

Science Feature Writer
NEW YORK, N. Y.

An amazing scientific discovery, just recently made available through the combined efforts of Scientists who have, after years of testing in Medical Laboratories, developed this wonderful substance in combination with eight important and essential vitamins in an easy to take capsule form. The powers of Royal Jelly, have been tested over many years. Each year has seen new developments, new proof, as men and women from many countries of the world have begun to feel the amazing benefits of this highly beneficial Queen Bee's Food. (The price of Royal Jelly was quoted as high as \$500.00 per ounce in its initial introduction to the U.S.) Now, thanks to the tireless efforts of research scientists, a way has been found to make this wonder working miracle food of the Queen Bee available to the public in comparatively inexpensive, easy-to-take, oral capsule form.

The men of Medical Science who have experimented with Royal Jelly, claim that Royal Jelly will perform the function of increasing MEN and WOMEN'S WANING POWERS.

Royal Jelly...The Queen Bee's Special Food...Its Secret of Prolonged Life!

Royal Jelly is totally unlike honey, and has baffled Scientists since the 1700's. In 1894, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Bordes, a French Scientist, discovered that Royal Jelly is secreted by special glands located in the head of worker bees whose job is to nurse the Queen.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary sexual powers of the Queen Bee, leading Scientists in France, Germany, Mexico, Italy, Canada and U.S. have been trying to discover the Secret Factor in Royal Jelly that so benefits the Queen Bee.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world... Here is the substance, the secret diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of the difference between her and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to 6 years, whereas the 20 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few short months. The Queen Bee larvae look like all the rest, including those of the female worker bees. But only SHE is fertile, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

Her food is ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the worker bees. The ingredients are nectar and pollen from the flowers, plus honey, combined in a mysterious way by Nature to make up the "miracle food" ROYAL JELLY...



Discoverer of Insulin
Dr. Frederick Banting

"The most complete Scientific Report on Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting, the discover of Insulin, at the Banting Institute in Canada. Royal Jelly was found to be rich in proteins and vitamins, with a particularly high concentration of parathionic acid, the vitamin of the important B-Complex group, that has to do with increasing the life span in animals."

"TEXAS A & M COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly..."

"PROFESSOR G. F. TOWNSEND OF ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is continuing research on Royal Jelly..."

"Dr. T. H. McGAVER has agreed to conduct experiments in Longevity with human beings fed Royal Jelly..."

Leading Medical Authorities in France, England and Germany

Attest that Royal Jelly contains vital nutritional factors necessary to the health and well-being of mammals. Royal Jelly has been acclaimed as one of the richest natural sources of Vigor and Vitality

Royal Jelly Reported to Help Those Over 35 Suffering From:

Mental Depression... Loss of Appetite... Sexual Weakness... Digestive Disturbances... Headaches... Loss of Vigor... Nervousness... Vague Aches and Pains... Irritability.

Royal Jelly May Mean "New Life" After 35

Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old Gentleman whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The man regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be beekeepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports of outstanding results obtained with Royal Jelly. One French Authority writes of a woman over 40 feeling increased sexual vitality, and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable energy and Sex Factors.

How would you like to awaken one morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Pep and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel renewed vigor and enjoy a "new lease on life"? Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

Famous Doctor Praises Royal Jelly

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands"... Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to cure with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

This wonder working "elixir," ROYAL JELLY, was rare and inaccessible in quantity in this country. It was not until recently that it was brought to the attention of the American People. Leading National Magazines and Newspapers featured it in a glowing report, and Feature Columnists from coast to coast began to tell the important story of Royal Jelly

Royal Jelly Safe to Use, Say Doctors

"Royal Jelly" contains LIVING NATURAL SUBSTANCES beneficial to men and women, reported Doctors attending The Second International Congress for Biogenetics. Dr. De Pomiane, 80 year old French Scientist and the Senior among the Physicians and Biochemists attending the Congress, said the Bee Secretion might have been known to Ancient Indians, Greeks and Romans, and might have been the "food for the Gods" or "Nektar" mentioned in the Mythology of these Countries.

Scientists and Doctors have reported Research conducted over a period of 20 years that "Royal Jelly" is perfectly safe for Humans. That "ROYAL JELLY" is an excellent Nutritional Supplement, containing Natural Vitamins in extremely high concentration which are considered to be of the greatest value to human health, energy and sexual vitality.

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Observations by Doctors of the Karlsruhe Medical Congress

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complete. At dawn, when the blizzard had almost blown itself out, the party erected a hut to house the women and three infants. After, Krenkel set about erecting a radio mast. When he switched on his receiver/transmitter, he tuned in the soft music of some dance orchestra in the United States. Filtering through to the doomed party, the music provided a bizarre background.

Krenkel extended the aerial, working without mitts on the delicate task. Then, late in the afternoon, he heard Lloudmilla Schrader, the radio operator at Wellen, asking the operator at Cape North whether they had heard any news of the *Chelyuskin*.

"Nothing," Cape North replied. "We are awaiting a signal from the ship and are getting a dog rescue team ready meantime."

Krenkel immediately switched over and tried to get either station, but he was operating on 300 meters owing to the shortness of his aerial and had to give up the task until the aerial could be lengthened. Next day, with the aerial extended further, Krenkel began searching for help on the 450-meter band, and for five hours continued tapping out a monotonous litany — SOS — SOS — SOS.

That night Professor Schmidt and Captain Voronin tried to figure a way out of the deathtrap. They had enough food to last 50 days with care, but the danger was not from starvation, but that their ice floe would be engulfed by larger floes pressing in from behind and driving them continuously northward.

"The mainland," Captain Voronin said ruefully, "is only 87 miles. It might as well," he added, "be 800. The women and children, and many of the men, are in no condition to attempt to travel that far. I don't believe that even the hardiest of us could make it. There will be fissures and deep valleys of ice and open water between us and the mainland."

"How can a dog team reach us then?" someone asked in the dark.

"No dog team could get here," Schmidt said slowly.

"Then our position is hopeless?" the man persisted.

"We have only one chance of rescue," Schmidt said. "By airplane."

Voronin laughed tonelessly. "You might as well hope for a fairy to wave a magic wand and bring us back to civilization. Airplanes! There is no aircraft that can fly through an Arctic blizzard nor one that could land anywhere near us. Besides, how will they even find us? We can't give them our bearings because we are drifting and there is no sun. Tell the people the truth: we must die . . ."

A sudden shout from Krenkel interrupted Voronin.

"I've raised Cape North!" Krenkel said hoarsely, and excitedly began to tap out a message. Back came a cryptic acknowledgment: "Your message received. Stand by."

FROM that minute began one of the most fantastic rescue attempts ever made anywhere in the world.

Krenkel listened to the Wellen radio station informing the world about the plight of the 100 people on the ice floe. Washington flashed a radio signal to Moscow offering all available assistance. From London, Paris and Berlin, radio messages were flashed to Russia, offering the services of Arctic-trained men to try to reach the stranded party. Moscow replied that she was mustering her top aviators for a rescue attempt.

"The only way these people can be saved," the Kremlin told the world, "is

by air. We shall send our six top men. If they fail, we will avail ourselves of the offer of other nations to help us."

Orders went out, calling upon the six leading airmen in Russia to attempt fantastic do-or-die flights to save the people. Leader of the selected airmen, Vassili Molokov, was told to select his men from the group of aviators who had volunteered. Molokov chose Ivan Doronin, Anatoli Lyapidevski, Sigismund Levanevski, Nikolai Kamamin, Mikhail Vodopyanov and Mavriki Shepnyov.

"We have been instructed to perform an impossible task," Molokov told his flying compatriots as they gathered on an airfield near Leningrad. "I am flying first to Wellen. My plane is the only one ready to tackle sub-zero weather. The rest of you will fly in as your planes are certified as fit; don't attempt to come until then. It will be dangerous enough without taking unnecessary risks."

THE men had to fly across Siberia and into the Polar darkness of the Arctic in open cockpits, then attempt to locate the stranded party and try to rescue them. At this time, February, 1934, there was no aircraft in the world which had flown into the Arctic in winter, nor any which had been able to stand up to cold of 50 or more degrees below zero. The aircraft were ordered to bases hastily prepared at Wellen and Vankarem on the Siberian coast. According to best calculations, this was only about 90 miles from where the people were stranded on the moving ice floe.

Blizzards, intense cold and daylight which lasted less than an hour a day made Molokov realize it was sheer suicide to attempt to fly a plane into that expanse of ice. On the afternoon when he planned down at Vankarem the temperature stood at 80 degrees below zero, freezing engines and lungs.

Lyapidevski, the youngest aviator present, insisted that, as youngest of the men, he should try first. Incidentally, he was only six months younger than the oldest man of the group, Molokov, who was 24. However, Lyapidevski's insistence and stubborn logic prevailed.

His aircraft's oil was frozen and had to be boiled before the water-cooled engine could gain enough speed to lift the plane from the ice. As he taxied down the improvised runway, the mercury stood at 61 degrees below zero.

"Less than 60 seconds after I took off," Lyapidevski reported, "my eyelids froze together. I was practically blind. As the plane skidded along for the take-off she bumped her right runner but became airborne and I began to climb. I felt a piercing pain in my face and simultaneously the port engine began to cough so that I was forced to either turn back or crash."

He began to plane down, gritting his teeth against the terrible pain. "I tried to grip the joystick and managed to set the plane down. My flight mechanic, Roukovski, grabbed up snow and rubbed my cheeks. My skin was burning and bleeding," the aviator said.

During the next two weeks, while the other planes were being made ready, Lyapidevski made 36 attempts to find the stranded party but each time was forced back by blizzards, lack of gas or engine trouble!

Krenkel had been told by radio that rescue attempts were being made and the stranded men, under the direction of Professor Schmidt, erected an improvised runway. While a hurricane raged over them they put the finishing touches to it, only to see a fissure appear at the last moment and a huge chunk of the ice floe break

away — taking almost half of their runway with it. They started immediately to rebuild despite the hurricane.

"If the aeroplanes are going to try to reach us," Schmidt said as they labored, "the least we can do is to make a place for them to land."

By March 5, bitter winter weather threatened the party with extinction. Not one of the aircraft had managed to reach them and the days and nights were now almost equally dark. Krenkel churned out a final message on his radio before the batteries went dead:

"Position hopeless. Cannot hold out longer. Good-by all." The message was signed by Schmidt.

On that morning, dawn broke calmer than usual. Lyapidevski, climbing wearily into the cockpit of his plane, said to his observer, "Today we are going to fight our way through — hurricane, blizzard or what. Those people are dying; it's 100 lives against our two. We must find them."

The plane skidded along, veered dangerously on the slippery ice and then suddenly became airborne. The day was ominously quiet, with a low black ceiling, when the aviator set course for the approximated position of the lost party. All that he and his observer could see as the twin-engined aircraft labored along were vast expanses of ice and snow and, occasionally, the sea with drifting ice floes.

They had been flying for almost three hours, and were planning to turn back for additional fuel, when Lyapidevski spotted something rising from the ice. It looked like smoke. He brought the plane around. Then, circling lower, he and his mechanic saw black spots — people — running toward the edge of what appeared to be an ice floe, arms waving wildly.

Lyapidevski circled what he made out as an improvised landing strip. It was barely more than 150 feet wide, and he was accustomed to landing in a width of at least 500 feet. Worst of all, the sides of the runway were banked by tall needle-sharp ridges of ice.

The running figures had lined themselves along the runway to indicate its course more clearly in the semi-gloom.

Gritting his teeth, the Russian grunted something to his sole companion, circled and then came in with the throttle almost closed. Lyapidevski knew, if the plane skidded or overshot the runway, they would be killed.

AS the plane began to skid along the ice, Lyapidevski cut the engine and prepared to swing the nose into one of the ridges in case she should overshoot the end of the runway. Thirty yards from the wildly-yelling group of men and women the plane came to a halt. As the stranded party raced up to congratulate the two men, Lyapidevski stepped from the plane.

"There's no time for congratulations," he said. "Time is running out. My plane can normally take seven people, but we'll get 10 on board. But quickly, please!"

Ten of the older women were rushed to the plane and, with two of the infants, were bundled into the belly.

"Hurry! Hurry!" Lyapidevski pleaded. "It is 80 degrees below zero. If we stay longer the engine will get cold and we won't be able to take off on this short runway."

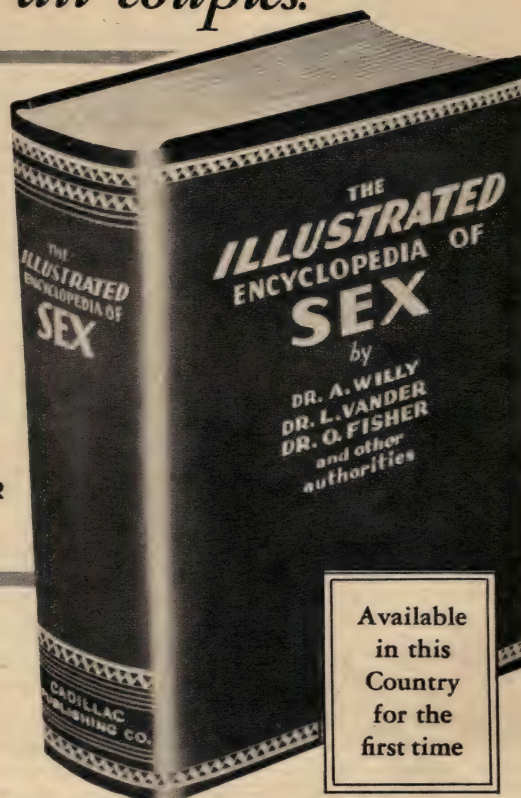
As the first breath of a new blizzard howled down on the plane, Lyapidevski taxied along with his heavy load, giving the plane the full throttle. At the end of the runway loomed a fissure about 20 feet wide and at least 40 feet deep, with nothing in between to stop the plane from crashing into it.

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showing no inclination to leave the ice. They sped dangerously close to the fissure and the plane remained glued to the ice.

It was too late to do anything now . . . impossible to swing the plane around in that confined space without crashing into one of the ridges of ice, which would tear the plane to shreds.

The gaping fissure loomed closer as Lyapidevski gripped the control column and eased it back. Then he felt the ice slide away beneath him as the plane barely skimmed over the gaping fissure. Women screamed behind him but the aircraft was airborne and climbing slowly. Breathing a little easier, the pilot gunned the ship upwards. . . .

As Lyapidevski taxied to a halt on the runway at Wellen, the radio operator there flashed the dramatic news to the world that the impossible feat had been accomplished.

Eighty-eight people remained on the ice, however, and of the planes sent by Moscow, only three were serviceable enough to attempt the rescue. Radio messages were flashed to the United States Air Force, which offered all possible help, including long-distance aircraft far superior to those being used. Russians were immediately flown to America to collect three aircraft offered them.

Ten minutes after landing with his cargo of women and children, Lyapidevski attempted to take off again but the calm of the day had been transformed into a hellish blizzard that rocked Wellen. For six days the Polar storm continued, and no plane could take off. On March 14, Lyapidevski finally took off again with his mechanic-observer.

They had just crossed an expanse of ice-filled sea in 70-below-zero weather when his starboard engine cut out, and even as Lyapidevski began desperately to hunt for a landing place, the port engine spluttered.

AT the last moment the pilot saw a small patch of smooth ice and brought his plane down as carefully as he could with one dead and one coughing engine. The nose of the plane sank into the soft snow, and the ship overturned, landing on her back. Neither Lyapidevski nor his mechanic were injured, however; but they were hopelessly lost and for 10 minutes believed themselves doomed, when they spotted a lone human figure—a Choukchi Indian heading for his village, four hours' walk from where they crashed.

Other rescuers ran into danger. Vodopyanov and Doronin were flying toward the stranded party when they ran into the tail end of a typhoon and were forced down. Some aircraft daring the sub-zero Arctic weather cracked up, but fortunately no one was killed.

Doronin and Vodopyanov got out of a snowdrift in which they landed, hopped into another plane and set off again. This time they reached the marooned party, picked up 14 survivors and took off within three minutes of landing, in the midst of a rising hurricane.

Kamamin and Molokov also crashed but received replacement planes from the United States, flown in by other airmen. On April 7 they reached the camp and found that Schmidt, critically ill with pneumonia, had drawn up a list of the survivors who were to be taken off first. His name was last on the list.

Molokov had a light plane intended to carry only a pilot and passenger, but as a blizzard tore down on the camp and the plight of the people became worse, he ordered Captain Voronin to bring six of the people who were in critical condition.

"This little plane is strong," he told Voronin. "I think maybe she can take six."

"Where are you going to put six people?" Voronin asked incredulously.

"Bring them," Molokov snapped.

The sick men were brought to the plane while Molokov cleared out the seat behind his cockpit. He found that he could squeeze four men in where there normally was room for only one. He studied the other two men, lying on camp stretchers. Both were running high temperatures and would die unless they received immediate medical aid.

"Bring blankets," Molokov screamed. "Wrap these men like mummies. It is better that they be uncomfortable for two hours and then receive medical attention than stay here and die. No plane may get through for two or three days."

Molokov ripped the parachutes from their niches under the plane's wings and had the men, firmly wrapped in blankets, slotted into the wings and tied there. Voronin shook his head. It was fantastic to think that so small a plane, meant for two people could take off with the pilot and four men inside and another two strapped to the wings.

"You are mad," Voronin shouted as Molokov clambered into the cockpit. "The plane will never take off. You will all be killed."

Anxious survivors watched as Molokov taxied the plane as far back along the small runway as he could and then gunned the engine to its fullest.

With a full-throated roar the plane careened down the ice, wobbling a little from side to side under her overload. As she neared the dangerous fissure the men on the ice began to run forward to rescue the men whom they firmly believed would end up at the bottom of the fissure. But as the plane's skis touched the edge of the fissure and she dropped a fraction, Molokov tore the throttle open and rammed the joystick back against his body. Sweat pouring from his face, seconds later he set course for Wellen with the most incredible human cargo any plane has ever carried.

When he touched down and men came racing to help him with the sick passengers, they stared in amazement at the two sick men strapped on the wings. Neither had suffered any serious effects from the unorthodox journey and both recovered swiftly after they were flown to a hospital in Leningrad the same day.

But on the ice floe, the situation was becoming desperate. The floe began to break up swiftly and encroaching floes were pressing in from behind and threatening, every moment, to engulf them. The next day a rumble sounded under the ice and the floe heaved; from the east an enormous mountain of ice approached like a juggernaut bent on destruction, and on the floe, the stranded party stood in a stupor and watched helplessly.

MOLOKOV, back at Wellen, left his plane at the base and, in spite of the difficulties involved, flew an unfamiliar giant American plane alone. He landed successfully on the ice to take off another 16 men. Then he returned the same day, as the ice was splitting under the floe, and took off another 15 men. In all Molokov saved thirty-nine in addition to the six he took off on his small craft.

One plane on the fantastic rescue took off the unconscious body of Professor Schmidt, who had stubbornly refused to leave until all his men had been saved. Had he been conscious, Schmidt would never have permitted the pilot to evacuate him.

Another plane, piloted by Shepnyov, made the treacherous landing and picked up everybody remaining except Captain Voronin, his second-in-command, Bobrov,

and radio operator Krenkel. Shepnyov, on landing, reported that hope would have to be abandoned for those three unfortunate men.

"The landing strip they made is breaking up," he said tersely. "No plane could land on it. We can only hope that the men find their way to some other floe where we might be able to land."

Molokov said, "We can't abandon them. I am going up again."

As he ran for his light plane, in the midst of a howling blizzard, someone screamed, "You idiot! You'll die with them," but Molokov did not care. He leaped into the cockpit and kicked over the engine to warm up for the take-off.

THE blizzard had almost blotted out every sign of the ice floe when Molokov came in so low that one of the skis on his plane touched an ice ridge and rocked the ship. Molokov saw the black forms of the men wildly waving their arms to warn him away, but he circled and came in at less than a dozen feet above the old runway and skimmed along it. Here and there he saw a crack, but this was the last chance to save these men.

Back he went in a complete circle and then, coming down, he cut the motor as the skis touched the ice. The plane skidded along toward the first fissure, but at the last moment Molokov spun the rudder and brought the plane slewing around, the tip of one wing grazing an ice ridge before she stopped.

The three men came running towards him.

"We warned you not to land . . ." Voronin was shouting.

"Get in! Get in!" Molokov screamed. "Behind me! Pile in!"

The three men threw themselves into the rear cockpit as Molokov kicked the motor into life, straining to see the runway through the driving snow. Then he opened the throttle wide. The small plane shuddered as the screw bit into the icy air and then she began to slide forward, skidding left and right. The engine roared to explosion point.

Visibility zero, Molokov roared along the runway. He had no idea of how far he was from the main fissure. Below him the ice roared like a horror-movie monster moving to stop its escaping prey; the plane lurched dangerously. Molokov dragged with half frozen hands at the controls to get her off the ice but she clung to the ground, veering left and right as the ice buckled beneath her.

Behind him he heard someone praying and wondered what they would say back in Moscow if they knew that a communist hero was beseeching God as the light plane dared the world's worst elements on her flight.

Suddenly the plane dipped. Molokov had a sinking sensation for a moment; then he dragged at the joystick with every ounce of strength he possessed and felt the plane nose upwards as the engine labored under the strain. Sweat dripped from his face despite the intense cold. Then he was climbing slowly into the blizzard-swept sky and setting course for Wellen.

"The maddest man in the world," Voronin said three hours later as he and his companions thawed out in front of a fire at Wellen, "but that Molokov's got courage."

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Yes! Remembering is a trick! Powerful memories can be made to order—you don't have to be born with them! The secret of a super-powered, hair-trigger memory is as simple as tying your shoelace! I can teach it to you in a single evening! And I'm willing to prove it to you without your risking a penny! Here's how!

Would You Invest Three Hours of Your Time to Transform Your Memory?

All I ask from you is this. Let me send you—at my risk—one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives, set aside only one evening. Give this book your uninterrupted attention. And then get ready for one of the most thrilling accomplishments of your entire life!

Take this book and turn to page 39. Read eight short pages—no more! And then, put down the book. Review in your own mind the one simple secret I've shown you. And then—get ready to test your new, AUTOMATIC memory!

What you are going to do, in that very first evening, is this! Without referring to the book, you are going to sit down, and you are going to write—not five, not ten, but TWENTY important facts that you have never been able to memorize before! If you are a business man, they may be customers' orders that you have received... if you are a salesman, they may be twenty different products in your line... if you are a student, they may be the twenty parts of your homework... if you are a housewife, they may be important appointments that you have to keep tomorrow!

In any case, you are simply going to glance over that list again for a few moments. You are going to perform a simple mental trick on each one of these facts—that will burn that fact into your mind, permanently and automatically! And then you are going to put that list away. You're going to bed without thinking of it again.

And the next morning, you are going to amaze your family and friends! When you go down to business, you'll attend to every one of those orders—automatically—without referring to your memo pad! For perhaps the first time in your life, you'll be able to plan ahead your entire day—automatically, in your own mind—without being a slave to reminders, or notes, or other "paper crutches!"

Yes! And you'll amaze your friends by remembering every product in your line—backwards and forwards—in the exact or-

der that you memorized them! You'll keep every single appointment on time—because one appointment will automatically flash into your mind after another—at the precise moment you need them—exactly as though you pushed a mental button!

All this—in a single evening! Here is a gift that will pay you dividends for as long as you live! A simple trick... a simple secret of burning facts into your memory that may change your entire life!

Suddenly, Whole New Worlds of Self-Confidence Open Up for You!

But this is just the beginning of the "miracles" you can perform with your memory! This secret is just one of the over 50 MEMORY INTENSIFIERS contained in this book! You have seen men and women use these exact same methods on television to astound you! But you never knew how incredibly simple they were—once you learned the inside secret!

For instance—REMEMBERING NAMES AND FACES! How many times have you been embarrassed, because you couldn't remember the name of the person you were talking to... or introduce him to a friend! In as little as one short week after you receive this book, how would you like to walk into a room full of TWENTY new people... meet each one of them only once... and then remember the names—automatically—for as long as you live!

Yes! These names and faces are filed in the storehouse of your memory—permanently! Whenever you meet these people on the street... whenever you bump into them at the club... whenever they drop in unexpectedly at a friend's house—the instant you see their face, their name pops into your mind automatically! There is no hesitation, no embarrassment! By the time you can reach out to shake their hands, your memory has delivered all the important facts you need to please them!

Think of the advantage in business—when you can call every customer by his first name—and then ask for his wife and children, instantly, by their names! Think of the impression you'll make when you ask him about the state of his business, about his hobbies, when you even repeat—almost word for word—the last conversation you had with him! Think of becoming a celebrity at your club—as the member who "knows everyone"... who can be depended upon to avoid mistakes, to win new friends for the organization, to get things done!

But this is still just the beginning! This book teaches you to remember exactly what you hear and read! It gives you the confidence you need to make an important point at a business conference... to back up your opinion in discussions... become a leader in conversation, with dozens of interesting facts at your fingertips!

This book teaches you how to memorize a speech, or a sales presentation—in minutes! It teaches you how to remember every card played when you relax at night! It can improve your gin, or poker, or bridge game by



MEET HARRY LORAYNE "The human being with the most phenomenal memory in the world!" Harry Lorayne has lectured in front of thousands of Americans! Rotarians, Elks, Masons, Chamber of Commerce groups have all called on this amazing man to prove the business and social power of a strong, reliable memory! Lorayne's memory is so strong that he can remember the names, faces, addresses and occupations of over 700 different people in a single evening—after meeting each one of them only once!

And yet, a few short years ago, this man's memory was no better than yours! This man trained his own memory—he built the most fabulous memory in the world from scratch! And now he gives you the very same secrets he discovered and perfected himself! Memory Builders that work overnight! Secrets that can change your entire life in a single week—OR EVERY CENT OF YOUR MONEY BACK!

Read the thrilling details on this page! Try them—ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

100% in a single week!

This book shows you how to improve the depth and force and power of your mind! It shows you how to double your vocabulary... learn dozens of words to burn new words into your memory... learn their meanings without looking them up... repeat entire phrases, sentences, paragraphs from the great writers! You'll be able to learn a foreign language almost overnight—at least three to four times as quickly and easily as you could without this system! You'll be able to hear a joke, story or anecdote only once, and then repeat it in the same hilarious way!

Yes! And most important of all, this book will show you how to professionally organize your mind—do what you have to do in half the time! You'll remember dates, addresses, appointments—automatically! You'll carry dozens of telephone numbers in the file-cabinet of your mind! You'll stop going back over work two or three times because you'd forgotten something! Let me send you this book—and prove these facts in one short evening—OR IT DOESN'T COST YOU A PENNY!

Try It Entirely at My Risk!

The name of this book is HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY! I believe that this book is revolutionary—because it proves, once and for all, that memory improvement can be fun... it can be exciting... it can be passed from one person to another—automatically!

This book is a word-for-word copy of my regular mail-order course, which I sell for \$25. How-

EVEN THE EXPERTS CHEER!

From the top newspapers in America! Enthusiastic raves of Harry Lorayne's new automatic memory improver! Read what top, hardboiled critics say about this man—and his wonderful method.

Robert Coleman, New York Mirror, May 21, 1957... a swell party... The stellar entertainer was Harry Lorayne, billed as "The man who has the most phenomenal memory in the world." After watching Harry at work, we were inclined to agree with that statement!

Ruth Ruzzie, WNNT, Virginia... this book is fascinating reading... Harry Lorayne states this emphatically... THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A POOR MEMORY... ONLY A TRAINED OR UNTRAINED MEMORY. He shows in this fascinating book how to easily train your own memory to retain facts... figures... places... people and whatever you wish to remember... how to quickly memorize speeches or facts that you wish to remember for future use... I found HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY an experience in reading.

Ed Galing, Pennsylvania Intelligencer, April 5, 1957... Have you ever wished you had a better memory? That you could remember names, places, things? Well, Sir, a new book just out is guaranteed to improve your memory and you will be able to amaze your friends with your feats of memory... "HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY" by Harry Lorayne. The author can call more than 700 persons by their first name after meeting them for the first time... The book contains the secret on how to be a good rememberer... If you're having trouble remembering a phone number or an anniversary give this book a try. It could make you happy, successful, rich.

ever, the book costs you only \$3.98! And I want you to try this book—in your own home—entirely at my risk! Here's how!

First, try for yourself the experiment I have described in this article! See for yourself the almost-unbelievable results in the very first evening alone! And then, continue to use the book for an additional week! In this very first week alone, if this amazing book doesn't do everything I say... if it doesn't give you a file-cabinet memory—no matter what your age—no matter how poor you may think your memory is today—then simply return the book for every cent of your money back!

You have nothing to lose! Act TODAY!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

MEMORY RESEARCH CORP., Dept. B308

114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Yes, I want to try a copy of Harry Lorayne's amazing new book HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY—entirely at your risk. I will pay postman only \$3.98 plus low C.O.D. charges. I will use this book for a full ten days at your risk. If I am not completely delighted... if this book does not do everything you say, I will simply return it for every cent of my money back.

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Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ CHECK HERE AND SAVE MORE! Enclose check or money order and we pay all postage and handling charges. You save as much as \$6.71! Same money-back guarantee, of course!

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Now-AMAZING NEW SPEED PLATER REPLATES AUTO CHROME

right on YOUR CAR
with PERMANENT PLATING!

BRING BACK NEW-CAR BRILLIANCE

Here at last is the car-owner's answer to all chrome problems . . . a way that you can do actual **ELECTROPLATING** right on your own car. You put a brand-new, shiny plating on bumpers, grille, all auto trim. You bring back new beauty and sparkle to your car . . . **INCREASE ITS VALUE . . .** make yourself proud to own and drive it. With **SPEED-PLATER** you put on new metal as you brush! And the plating you apply becomes an **INDESTRUCTIBLE PART** of the metal you plate . . . bonds itself on — forms a hard, sparkling, metal surface that defies all elements!

BUMPERS - GRILLWORK - ALL CAR TRIM RESTORED TO NEW BRILLIANCE

Here is how easily you **REPLATE** your car . . . you simply clamp **SPEEDPLATER'S** wires to your car's battery, then dip **SPEEDPLATE** Brush into the miracle plating solution and plate anywhere around your car — without removing any parts. Safe, mild current works **FAST** — yet uses less battery juice than the tiniest light on your car.

MAKE BIG MONEY PLATING

Now you can add to your income during spare-time hours . . . because 8 out of 10 cars on the road today **NEED RE-PLATING**. You can charge \$5.00 for touching-up to \$50.00 for replating an entire car.

Plating is fun, too! You'll get a kick out of taking rusted, pitted, worn metal and bringing it back to shining smoothness. When neighbors see the brilliant plating on your car, they'll want you to do the job for them.

And you can plate other things for profit, too . . . faucets, appliances, tableware, cutlery, tools, doctors' and dentists' instruments . . . you can get more solutions at low prices any time - also solutions to plate silver, gold and rhodium. There's big money in jewelry and silverplate work! You get **ALL INSTRUCTIONS** for plating with your **Speedplate Outfit**!

PRaise FOR SPEEDPLATER!

AMAZING NEW SPEEDPLATER has already plated thousands of cars with Extraordinary Results. Here's what users say: "To say I am pleased is putting it very mild. I have got more work than two of us can do . . . we have to start Booking Jobs ahead like the family Doctor . . ." F. S., Kokomo, Ind. "The Speedplater is certainly one of the most useful devices ever placed within the motorist's reach. It does everything stated for it and does it exceptionally well. There's no poor chrome on my car now." D. C., Elmhurst, N. Y.

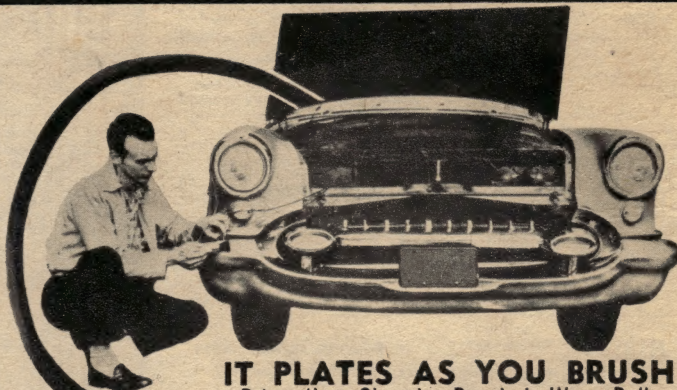
YOU CAN GET THE SAME RESULTS Remember, we guarantee **YOUR** SpeedPlater, will perform for you as it has for hundreds of other satisfied users, or your money back!

CAR DEALERS & SERVICE STATIONS

Make **BIG PROFITS** with Special **HEAVY-DUTY OUTFIT**

Now you can make **TERRIFIC PROFITS** plating right in your own shop — without removing bumpers, grille, etc. Increase value of your used cars! Touch up new cars! Restore worn chrome areas to bright, new sparkle! Buick Dealer says: "Wonderful. We had excellent results". **Heavy Duty Outfit** electroplates on current from standard 12-volt battery. Entire Outfit, **COMPLETE**, only \$34.95. Includes Plating Brush with Permanent Anode, Wires and Clips for Battery Connection, Special Buffing Wheels and Compound, Special Grinding Wheel, Stripping Solution to remove old chromium, Rust Remover, Special Polish, enough Plating Solutions for dozens of cars! You quickly make back entire cost on your very first job! Additional supplies always available from us at rock-bottom prices. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**. Order now. IF COD, send \$5 deposit.

CASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED



IT PLATES AS YOU BRUSH

Brings New, Gleaming Beauty to Worn, Dull, even Blistered Chrome Areas of Your Car.

YOU QUICKLY
BUILD UP A
THICK, NEW
PLATING WITH
EACH
APPLICATION



MAIL COUPON NOW - YOU RISK NOTHING

If you want to put new, permanent, gleaming plating on your own car, you can do it right away and not risk a dime. If you are not **COMPLETELY** satisfied with great results, just return your outfit in 10 days in good condition and get **FULL CASH REFUND** **ACT NOW!** Here's what you get: **SPEEDPLATER** Brush, with permanent Anode for life-time plating; Wires and Clamps for battery hook-up; enough solutions to plate several cars; Special Buffing Wheels and Buffing Compound, Special Metal Polish, Full simple instructions. Just mail coupon with only \$1 deposit, then pay postman \$13.95 plus postage when **SPEEDPLATER** arrives, or send \$14.95 with order and we pay all postage charges. **SAME GUARANTEE EITHER WAY. CASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED.**

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. EP-21

35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, N. Y.

Please rush the electroplating kit I have checked.

- ☐ Regular **SPEEDPLATE OUTFIT**, \$14.95 (if C.O.D. send \$1 deposit).
- ☐ **Heavy-Duty Service Station Outfit**, \$34.95 (if C.O.D. send \$5 deposit).
- ☐ I enclose full price, send postpaid.

I understand that I must be **COMPLETELY SATISFIED** or I may return kit within 10-days for immediate **CASH REFUND**.

Name

Address

City State

● We will show you how to earn **\$8,750 PROFIT** first year on just two jobs a day. We furnish all equipment and supplies . . . personally train you in your town to run:



Your OWN

Nationally-Advertised Business

YOU BECOME AN EXPERT IN THE CLEANING & PROTECTING OF RUGS & UPHOLSTERY

Even if you are now employed you may start enjoying the prestige and financial independence of your OWN business. We are ready to expand our world-wide organization and offer an unusual lifetime opportunity to reliable and diligent men. You will be trained in your town by a Duraclean dealer, who will reveal the Duraclean System and plans for building business. He will help you get quickly established. Just 2 average jobs a day earns **\$8,750 NET profit first year**. Employ others and MULTIPLY profits. Business grows from recommendations and repeat orders. Under our guidance you become an expert in the care of rugs and upholstery, a profession for which there is now great demand. Easy to learn. We furnish everything required. No shop needed.

Even if now employed you can start from home!

WE PROVIDE 25 SERVICES TO HELP YOU BUILD BUSINESS

These are full-time dealerships, but you can start part-time from home. All work is done with portable equipment in homes, offices, hotels, institutions and to revive used car upholstery for auto dealers. Furniture stores, cleaning shops, etc., turn over work to you. We work with you 12 months of the year and provide 25 regular services to help you build business: **National Advertising** in McCall's, House & Garden, a dozen others. **Products Insurance**. **Complete Advertising Kit** including cuts, mats, folders, radio & TV musical recording. **Publicity Program** gets free local newspaper stories. **Monthly Magazine**. **Sales Book**. **National and Regional Conventions**. **Prizes**. **Pocket Demonstrators**. Many others.

5 WAYS TO MAKE MONEY

A Duraclean Dealership qualifies you to offer five different services. Thus on many jobs you multiply profits.

- 1. DURACLEAN:** Unique ABSORPTION process for cleaning rugs, carpets, upholstery. Recommended by leading stores and manufacturers. No scrubbing, soaking, shrinkage. Aerated foam manufactured by portable electric Foamovator safely removes dirt, grease, unsightly spots. Dries so fast customers use furnishings in few hours.
- 2. DURASHIELD:** soil-retarding treatment that KEEPS furnishings clean MONTHS longer. So new you may be the first in town to offer this type service.
- 3. DURAPROOF:** Protects against damage by moths, carpet beetles. Only such treatment backed by an International 6-year Warranty!
- 4. DURAGUARD:** Another new service exclusively developed for Duraclean dealers. A flame-proofing treatment

which reduces fire damage by retarding charring and the tendency of fires to flame up. Theaters, restaurants, and hotels, as well as homes, offer a huge potential.

5. SPOTCRAFT: Special chemical products which enable you to handle most all spot or staining problems means extra business, greater customer satisfaction, and added prestige for you as a professional craftsman.

EASY TERMS

A moderate payment establishes your own business—pay balance from sales. If needed, we help finance you. We furnish electric machines, complete sales and advertising material and enough supplies to return your TOTAL investment.

Send for FREE Booklets

Our first letter and illustrated booklets explain the urgently needed services, waiting market, your large profit, easy terms and PROTECTED territory. Send coupon for free facts today.

"OWN a Business" Coupon

DURACLEAN CO., 8-449 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill.

Please rush free booklets and letter giving full details of how I may OWN growing, lifetime business and start while still employed.

Name..... (Please Print)

Address.....

City..... State.....

What Dealers Say

- L. B. Hayes:** First month I grossed \$770.17. Duraclean proved so popular, I'm now full-time.
- R. N. Ritter:** Seldom go under \$200 per week by myself.
- L. Johnson:** Every customer leads to 2 or 3 more.
- W. Abbott:** In past 7 months I've taken in over \$12,000.
- M. Lassanske:** Original investment returned in 2 months.
- W. Lookiebill:** We've had 27 years of pleasant dealings. I'm 72 but setting sights for 20 more years.
- More dealer comments in our literature. Send coupon today.

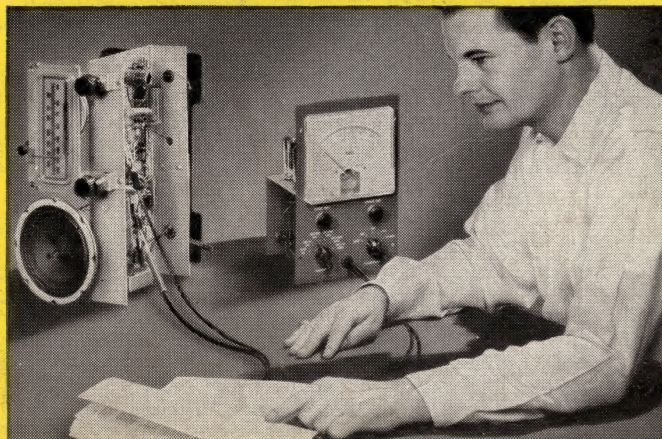
Duraclean Co. 8-449 Duraclean Bldg.
DEERFIELD, ILLINOIS



1st Process to Win This Honor

Your services are backed by this famous seal of quality, proof that Duraclean has passed rigorous tests. (First in field to do so!) Duraclean also bears the Tester-Certified Seal of the American Research & Testing Laboratories.

Train at Home for **SUCCESS** in **RADIO-TELEVISION**



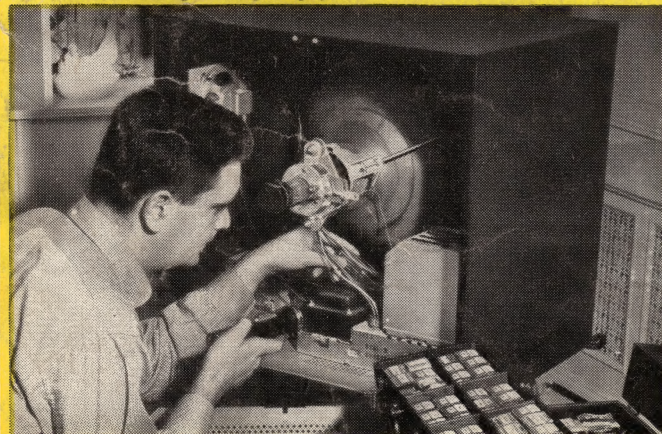
You Learn at Home by Actual Practice

With NRI kits you build actual Radio-Television circuits and testing instrument. Practice locating and fixing Radio-Television troubles. Learn soon to earn extra money.



Good Jobs in Radio-TV Communications

NRI trained men hold good jobs as operators and technicians in Radio and Television broadcasting stations, with Police, Marine and Aviation stations. Interesting work, good pay.



There's Good Pay in Radio-TV Servicing

NRI trained technicians are needed, paid well, to help maintain 150 million home and auto Radios, 38 million TV sets. Color TV adding opportunities. Excellent field for spare time earning.

Join the thousands N.R.I. has trained for Successful Careers in Radio-TV

Get the benefit of NRI's 40 years experience training men for success in this field. Get personal attention of experienced instructors. Also get practice with Radio-TV equipment—learn by *doing*—with kits supplied as part of your course. Courses are easy to learn. Most successful NRI men start without any knowledge of Radio, many without a high school education.



J. E. Smith
Founder

Find Out What Radio-TV Offers You

As trained Radio-TV Technician, you are prepared to supply much needed services. The technician is a respected and appreciated member of his community. Get Sample Lesson FREE. See how practical NRI has made learning at home. Mail the coupon. You also get 64-page Catalog telling about NRI, the lessons, equipment supplied, instruction services.

N.R.I. TRAINED THESE MEN FOR SUCCESS



"I am a police captain and have a good spare time Radio-Television service business. Just opened new shop." C. W. LEWIS, Pensacola, Florida.



"Received my License and worked on ships. Now Chief Engineer Station WAPA. Grateful to N.R.I." R. D. ARNOLD, Rumford, Rhode Island.



"Enrolled while meat market manager. Got serviceman job. In a year my pay increased 50%." C. CARTER, San Bernardino, California.



"Have a Radar job. Also do spare time Radio-Television servicing. Have my own amateur Radio Station." F. ZAWAKE, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Added Income Soon—\$10, \$15 a Week in Your Spare Time

Soon after enrolling, many NRI students earn \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets in spare time. Vacuum Tube Voltmeter you build with parts we send helps you locate and fix troubles. Special lessons show you how. Many students use spare time earnings to pay for their training, and provide capital to start their own businesses when they get their National Radio Institute Diploma.

Color TV Making More Jobs

Radio-Television is an industry noted for continued and spectacular growth. Number of trained men employed has increased steadily. Color TV and other late developments are creating need for more technicians. The future is very bright for trained men. Find out how you can get ready at low cost, on easy terms. Send for FREE Sample Lesson and Catalog. Mail coupon today—**National Radio Institute, Dept. 8HE7, Washington 16, D. C.**

VETERANS—Approved under GI Bills

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NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
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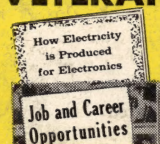
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-Page Catalog, FREE. (No Salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

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Address _____

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